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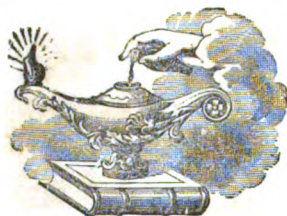
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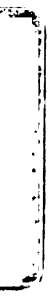


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THE
PORT FOLIO,
VOL. II.
OF
HALL'S SECOND SERIES.

July to December,

1827.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

FEMALE RICE BUNTING.

[The present number of the Port Folio is embellished with a portrait of the *Female Rice Bunting*, engraved and coloured from Wilson's Ornithology by Miss Lawson. For a description of this bird, the reader is referred to our last number.]

RUBY-CROWNED WREN.

Sylvia Calendula.

Le Roitelet Rubis, De Buff, v, 373.—Edw. 254.—Lath. Syn. ii, 511.—Arct. Zool. 320.—Regulus Crystatus alter vertice rubini coloris, Bartram, p. 292. Peale's Museum, No. 7244.

From Wilson's Ornithology.

THIS little bird visits us early in the spring from the south, and is generally first found among the maple blossoms, about the beginning of April. These failing, it has recourse to those of the peach, apple, and other fruit trees, partly for the tops of the sweet and slender stamina of the flowers, and partly for the winged insects that hover among them. In the middle of summer I have rarely met with these birds in Pennsylvania; and as they penetrate as far north as the country around Hudson's Bay, and also breed there, it accounts for their late arrival here in the fall. They then associate with the different species of the Titmouse and the Golden-crested wren; and are particularly numerous in the month of October and beginning of November in orchards, among the decaying leaves of the apple trees, that at that season are infested with great numbers of small, black winged insects, among which they make great havoc. I have often regretted

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the painful necessity one is under of taking away the lives of such inoffensive, useful little creatures, merely to obtain a more perfect knowledge of the species; for they appear so busy, so active, and unsuspecting, as to continue searching about the same twig, even after their companions have been shot down beside them. They are more remarkably so in autumn; which may be owing to the great number of young and inexperienced birds which are then among them; and frequently at this season I have stood under the tree, motionless, to observe them, while they gleaned among the low branches, sometimes within a foot or two of my head. They are extremely adroit in catching their prey; have only at times a feeble chirp; visit the tops of the tallest trees as well as the lowest bushes; and continue generally for a considerable time among the branches of the same tree, darting about from place to place; appearing, when on the top of a high maple, no bigger than humble bees.

The Ruby-crowned Wren is four inches long, and six in extent; the upper parts of the head, neck, and back, are of a fine greenish olive, with a considerable tinge of yellow; wings and tail, dusky purplish brown, exteriorly edged with yellow olive; secondaries and first row of wing-coverts edged and tipped with white, with a spot of deep purplish brown across the secondaries, just below their coverts; the hind head is ornamented with an oblong lateral spot of vermillion, usually almost hid by the other plumage; round the eye a ring of yellowish white; whole under parts of the same tint; legs dark brown; feet and claws yellow; bill slender, straight, not notched, furnished with a few black hairs at the base; inside of the mouth, orange. The female differs very little in its plumage from the male; the colours being less lively, and the bird somewhat less. Notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, I have never been able to discover their nest; though, from the circumstance of having found them sometimes here in summer, I am persuaded that they occasionally breed in Pennsylvania; but I know several birds, no larger than this, that usually build on the extremities of the tallest trees in the woods; which I have discovered from their beginning before the leaves are out; many others, no doubt, choose similar situations; and should they delay building until the woods are thickened with leaves, it is no easy matter to discover them. In the fall they are so extremely fat as almost to dissolve between the fingers as you open them; owing to the great abundance of their favourite insects at that time.

GREAT AMERICAN SHRIKE, OR BUTCHER BIRD.

Lanius Excubitor.

La Pie griesche-grise. De Buffon, i, 296. pl. enl. 445.—
Peale's Museum, No. 664. White Whiskey—John, Phil.
Trans. v. lxii, p. 386.—Arc. Zool. v. ii. No. 127.

From Wilson's Ornithology.

The form and countenance of this bird bespeak him full of courage and energy; and his true character does not belie his appearance, for he possesses these qualities in a very eminent degree. He is represented on the plate (in Wilson) rather less than his true size, but in just proportion, and with a fidelity that will enable the European naturalist to determine whether this be really the same with the great cinereous Shrike (*Lanius Excubitor*, Linn.) of the eastern continent, or not; though the progressive variableness of the plumage, passing, according to age, and sometimes to climate, from ferruginous to pale ash, and even to a bluish white, renders it impossible that this should be an exact representation of each individual.

This species is by no means numerous in the lower parts of Pennsylvania; though most so during the months of November, December, and March. Soon after this it retires to the north, and to the higher inland parts of the country to breed. It frequents the deepest forests, and builds a large and compact nest in the upright fork of a small tree; composed outwardly of dry grass and whitish moss, and warmly lined with feathers. The female lays six eggs, of a pale, cinereous colour, thickly marked at the greater end with spots and streaks of rufous. She sets fifteen days. The young are produced early in June, sometimes towards the latter end of May; and during the greater part of the first season, are of a brown, ferruginous colour on the back.

When we compare the beak of this species, with his legs and claws, they appear to belong to two very different orders of birds; the former approaching in its conformation to that of the accipitrine; and the latter to those of the pies; and, indeed, in his food and manners he is assimilated to both. For though man has arranged and subdivided this numerous class of animals into separate tribes and families, yet nature has united these to each other by such nice gradations, that it is hardly possible to determine where one tribe ends, or the

succeeding commences. We therefore find several eminent naturalists classing this genus of birds with the accipitrine, others with the pies. Like the former, he preys occasionally, on other birds; and, like the latter, on insects, particularly grasshoppers, which I believe to be his principal food; having at almost all times, even in winter, found them in his stomach. In the month of December, and when the country was deeply covered with snow, I shot one of these birds near the head of the Mohawk river, in the state of New York, the stomach of which was filled with large black spiders. He was of a much purer white, above, than any I have since met with; though evidently of the same species with the present; and I think it probable that the males become lighter coloured as they advance in age, till the minute transverse lines of brown on the lower parts almost disappear.

In his manners he has more resemblance to the pies than to birds of prey, particularly in the habit of carrying off his surplus food, as if to hoard it for future exigences; with this difference, that crows, jays, magpies, &c. conceal theirs at random, in holes and crevices, where, perhaps, it is forgotten, or never again found; while the Butcher-bird sticks his on thorns and bushes, where it shrivels in the sun, and soon becomes equally useless to the hoarder. Both retain the same habits in a state of confinement, whatever the food may be that is presented to them.

This habit of the Shrike of seizing and impaling grasshoppers and other insects on thorns, has given rise to an opinion, that he places their carcasses there by way of baits, to allure small birds to them, while he himself lies in ambush to surprise and destroy them. In this, however, they appear to allow him a greater portion of reason than he seems entitled to, or than other circumstances will altogether warrant; for we find that he not only serves grasshoppers in this manner, but even small birds themselves, as those have assured me who have kept them in cages in this country, and amused themselves with their manœuvres. If so, we might as well suppose the farmer to be inviting crows to his corn when he hangs up their carcasses around it, as the Butcher-bird to be decoying small birds by a display of the carcasses of their comrades!

In the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," vol. iv, p. 124, the reader may find a long letter on this subject from Mr. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem, to Dr. Barton; the substance of which is as follows. That on the seventeenth of December, 1795, he (Mr. Heckewelder) went to visit a young orchard which had been planted a few

weeks before, and was surprised to find on every one of the trees one, and on some two or three grasshoppers, stuck down on the sharp thorny branches; that on inquiring of his tenant the reason of this, he informed him, that they were stuck there by a small bird of prey called by the Germans *neuntoedter*, (*nine-killer*) which caught and stuck nine grasshoppers a-day; and he supposed as the bird itself never fed on grasshoppers, it must do it for pleasure. Mr. Heckewelder now recollected that one of those *nine-killers* had, many years before, taken a favourite bird of his out of his cage at the window; since which he had paid particular attention to it; and being perfectly satisfied that it lived entirely on mice and small birds, and, moreover, observing the grasshoppers on the trees all fixed in natural positions, as if alive, he began to conjecture that this was done to decoy such small birds as feed on these insects to the spot, that he might have an opportunity of devouring them. "If it were true," says he, "that this little hawk had stuck them up for himself, how long would he be in feeding on one or two hundred grasshoppers? But if he intended to seduce the smaller birds to feed on these insects, in order to have an opportunity of catching them, that number, or even one-half, or less, may be a good bait all winter." &c. &c.

This is, indeed a very pretty fanciful theory, and would entitle our bird to the epithet *fowler*, perhaps with more propriety than *lanius* or *butcher*; but, notwithstanding the attention which Mr. Heckewelder professes to have paid to this bird, he appears not only to have been ignorant that grasshoppers were in fact the favourite food of this nine-killer, but never once to have considered, that grasshoppers would be but a very insignificant and tasteless bait for our winter birds which are chiefly those of the finch kind, that feed almost exclusively on hard seeds and gravel; and among whom five hundred grasshoppers might be stuck upon trees and bushes, and remain there untouched by any of them forever. Besides, where is the necessity of having recourse to such refined stratagems, when he can at any time seize upon small birds by mere force of flight! I have seen him in an open field, dart after one of our small sparrows, with the rapidity of an arrow, and kill it almost instantly. Mr. William Bartram long ago informed me, that one of these Shrikes had the temerity to pursue a Snow bird (*F. Hudsonica*,) into an open cage, which stood in the garden; and before they could arrive to its assistance, had already strangled and scalped it, though he lost his liberty by the exploit. In short, I am of

opinion, that his resolution and activity are amply sufficient to enable him to procure these small birds whenever he wants them, which I believe is only when pressed by necessity, and a deficiency of his favourite insects; and that the Crow or the Blue Jay may with the same probability be supposed to be laying baits for mice and flying squirrels when they are hoarding their Indian corn, as he for birds while thus disposing of the exuberance of his favourite food. Both the former and the latter retain the same habits in a state of confinement; the one filling every seam and chink of his cage with grain, crumbs of bread, &c. and the other sticking up, not only insects, but flesh, and the bodies of such birds as are thrown in to him, on nails or sharpened sticks, fixed up for the purpose. Nor, say others, is this practice of the Shrike difficult to be accounted for. Nature has given to this bird a strong, sharp, and powerful beak, a broad head, and great strength in the muscles of the neck; but his legs, feet, and claws, are by no means proportionally strong; and are unequal to the task of grasping and tearing his prey, like those of the Owl and Falcon kind. He therefore wisely avails himself of the powers of the former, both in strangling his prey, and tearing it to pieces while feeding.

The character of the Butcher-bird is entitled to no common degree of respect. His activity is visible in all his motions; his courage and intrepidity beyond every other bird of his size (one of his own tribe only excepted—*L. Tyrannus*, or King-bird) and in affection for his young, he is surpassed by no other. He associates with them in the latter part of the summer, the whole family hunting in company. He attacks the largest Hawk or Eagle in their defence, with a resolution truly astonishing; so that all of them respect him, and on every occasion decline the contest. As the snows of winter approach, he descends from the mountainous forests, and from the regions of the north, to the more cultivated parts of the country, hovering about the hedge-rows, orchards, and meadows, and disappears again early in April.

The great American Shrike is ten inches in length, and thirteen in extent; the upper part of the head, neck, and back, is pale cinereous; sides of the head nearly white, crossed with a bar of black that passes from the nostril through the eye to the middle of the neck; the whole under parts, in some specimens are nearly white, in others, more dusky, and thickly marked with minute transverse curving lines of light brown; the wings are black, tipped with white, with a single spot of white on the primaries, just below their coverts; the scapu-

lars, or long downy feathers that fall over the upper part of the wing, are pure white; the rump and tail-coverts a very light gray, or light ash; the tail is cuneiform, consisting of twelve feathers, the two middle ones wholly black, the others tipped more and more with white to the exterior ones, which are nearly all white; the legs, feet, and claws, are black; the beak straight, thick, of a light blue colour, the upper mandible furnished with a sharp process, bending down greatly at the point, where it is black, and beset at the base with a number of long black hairs or bristles; the nostrils are also thickly covered with recumbent hairs; the iris of the eye is a light hazel: pupil black. The figure on the plate will give a perfect idea of the bird. The female is easily distinguished by being ferruginous on the back and head; and having the band of black extending only *behind* the eye, and of a dirty brown or burnt colour; the under parts are also something rufous, and the curving lines more strongly marked; she is rather less than the male, which is different from birds of prey in general, the females of which are usually the larger of the two.

In the Arctic Zoology we are told, that this species is frequent in Russia, but does not extend to Siberia; yet one was taken within Behring's Straights, on the Asiatic side, in lat. 66°: and the species probably extends over the whole continent of North America, from the Western ocean. Mr. Bell, in his travels in Russia, had one of these birds given him, which he kept in a room, having fixed up a sharpened stick for him in the wall; and on turning small birds loose in the room, the Butcher-bird instantly caught them by the throat in such a manner as soon to suffocate them; and then impaled them on the stick, pulling them on with bill and claws; and so served as many as were turned loose, one after another, on the same stick.*

PINE GROSSBEAK.

Loxia Enucleator.

Loxia Enucleator, Linn. Syst. i, p. 299, 3.—Le Durbec, ou Grossbec de Canada, Buff. iii, p. 457. pl. enl. 135, 1.—Edw. 123, 124. Lath. Syn. iii, p. 111, 5.—Peale's Museum, No. 664.

This is, perhaps, one of the gayest plumaged land birds that frequents the regions of the north, whence they are driven, as if with reluctance, by the rigours of winter, to visit

* Edwards, v. vii, p. 231.

Canada and some of the northern and middle states; returning to Hudson's Bay so early as April. The specimen from which our drawing was taken, was shot on a cedar tree, a few miles to the north of Philadelphia, in the month of December; and a faithful resemblance of the original, as it then appeared, is exhibited in the plate. A few days afterwards another bird, of the same species, was killed not far from Gray's Ferry about four miles south from Philadelphia, which proved to be a female. In this part of the state of Pennsylvania they are rare birds and seldom seen. As they do not, to my knowledge, breed in any part of this state, I am unable, from personal observation, to speak of their manners or musical talents. Mr. Pennant says they sing on their first arrival in the country round Hudson's Bay, but soon become silent; make their nests on trees, at a small height from the ground, with sticks, and line it with feathers. The female lays four white eggs, which are hatched in June. Forster observes, that they visit Hudson's Bay only in May, on their way to the north, and are not observed to return in the autumn, and that their food consists of birch-willow buds, and others of the same nature.*

The Pine Grossbeak measures nine inches in length, and fourteen inches in extent; the head, neck, breast, and rump, are of a rich crimson, palest on the breast; the feathers on the middle of the back are centered with arrow-shaped spots of black, and skirted with crimson, which gives the plumage a considerable flush of red there; those on the shoulders are of a deep slate colour, partially skirted with red and light ash. The greater wing coverts, and next superior row, are broadly tipped with white, and slightly tinged with reddish; wings and tail black, edged with light brown; tail considerably forked, lower part of the belly, ash colour; vent feathers skirted with white, and streaked with black; legs glossy black; bill a brownish horn colour; very thick, short, and hooked at the point; the upper mandible overhanging the lower considerably, approaching in its form to that of the parrot; base of the bill covered with recumbent hairs of a dark brown colour. The whole plumage, near the roots, as in most other birds, is of a deep bluish ash colour. The female was half an inch shorter, and answered nearly the above description; only those parts that in the male were crimson, were in her of a dirty yellowish colour. The female, according to Forster, referred to above, has those parts which in the male are red,

* Phil. Trans. lxii, p. 402.

more of an orange tint; and he censures Edwards for having represented the female of too bright a red. It is possible that my specimen of the female might have been a bird of the first season, not come to its full colours. Those figured by Mr. Edwards were both brought from Hudson's Bay, and appear to be the same with the one now before us, though his colouring of the female differs materially from his description.

If this, as Mr. Pennant asserts, be the same species with that of the eastern continent, it would seem to inhabit almost the whole extent of the Arctic regions. It is found in the north of Scotland where Pennant suspects it breeds. It inhabits Europe as far north as Dronthiem; is common in all the pine forests of Asia, in Siberia, and the north of Russia; is taken in autumn about Petersburg, and brought to market in great numbers. It returns to Lapland in spring; is found in Newfoundland, and on the western coast of North America.*

Were I to reason from analogy, I would say, that from the great resemblance of this bird to the Purple-finch, (*Fringilla Purpurea*) it does not attain its full plumage until the second summer; and is subject to considerable change of colour in moulting, which may have occasioned all the differences we find concerning it in different authors. But this is actually ascertained to be the case; for Mr. Edwards saw two of these birds alive in London, in cages; the person, in whose custody they were, said they came from Norway; that they had moulted their feathers, and were not afterwards so beautiful as they were at first. One of them, he says, was coloured very much like the Green-finch. (*L. Chloris*.) The Purple-finch, though much smaller, has the rump, head, back, and breast, nearly of the same colour as the Pine Grossbeak, feeds in the same manner, on the same food, and is subject to like changes of colour.

Since writing the above, I have kept one of these Pine Grossbeaks, for more than half a-year. In the month of August those parts of the plumage which were red, became of a greenish yellow, and continue so still. In May and June, its song, though not so loud as some birds of its size, was extremely clear, mellow, and sweet. It would warble out this for a whole morning together, and acquired several notes of a Red-bird (*L. Cardinalis*) that hung near it. It is exceedingly tame and familiar, and when it wants food or water,

* Pennant.

utters a continual melancholy and anxious note. It was caught in winter, near the North river, thirty or forty miles above New York.

For the Port Folio.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

From the Letters of a Gentleman of Philadelphia.

The town of *Aix*, famous for its warm mineral springs, is about twenty miles north of Marseilles, and, we are informed, owed its foundation to a Roman colony established by Caius Sextus Calvinus, a century or more before the Christian era. Hence its Roman name of *Aquæ Sextiæ*.

The barbarians who wrested this part of Gaul from the Roman empire, instigated by a spirit of revenge truly Gothic, demolished the baths so completely, that the source of the water which supplied them was lost for centuries. It was only by accident that it was found again by some workmen, who, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, were digging at the foot of a hill, near the wall, in order to lay the foundation of a house.

These waters are light, palatable, and so innocent in their effects, that they may be drank abundantly. They hold in solution magnesia, selenite, and some alkaline mineral. But though once possessed of very great celebrity, they are now, either from the caprice of fashion, or from having been extolled beyond their just merits, very little resorted to.

The houses of *Aix* are generally large and well built: the streets better paved than we often find them in this country. A charming promenade in the centre called the *Orbitelle*, is justly admired, and communicates a very favourable impression to the stranger, especially as he enters the town. It is planted with rows of spreading elms, the avenues being ornamented with beautiful fountains which spout their waters into the air in graceful jets, or scatter them in thick and lively showers.

The most notable building in this place is the great Gothic cathedral, which contains the tombs of the counts of Provence. This edifice is besides not a little remarkable for the numerous groups of saints, angels, and other holy figures, rather clumsily executed, which ornament it both externally and internally.

A small cell in the church of St. Savior, is pointed out as

the place where Mary Magdalen died, after having been its inhabitant many years. This gloomy abode of silence, too sacred for the footstep of the stranger, is shown through the bars of a small grate. A feeble light which glimmers perpetually upon the altar, heightens the solemnity of the scene. Tradition represents that this devoted and inconsolable convert, came to Marseilles along with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea. Various rocky deserts and romantic situations are still indicated in this country, hallowed by her penitential wanderings.

Aix chiefly prides herself upon her reputation for literature, and those who have spent much time in its society, speak of it as intelligent, agreeable, and refined. It is the residence of many of the noblesse. The number of distinguished literary and scientific characters it has produced, renders it probable that the arts and sciences have always been cultivated by its inhabitants with more than usual success. We may name among its Savans, the learned Peyresc, the marquis D'Argens, the famous naturalist Tournfort, Adamson, Licutaud, physician to Louis XV, and lastly, Mirabeau.

Among the productions of the country in which Aix is situated, its olive oil is perhaps, the most famous, being regarded as the best in Europe. The difference between it and the oil of other places, can be easily told by those who have frequently used it. The quality which I think distinguishes it most, is the rich flavour of the olive, which, though seldom relished at first by strangers, is much liked after it has been used some time. The common insipid kind, meeting with a more ready sale in foreign markets, the French epicures are well satisfied with keeping the Aix oil for their own use.

Among the peculiar customs of the place, there is one of a very singular character which takes place on Corpus-Christi day. It may be styled a religious masquerade. On a late memorable occasion, when sacred mummeries gained but little quarter, it was prudently laid aside. It has, however, by an order of the *general government*, been recently revived, and is now, as in former days, attended by the *clergy and civil authorities*. The actors in this procession contrive to represent, by means of masks, and singular dresses, Moses, and the high priests, the golden calf, the queen of Sheba, the three wise men of the east, Herod, and the Babe of Bethlehem; John the Baptist makes his appearance in a camel's hair suit, and our Saviour in the cowl of a capuchin! There is besides a numerous attendance of angels of darkness equip-

ped with horns and bells, which by fierce contests demonstrate their diabolical dispositions. As this blasphemous ceremony takes place during the time of the annual fair, it may contribute to the revenue of the place by the crowd which it attracts from the neighbouring country, but it is certainly directly calculated to corrupt the morals, instil gross religious views into the common people, and inspire the better informed, with a contempt for Christianity.

Aix was the head quarters of Marius, whose victories in this country over the Teutons, gained him the proud title of *the third deliverer of Rome*. It was in this vicinity that he gave the first check to the Cimbri, whose almost innumerable and ferocious hosts, after having laid waste Spain, and slain or driven before them the Roman generals who guarded Transalpine Gaul, hung over Italy like a frightful tempest. Here are the hills upon which the armies encamped, the plains which bore the shock of battle, the streams once crimson from the carnage, and choaked with the carcasses of the slain. Historians inform us that after this war the Massillians walled in their vineyards with the bones found in the fields, and the rains of the following winter, soaking in the moisture of the putrid bodies so enriched the ground, that it produced the next season a prodigious crop; a lamentable confirmation of the opinion of Archilochus, quoted by Plutarch, *that fields are fattened with blood*. The field of Waterloo affords a literal and striking modern attestation of this observation.

Climate of the South of France.

Having always entertained a belief that the climate of the south of France was one of almost uninterrupted mildness and serenity, it was with no small surprise that I found myself obliged, in a great measure, to retract this opinion. Extremes of heat and cold, it is true, are unknown. The winter weather is, nevertheless, according to my own experience, singularly uncomfortable. Sometimes it is as mild and agreeable as the month of May, when all at once, a north-west wind, here called the Mistral, breaks out and pierces to your very bones in spite of cloth, flannel, and skin. Mean time you see nothing indicative of winter, no ice or snow, and Fahrenheit may show the mercury at 60°. Mr. Young, in his *Agricultural Tour*, complains much of this peculiarly chilling breeze. Let the traveller, however, beware of disparaging the mistral to the Provençal, who is ever ready to utter its praises

between his chattering teeth, and to tell you how it dries and purifies the air, keeps away the plague, and invigorates the system. He might add, how it drives the fishermen home without dragging their nets, sweeps the pavements and highways, causes coughs, pleurisies, and consumptions. Ancient historians have recorded many instances of the fury of this mistral or Vent de Bise, for it is known to the natives of Provence by both appellations. Strabo, in his description of the Crau, or Fields of Hercules, a district situated between Marseilles and the mouths of the Rhone, says that it is indeed so excessively violent, as to move and roll stones before it, blow men from their cars, and strip them of their clothes and arms. It has perhaps become somewhat more moderate since Strabo's time, but his account is, upon the whole, less exaggerated than it might seem to be at the first glance, an observation which my own experience confirms; having been in considerable danger of upsetting, from its violence, whilst travelling in a post chaise between Nismes and Avignon.

Very opposite effects are produced by a north-easterly wind which occasionally prevails. In winter, it descends in gusts from the snowy Alps, and is then extremely bleak and cold: whilst in summer, it is made insufferably hot by its passage over the heated rocky surfaces of those mountains. Storms of wind and rain are not unfrequent from the same quarter.

The *Marin* or south winds have the ascendancy during summer. In the hot months of July and August, the temperature is moderated by the *Garbin*, as the regular sea breeze is here called, which generally extends eight or ten leagues from the coast.

This wind is very different in most respects from the Bise or Mistral. It is always accompanied with fine weather, and proves very serviceable in tempering the heat which in those months would be otherwise almost insupportable. Springing up very gently in the morning from the south-east, it gradually increases with the heat, and following the sun in its course, subsides in the evening in the north-west. Heavy dews assist vegetation in the warm months, and frequently sustain it during the prevalence of droughts. Fogs are not very common. When, however, they do occur, it is generally along with southerly winds, and sometimes they cause considerable injury to the crops by the salt with which they are impregnated.

From accurate thermometrical observations made at Avignon including a period of eleven years, the mean temperature

of January and February, the two coldest months, is about 43° of Fahrenheit scale. The lowest the mercury sunk in that time was to 16° .* A similar calculation made for July and August, the two warmest months, gave 76° as the mean temperature. The regular periods of observation were sun-rise and two o'clock in the afternoon. In noticing the mildness of the winters here, it must not be forgotten that its situation is several degrees north of Philadelphia. Latitude is therefore far from being an exact criterion by which the medium temperature of Europe and America may be estimated. It has been ascertained that the mean temperature of the winters in the northern states, is about 28° below the corresponding degrees of latitude in Europe, whilst the mean temperature of the summers is about 8° above that observed on the same parallels in Europe.

It seldom rains in the south of France except at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, when, as in tropical countries, the showers are sudden and abundant. Eudiometrical calculations made during eight years, furnish an annual average of twenty-four inches. On the fourth of October, 1806, there fell at Avignon in the space of ten hours, upwards of four inches.

Snow, I believe, seldom or never reaches the shores of the Mediterranean, but I met with a little of it at Nismes and Avignon, where, however, it is almost a stranger, seldom paying more than one or two visits a-year.

Very little rain is expected in summer, when droughts of several months' continuance are not unusual. At such times the springs and wells dry up, and thus much additional distress is occasioned.

From this account of the climate, some useful inferences may be drawn. The custom of sending patients from colder countries to winter in the south of France, with little discrimination as to their diseases, forms, and stages, is often found fatally erroneous, and cannot be too strongly reprobated. Of late years this important fact seems to be more generally known, and it is certainly a matter of great surprise, that it was not discovered sooner. There are, it is true, many chronic maladies which yield here to a change of climate, scene, and diet, just as well as any where else; but the benefit to be derived in that most formidable of all diseases, pulmonary consumption, is much less certain. I have myself met Ameri-

* On the 17th of January, 1802, the mercury fell to 8.7 below 0 of Reaumur, which is about 11 degrees above 0 Fahr.

cans and Englishmen labouring under pulmonary complaints, who came hither in search of a more congenial atmosphere, but found themselves sadly disappointed. Most of them were compelled to retreat to Italy to avoid the mistral. Nice is now much resorted to by invalids, as the high mountains which inclose it like an amphitheatre, shelter it from the cold. What advantage could be expected from a climate in a disease, which, so far from being rare in it, is undeniably one of its most destructive maladies? The vicissitudes of weather and the prevalence of certain winds, are not only highly obnoxious to patients labouring under pulmonic complaints, but predispose to inflammatory disorders of the chest, and thus both directly and indirectly, pave the way to consumption. These last observations I have had confirmed by the respectable testimony of Dr. Cuviere of Marseilles, one of the most distinguished members of his profession in Provence. From the scarcity of wood, and the peculiar construction and internal arrangement of the houses in this country, I have suffered almost as much from what may be termed cool weather, as from the severe cold of our climate. Every thing seems to be expressly contrived to rob you of your animal heat. In your apartments you are surrounded by the coldest substances—tile floors, which, to display their polish, are without carpets, stucco walls and ceilings, and marble tables. The stair-way is paved with tiles, and the railing is perhaps of iron. Call for a fire, and they bring you a little cork wood, for which they charge by the pound, and with the addition of a few vine trimmings, make a temporary and tantalizing blaze. Or, perhaps, a brazier of coals is placed in the middle of the room, a species of fuel prepared from what remains of the ground olives after the oil has been expressed. This, moulded into cakes, is carried about for sale by women, in baskets placed upon their heads.

Vineyards of France.

The vine delights in a dry, light, gravelly soil, and is frequently found flourishing on the steep and rocky sides of hills and mountains. The best wines are observed to be products of volcanic districts, as for example, those of Italy produced in the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius. Frontignac is supposed to owe its delicious qualities to a volcanic soil. Hermitage is, however, the product of a granite or primitive soil.

A lime-stone soil is common in the south of France, and produces excellent wines.

The vine will grow from the seed, but the most usual method of propagation is by planting the cuttings, so as to preserve one, two, or three joints of the last year, with a small part of the new. These are set out in regular rows in the same manner as our Indian corn. The plants or cuttings are generally about two feet and a-half apart, and the rows four or five feet wide. The intervals are kept perfectly clean, though from the apparent sterility of the ground, there would seem to be little temptation for weeds to spring up. The first crop is gathered in three years, and the new shoots removed every autumn, two or three being left upon the old stock. These trimmings, instead of being thrown away, are bound up in faggots, carried to market on asses, and sold for fuel. In the cultivation of the vine, manures are found to increase the quantity of wine, but to vitiate its quality. Wet, cloudy, misty, and windy weather, are all injurious to vineyards. So is too much heat. A medium season produces the finest vintage.

As a general rule it may be observed, that the most delicious grapes for the table, produce the most indifferent wines. The black *morillon*, from which they express the Burgundy, has, when eaten, a very indifferent flavour. As an exception, however, we may notice, that the *muscat blanc* from which the white Frontignac is made, is large and extremely delicious. They preserve the grapes in winter by hanging them in clusters in dry and shady situations.

Such is the great influence of soil upon the flavour of wine, that a light and unproductive spot will frequently produce a far more profitable crop than one much more fertile. The difference in wines is almost entirely owing to variations in soil and situation. Hence the endless lists placed before one by a wine merchant or maitre d'Hotel, when you find yourself perplexed in choosing between Hermitage, St. George, La Nerthe, &c. &c. There are said to be about thirty different kinds of grape, which, varied by circumstances of soil and situation, produce almost as many combinations as the alphabet.

The red wines of this country are far preferable to the white, which are comparatively but little esteemed. The red Hermitage of Dauphine is perhaps the richest wine commonly met with, and costs about two and a-half francs the bottle. Delightful Burgundy may be had at three or four francs the bottle. Nothing can exceed the delicious odour or bouquet

which this wine exhales, so delicate, refreshing, and vivifying. The hermitage too, possesses a fine boquet, but in this respect must yield to Burgundy, which, I regret to say, can never be drunk in perfection abroad, as its extreme delicacy is impaired by a sea voyage or change of climate. Vin ordinaire, or common wine, is here even cheaper than beer or cider in our country, and constitutes the chief drink of all ranks and conditions. To the peasant it is a substitute for tea, coffee, and milk. When you dine at an ordinary, a full bottle is always placed beside your plate, and it is considered no mark of intemperance to drink the whole, the charge for which is about five sous. Poor as this wine appears to the taste, the quantity of alcohol it produces on distillation is surprising; some of the most inferior kinds yielding upwards of forty pints out of the hundred. He, therefore, who with ease has taken off his bottle, could scarcely be convinced that in doing so, he has imbibed at least half a pint of brandy. But the truth is, that the ardent spirit is so qualified in the fermented liquor as to produce none of its violent effects, and thus those who live upon wine are not only uncommonly free from the vice of intemperance, but remarkably healthy. Meagre, they undoubtedly are, but then they generally attain a good old age. Smollet, who travelled through this country many years since, entertained somewhat different opinions from those I have just advanced, and expresses his surprise that the Provençaux have not converted their vineyards into corn-fields: "for," says he, "they may boast of their wine as they please, but that which is drunk by the common people, not only here, but in all the wine countries in France, is neither so strong, nor, in my opinion, so pleasant to the taste as the small beer of England. It must be owned that all the peasants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size, in comparison of those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation, that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy, than in those seasons when it abounds."

A word or two in conclusion relative to the preservation of light wines, the delicacy of which, makes this an art of considerable consequence. Instead of putting them up in wooden casks exposed in warm situations, they keep best in glazed earthen vessels placed in a cool and close cellar. You may scarcely be able to suppress a smile of incredulity when I tell you that the proprietor of a wine cellar will not allow its doors to be opened without first having consulted the thermometer and barometer, and ascertained the precise state of

the atmosphere. Great age, is not here the criterion of good wine, which is seldom kept more than five or six years, so that Horace who boasts of his choice Massic, of the same age with himself:—*nata mecum consule Manlio*—would have pronounced hermitage equally old, but sorry stuff.

For the Port Folio.

Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
Philada.—R. W. Pomeroy.—Vols. vii, viii, ix, 1827.

THE publication of three more volumes, enables us to resume our reports on the contents of this important undertaking. The first of them commences with a life of Jefferson, written seemingly in a tone of candour, but evidently by the hand of an extravagant and indiscriminate admirer of his character. As this eminent personage was still moving in the active scene of human affairs, when the memoir was composed, delicacy might have dictated to the author the propriety of observing some bounds in his panegyric. This, however, is far from being the fact. His hero is lauded to an extent which would lead an ignorant person to the conclusion that he was the Ajax Telamon of the Revolution, and that all the other actors in this great drama were but puppets in his hands. The observations which introduce this elaborate tribute of adulation, are not only at variance with truth, but are unfortunately calculated to excite feelings and recollections in a large class of readers, not the best fitted for a favourable consideration of the author's labours. He cites the instance of Jefferson as an exception from the remark, that no one should be pronounced happy till death has terminated his career. "Jefferson," he says, in opposition to evidence as clear as the noon-tide ray, "descended into the vale of years loved and honoured; he enjoyed in life, that posthumous fame which is usually bestowed only beyond the tomb;—he saw the labours of his earlier years crowned with more than hoped for success;—he found *those theoretic visions which untried, could offer nothing more than expected excellence,*" (what more could be said of an untried vision?) "exceeding in practical utility their promised advantages;" He lived in "A land of dreams with air-built castles piled;" and he died the sole advocate of his own schemes, under the weight of poignant mortification arising from inability to discharge his debts. All the love and honour of his native state evaporated in a

reluctant permission to dispose of his estate by means of a lottery. Thus this venerable patriot, who, we are taught to believe, was permitted to walk in Elysium without the usual ceremony of passing the Styx, was honoured in his old age by being transformed into a lottery broker. In this goodly city of Philadelphia, where, in former times, his effigies were to be seen in every quarter, as "the Man of the People," inviting the thirsty and the weary to partake of "entertainment for man and horse," the prodigious sum of two thousand dollars was raised to relieve his necessities: while his attenuated figure, with the scroll of the Declaration in his outstretched hands, was made to give place to Militia Generals and Red Lions!

To apply the term *prejudice* to the opinions which were, and still are entertained of Mr. Jefferson by a very large portion of the best informed people in this country, is an insult to the understanding of the reader. The anonymous biographer may plaster his hero as thick as he pleases, but it must not be done at the expense of better men, and in defiance of all the evidence of history. This is not the time nor the place to discuss so delicate a topic as the character of Jefferson, and therefore, we shall content ourselves with an emphatic protest against such a strain of fulsome adulation as this memoir presents.

Jefferson was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in the year 1743. Although he inherited an ample fortune, he wisely resolved not to spend it in idleness. He became a student of law under the celebrated Chancellor Wythe. In 1766 he took his seat at the bar, and commenced a short, but successful career. In 1769 he was called into public life as a member of the legislature, and he seems never to have returned to the practice of his profession. The law he found too practical for his theorising spirit. He married in 1772, and at the end of ten years was left a widower with two daughters, one of whom has survived him. The first committee of correspondence, established by the colonial legislature in 1773, found in Mr. Jefferson, an active member. His "Summary View of the Rights of British America," which he published in 1774, is a forcible and perspicuous remonstrance on the subject which then agitated the country, and was admirably fitted for the crisis. The boldness of its tone drew from Lord Dunmore a threat of prosecution for high treason, but he contented himself with an arbitrary dissolution of the house of burgesses, of which the writer of the pamphlet was a member. In the following year it fell to the lot of Mr. Jefferson

to draft a reply to certain propositions submitted to the house by his lordship, and he accomplished this task with much force of eloquence, and all the boldness of a freeman.

When he was elected one of the members of the immortal congress, assembled in Philadelphia, in 1775, he, and his colleagues, Harrison and Lee, experienced a mark of confidence which deserves to be signalized. Their constituents had no apprehension of any invasion of their liberties and rights, but they told their representatives that since they assured them such was the fact, they believed it, and they promised to support them in every measure which they might adopt. This is a sort of confidence, which, like charity, is honourable to both parties: and how much wiser and nobler is such conduct, than the pernicious and degrading doctrine of the present day, which sends a representative to a deliberative assembly hampered by instructions that leave him nothing to do but shake his head like an automaton.

In the congress of 1775, Jefferson soon distinguished himself by his devotion to the public cause. He was placed on many of the most important committees, and the task of drawing up reports was generally conceded to his pen. The biographer has not stated that the original motion for a Declaration of Independence came from R. H. Lee. This important paper is here inserted as it was prepared by Mr. Jefferson, and the amendments are also indicated. A fac simile of it would be a proper embellishment for this work.

In 1776 he was appointed a commissioner to the court of France, but he declined the office from a belief that he could be employed more advantageously to the public service in his own state. From this period, therefore, to the end of the war, Virginia occupied all his attention. In conjunction with Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason, and Thomas Ludwell Lee, he revised the laws of the state; and to their labours, Virginia is indebted for many of the fairest pages in her municipal code.

In 1779 Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry as governor of his native state, and he executed the duties of this station with his usual activity and energy. In 1787 he published his "Notes on Virginia," a work which excited great interest at that time. It has since fallen so much out of notice, that on the recent death of an eminent bookseller in Philadelphia, several hundred copies were found quietly slumbering in his ware-room. He was appointed a minister plenipotentiary to France in 1782, but before he sailed, intelligence arrived that preliminaries of peace between Great Britain

and the United States had been signed, and his mission became unnecessary. In July, 1784, however, he was again appointed in that capacity, with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, to negotiate a treaty of commerce with France and other foreign states. It is scarcely possible to avoid smiling at the remark of the biographer, that "the features of Dr. Franklin's character were *eminently* supported by Mr. Jefferson" on this occasion. Mr. Adams is not noticed, and the great Franklin, it seems, stood in need of the support of Mr. Jefferson! While he was thus employed in *supporting* Dr. Franklin, leaving poor Mr. Adams to take care of himself, we are informed that Mr. Jefferson was "engaged in many diplomatic negotiations of considerable importance to this country, though not of sufficient general interest, to amuse a transient reader." This, we must say, is rather tantalizing—to be told that a matter though very important, is not to be related because it would not amuse a transient reader! These transient readers are very much in the way of some of their neighbours who seek information. But that pains-taking gentry may perhaps be indemnified for their disappointment about the *res gesta* of Mr. Jefferson in settling the foundations of the intercourse between these young states and the old countries of Europe, by reading his opinions upon the new constitution which we had just adopted. These had been published in our *Port Folio* a few months before the publication of this volume, and though they might not possess the attractions of novelty, yet it was to be presumed that they would be more *amusing* to "transient readers," and the author accordingly treats them with half a-dozen pages of speculations upon our great charter, in preference to those practical details which are so important in relating the life of a statesman! But this is the safest way for a blind idolater to write the life of Jefferson. Take his language, and there is nothing but strains which breathe of peace and good will: scan his actions, and we behold a different character.

In 1789 Mr. Jefferson was appointed secretary of state. Our biographer asserts that all parties "unite in the candid acknowledgment that the duties of this station were performed with a prudence, intelligence, and zeal, honourable to himself, and useful to his country." So far is this from being true, that he took under his particular patronage a paper called, "the National Gazette," the avowed object of which was to oppose the administration. Not content with throwing such obstacles in the way of his colleagues, the columns of this journal teemed with the grossest slanders against the

personal characters of Washington, Hamilton, and others of that party. Speaking of these publications in a letter to his friend general Lee, of Virginia, Washington said:—"I have a consolation within me, of which no earthly efforts can deprive me; and that is, that neither ambitious nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. *The arrows of malevolence, therefore, however barbed and pointed, can never reach my most valuable part; though, whilst I am up as a mark, they will be continually aimed at me.* THE PUBLICATIONS IN FRENEAU'S AND BACHE'S PAPERS ARE OUTRAGES ON COMMON DECENCY; and they progress in that style in proportion as their pieces are treated with contempt, and passed over in silence by those against whom they are directed."

On this passage we shall not pause to comment. Washington complaining that he had been set up as a mark for the arrows of malevolence! Is it to be endured that Americans should be called upon to sing hosannahs to his defamer?

In 1793, Mr. Jefferson finding himself involved in an awkward predicament between his official duties and his personal popularity—for he was then aiming to supplant Washington in the chief magistracy,—resigned his seat in the cabinet. We cannot pursue this memoir without entering into a wide field of political altercation with the anonymous author, which would be unprofitable, and perhaps not agreeable to all our readers. We protest against this memoir, as a perversion of history and biography to the purposes of party. It is a libel upon that party which established the constitution, and upon the immortal man to whose labours we are mainly indebted for our free government.

If the admirers of Mr. Jefferson be offended by the style of our remarks, let them reflect that the writer under observation does not hesitate in speaking of those who differ with him in opinion, respecting the theme of his idolatry, *by whom he expected his panegyric would be read*, to talk of their "effrontery," and "the fabrications and assertions of faction," &c.

The facts in the life of Mr. Jefferson after his accession to the presidency, are so well known, that we need not pursue the subject any further. The style of this article is slovenly and feeble, and the writer is sometimes guilty of repetitions which might easily have been avoided. Thus at page 23, we read that "during the winter" of 1775, when Jefferson was in congress, "his name appears very frequently on the journals of that assembly, and we find him constantly taking an active part, in the principal matters which engaged

its attention. He was a member of various committees," &c. At page 37, the same statement is repeated, in almost the same words: "during the summer of this year, 1776, Mr. Jefferson took an active part in the deliberations and business of congress, his name appears on the journals of the house very often, and he was a member of several highly important committees." In another place, page 52, he writes thus: "*At length*, however, exhausted by her efforts, Virginia appeared *at last* almost without resource." Speaking of Mr. Jefferson's departure from the practice of his predecessors, of opening congress by a personal address, and substituting a *Message*, he says that the advantages of the latter mode "have been so apparent that it has been *invariably* adopted on *every* subsequent occasion." page 109.

The life of *Hooper*, which follows, is better written. This gentleman was born in Boston, but emigrated, early in life, to North Carolina, where he practised law with success. Although his private interest was often in collision with his public duty, he never hesitated in his course, which was uniformly that of a firm, disinterested, and zealous patriot. It is stated in this memoir, that in case the British arms should succeed in reducing us to obedience, the members of congress had provided for their own personal safety by retreating to one of the French West India islands, for which an arrangement had been made with the French minister.

James Smith, a representative from Pennsylvania, is stated to have been "perhaps the most eccentric in character among" all the signers. He came from Ireland at the age of ten or twelve, and settled on the west branch of the Susquehanna. Under the tuition of Dr. Allison, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages, for which he ever afterwards entertained a strong relish. Thomas Cookson, of Lancaster, was his preceptor in the profession of law, which he practised for many years in York. The commencement of the Revolution found him advanced in years to the age of at least fifty, full of employment, and so amply blessed by the gifts of fortune, that nothing was to be gained by him in such a struggle. Yet he embarked in it with alacrity. He was the captain of the first volunteer company organized in Pennsylvania, to oppose the armies of Great Britain. It was several months before the battle of Lexington that he presented to his adopted country, this animating example. Such an occupation, however, accorded neither with his age, nor his previous studies, and he soon abandoned it, with the honorary title of colonel, for

less dazzling, though more important services, in civil affairs. He was immediately elected to the Provincial Assembly, where he was, for several years, a prominent member. He was next transferred to the general councils of the nation, in which he proved himself equally active and useful. After devoting himself with all his energy to the great purposes of the revolution, as long as the struggle continued, he returned to his professional pursuits. These, he finally relinquished in the year 1800, after a practice of sixty years.

Charles Carroll, of Maryland, is the next person in this roll of worth. He was liberally educated among the Jesuits in France, and returned to his native country in 1764, at the period when the principles of civil liberty began to be discussed. He espoused the patriotic side without hesitation, and steadfastly maintained it throughout the contest; but he does not appear to have been directly concerned in any important measure.

Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, follows. He was educated in England, under the care of Porteus, afterwards bishop of London. His biographer has recorded that he rode out daily, a servant generally attending him with a fowling piece. We do not perceive any importance in this piece of intelligence; but it is quite as interesting as certain dull passages from a hypocritical message which was inflicted upon us in an earlier part of the volume. Mr. Nelson abandoned the fowling piece, and the fox-chase, the moment that more important duties required his attention. He was a member of the house of burgesses in 1774, which was arbitrarily dissolved by lord Dunmore, and he was one of those who assembled, on the ensuing day, at a tavern, and entered into that celebrated association, which recommended the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain. Nelson was elected a member of congress in 1775, where, we are informed, he was "distinguished rather for his sound judgment and liberal sentiments, than from any conspicuous part in the debate." Ill health compelled him to withdraw from this post, and return to his native state. Here, however, he was not permitted long to remain inactive. A British fleet entered the capes, and Nelson was immediately appointed to command the troops raised to repel the invasion. The fleet is termed "tremendous," but it did no mischief. Shortly after this, Mr. Nelson was returned to the legislature, and we find him opposing the iniquitous act for the sequestration of British property, which will ever remain a blot upon the statute book of Virginia. Nelson, in whose breast nothing sordid, or selfish

could find a place, vehemently contended against this injustice and ingratitude to those creditors whose capital had been suffered to remain in our hands, and he concluded an earnest expostulation, by declaring:—"I hope the bill will be rejected; but whatever be its fate, by —, I will pay my debts, like an honest man." The biographer considers this ebullition as a "momentary breach of order;" but when we reflect upon the generous sentiments and strong marks of genuine religion which invariably characterised this gentleman, we are rather disposed to regard his language in the light of a solemn vow, elicited by honest indignation against fraud, and a strong sense of natural right. Erskine's asseveration, of which it may remind the reader, has never appeared to us in any other light than as the flourish of a bar-pleader:—a gratuitous and revolting blasphemy.

At this period the resources of the country were so much exhausted, that it was difficult to procure accoutrements for those who offered to serve in the field as volunteers. To such, the purse of Nelson was open, and he suffered dearly for his patriotism. We cannot enter further into the history of this exemplary man. He was truly, in the words of the biographer, "the favourite son of Virginia," and, what is higher praise, he was honoured and esteemed by Washington.

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say to all the world—this was a man."

Of *Joseph Hewes*, whose life concludes this volume, a very meagre sketch is given. He was born in Connecticut, in 1730, and, what is a little remarkable, he was a quaker. To escape at once from savage ferocity and puritanic persecution, his parents removed to Kingston, New Jersey, and their son, after receiving such an education as the vicinity of Princeton afforded, was sent to Philadelphia, where he was placed in a counting-house. At the age of thirty he removed to Edenton, North Carolina, where he was soon distinguished by his mercantile success, his high honour, and liberal hospitality. He was among the foremost in all those measures which the times called for; although he put at hazard a large pecuniary stake, which might have been protected by the ignoble plea of a drab coat. The "people called quakers" denounced congress and all its proceedings, and Hewes, ashamed of their conduct, broke off all communion with them, and not only promoted warlike measures, but learned to trip the light fantastic toe, in which he delighted to indulge. But fond as he became of polite society, he did not neglect the important

duties which the exigences of that day exacted from every one not of craven mould. He was relied upon in congress in cases of difficulty and responsibility, and was remarkable for the assiduity of his devotion to every trust. Strange as it may seem, so completely had he thrown off the neutral coat and clad himself as became a man, that he was charged with the fitting out of the armed vessels ordered to be equipped by congress, and thus became in effect, as his biographer remarks, the first secretary of the navy of the United States. Various other services are enumerated in the volume before us, which our limits will not permit us to detail, but they all tend to reflect honour upon the character of the individual, and evince that he was one of the most efficient men of that trying period. He left a large fortune, but no children. His amenity of manners, unsullied probity, and devotion to his country, entitle his name to a conspicuous place in this imperishable record.

The eighth volume commences with the life of *Elbridge Gerry*, a Marblehead man, of whose early history little has been gleaned, although he became sufficiently conspicuous, before his death. Whether this be owing to the obscurity of his family, or want of proper industry in his biographer, we cannot determine, nor is it of much consequence. He was born in 1744, and educated at Harvard University. He was destined for commercial pursuits; but the revolution, which turned every thing out of its intended track, converted him into a politician, and he was an active and zealous partisan from his earliest to his latest days. In 1773 he represented his native town in the general court, as it was called, of Massachusetts Bay. He had, no doubt, established some character for intelligence and firmness before his election, for we find him plunging into the midst of business, as soon as he took his seat, and co-operating zealously with the most resolute of his fellow members. Of his resolution and firmness, it is enough to say that he readily seconded every measure which the intrepidity of John Adams suggested. He was elected to the continental congress in 1776, as an associate of Hancock, Paine, Samuel and John Adams, and served faithfully on various subordinate committees until 1780, when he retired. He was re-elected in 1783, and was also a member of the convention by which the present constitution was framed. To this he was opposed, and thus threw himself into the ranks of that party which gave so much trouble to the administration of Washington, and finally gained the ascendancy. He was selected by Mr. Adams as an envoy to

France, in which service he was associated with chief justice Marshal and Gen. Pinckney. The insolent conduct of the French government compelled these gentlemen to abandon their commission, and demand their passports, but Mr. Gerry not being so tenacious of his own honour, or that of the people whom he was delegated to represent, submitted to the degrading propositions of the French jacobins, and remained at their court. His conduct was subsequently rewarded, by his political friends in Massachusetts, who placed him in the gubernatorial chair, and from this period, he sunk into the mere zealot of party, and his name is now immortalized by the term *Gerrymandering*.

Cæsar Rodney is introduced with a display of heraldry, somewhat startling to a simple republican reader. We learn *here* that the name "is illustrious alike in the annals of the old world and the new." The writer then proceeds to trace it back, from an old MS. to Maud the empress, who bestowed large possessions upon a certain *Rodeney* for his service in the wars against king Stephen, the usurper. We shall not follow this pedigree, because we are impatient to express our contempt for this misplaced ostentation in a volume devoted to the memory of the signers of that instrument which emphatically denounces all personal distinctions.

Cæsar Rodney, who must be the subject of our present attention, was born at Dover, in Delaware, in 1730; and in the year 1758, we find the descendant of all the "de Rodeneys" filling the dignified station of "high sheriff of the county of Kent," in the aforesaid commonwealth. From this humble post, he rose to that of a justice of the peace. He became a judge of the inferior courts, and at length took his seat in the legislature. Here he co-operated with his friends, M'Kean and Read, in all those bold and sagacious measures which the exigency of the times required. He was a member of the congress of 1774, and subsequently presided over his native state as president. As a military officer, he was indefatigable in his exertions, and earned, as he well deserved, the confidence and friendship of Washington. The following anecdote is worth repeating:

The delegates from the southern states, but especially from Virginia, were remarkable, during the early periods of the revolution, for indulging a sectional prepossession, not indeed maliciously, but often sarcastically. When it broke out in high wrought eulogies and preferences to Virginia, over all the other members of the confederacy, it was termed *dominionism*. Among the representatives of that ancient and really noble state, there was no one who more delighted or oftener indulged in this complacent but

somewhat mortifying species of gratulation; than Mr. Harrison; he was however, completely cured of it by an incident which occurred, when his state was threatened with an invasion by the enemy. He had frequently displayed the "abundant and powerful resources of that meritorious member of our Union:" and although he had painted them in colours brighter than was correct, he, no doubt, believed them to be just. When, however, the danger was approaching, the picture was found too glaring. He introduced a demand for supplies of arms, munitions of war of every species, troops, and assistance of every kind; and declared the state destitute in every point and circumstance. When he sat down there was a momentary silence, all being surprised that such a development should come from him. Cæsar Rodney rose from his seat, in a style peculiar to him. He was, at that time, an animated skeleton; decorated with a bandage, from which was suspended the green silk covering over one eye, to hide the ravages of his cancer—he was indeed all spirit, without corporeal tegument. He was thin, emaciated, and every way the antithesis of his friend Harrison; who was portly, inclining to corpulency, and of a mien, commanding, though without fierté. Both of the members were really representatives of their respective states. Rodney, who was endowed, as we have mentioned, with a natural and highly amusing vein of humour, began, with a crocodile sympathy, to deplore the melancholy and prostrate condition of his neighbouring, extensive, and heretofore "powerful" state of Virginia! But, said he, in a voice elevated an octave higher than concert pitch; "let her be of good cheer; she has a friend in need, DELAWARE will take her under its protection, and insure her safety." Harrison was astounded; but joined (for he relished a good hit, for or against him) in the laugh; and the subject lay over to another day.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

Hope Leslie, or early times in the Massachusetts. By the author of Redwood. Published by White, Gallagher, and White, New York.—2 vols. 12mo. 1827.

WE opened these volumes with a sanguine persuasion, that they would not diminish our respect for the author of *Redwood*; and an attentive perusal of them convinces us that we did not overrate her powers. Our countrywoman has established her title, if it was before in doubt, to an elevated name in this department of literature, and an enviable rank among those who possess the art of combining instruction with amusement. It has been supposed that the recency of our history, might discourage all hope of extracting from its moral aspect any very interesting materials for fiction. If we ever entertained this opinion, we should now be compelled to confess our error. The success with which some portions of the early history of the United States has been illustrated

by Cooper, and by our *Fair Unknown*, may convince the most fastidious, that the American tree can produce under judicious cultivation, a fruit not less palatable than that of older nations. If, indeed, the planting and progress of the American people is a new thing in the civilized world, differing materially in outline and detail, as it certainly does, from the circumstances of any other community, it must result, that its annals may develop characters of freshness and interest, for which the old world in its backward forms would afford no prototype.

That the physical features of our immense continent contain the very essence of poetry, no one would be so tasteless as to deny. Our stupendous mountains, and towering forests, whether trodden by the untutored tribe, or submitting to the hand of cultivation; our broad rivers, whether skimmed by the light canoe, or bearing on their waves the riches of a prospering land, are surely fitted to awaken and elevate the genius that courts the scenic muse. The material is abundant; what then is wanting, but the leisure hour, and the devoted mind, to compete with our brethren who have led the way.

In what manner the author of *Hope Leslie* has availed herself of the advantages we have hinted at, let us now examine.

The ground-work of the story is the character and manners of the enterprising pilgrims who founded the colony of Massachusetts. The rigid virtue, and unbending resolution with which they pursued their aim, might well produce a progeny of "steady habits." That such men as Winthrop, and others, could surrender their sterling understandings to the evil demon of fanaticism and cruelty, is a curious anomaly in the history of mind. Our author says, "they were not illiterate, but learned and industrious men." She does ample justice to the purity of their hearts, while she exposes their follies—if we may use so gentle a term—not sarcastically, but with pleasantry and truth.

The story of *Hope Leslie*, though comprised in two small volumes, is so full of incidents, and so skilfully interwoven, that we should be carried beyond our limits, should we undertake to relate the whole. Our design is to excite, not satisfy, the appetite of our readers, by a rapid sketch.

William Fletcher was the son of an English gentleman, and from his childhood, the destined husband of his cousin Alice, the daughter of sir William Fletcher, a man of large possessions. "Of a serious, reflecting, and enthusiastic temper," the mind of William became deeply imbued with those

principles of civil and religious liberty, which distracted the state in the reign of the first Charles, and induced many excellent persons to abandon the land of their fathers, and take refuge from persecution in the wilds of America, where religion and liberty might flourish unmolested. Winthrop—afterwards the governor of Massachusetts, and Elliot, “the apostle of New England,” were the chosen friends of the youth, and with them he determined to cast his lot. His uncle, abhorring the “fanaticism” that then agitated men’s minds, proposed the alternative, “unqualified obedience to the king; and adherence to the established church”—or a relinquishment of Alice and her splendid fortune. Opulence weighed not a feather in the scale, but Alice had been loved from his childhood—and lived in every fibre of his heart! Religion, however, triumphed, and William prepared for a voyage to America. Alice made an effort to accompany her lover—but she was violently torn from his arms; and while her mind was yet alienated by sorrow, in obedience to a stern parental command, she became the wife of Leslie. The possibility of happiness, in his own way, having thus vanished, Fletcher is prevailed on by his friends, to marry a ward of Mr. Winthrop’s—a maiden who possessed all the meek graces befitting a dutiful wife. The undisputed supremacy of the husband, in those well-ordered days, does not escape some pleasant ridicule from our author. The passive obedience, refused to the king, was exacted of the wife, who cheerfully adopted the maxim of mother Eve:

My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst,
Unargu’d I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more
Is woman’s happiest knowledge, and her praise.

Yet it is not hinted that those good husbands exercised their power, as power, in any hands, is too apt to be used.

In 1630, Fletcher, with Winthrop and others, emigrated to Boston. Here, he remained six years; when, partly from his love of retirement, and partly disgusted at many of his associates, who “imposed on others, those shackles, from which they had just released themselves, at a great price,” he removed to Springfield, on the dangerous border of the forest. After a few months Mr. F. was summoned to Boston, to receive two daughters of his beloved Alice, committed to his care by their mother, who having become mistress of herself, and her fortune, had embarked for Boston, but died on the passage. His family was also to be augmented by “Mistress

Grafton," their aunt, Mr. Craddock their tutor, and by Magawisca and Oneco, two children of Mononotto, a Pequod chief. These young Indians had been captured in battle—were redeemed by some good people from the soldiers to whose lot they had fallen—and were now sent to serve as domestics, and be instructed in Mr. Fletcher's family. This Magawisca is a rare creature—highly endowed, in both person and mind; proving to a demonstration, that graces and gifts are not the result alone of education, but may be implanted in the soul of the savage.

Magawisca arrives at Bethel, the name of Fletcher's residence, while her brother is detained to wait on the young Leslies, until the arrival of their guardian. Having been much with the English, she had learned to speak their language perfectly well. Her unexceptionable manners, and elevated sentiments soon engaged the full kindness of her protectors, particularly of Everell, their eldest son, now fifteen years of age—the Indian girl being about sixteen. These young persons, conceive a liking so warm for each other, that we are led to anticipate an union on the plan of one of our statesmen.

Fletcher goes to Boston, and receives Alice and Mary Leslie—now called Hope and Faith—the puritans having baptized, and given them names according with their own fashions. The beautiful Hope, bearing a lively resemblance to his lamented Alice, is detained by her guardian, to console his absence of some months from his family: the remainder of the party are immediately sent to his wife.

On the day of Fletcher's return to Bethel, when all was joy and exultation in his dwelling, when every eye was strained to catch the first glance at the husband, the father, and the friend—Mononotto, and two Mohawk warriors appeared. This chief and his wife had always been friendly to the English; but the captivity of his son and daughter—the slaughter of other children with their innocent mother—and the ruin of his whole nation, had turned the current of his feelings. Vengeance upon the whites, not less than the recovery of Magawisca and Oneco, had brought him to Bethel. In vain did his daughter implore his pity. "Save them, save them," she cried, "they are all good—take vengeance on your enemies—but spare, spare our friends." In vain did the boy Everell excite their admiration by his heroic defence of his mother and her little ones! the cry of vengeance alone was heard—and Mrs. F. and the infants became the sacrifice. The savages then hurried off before the alarm could reach

the village, carrying the Indian children, together with Everell and Faith Leslie, to the forests of Connecticut.

After detailing the agonies of the bereaved Fletcher, and the horror and grief of Hope, on their arrival at the scene of carnage, our author remarks:—"We hope our readers will not think we have wantonly sported with their feelings, by drawing a picture of calamity that only exists in the fictitious tale. No—such events as we have feebly related, were common in our early annals, and attended by horrors, that it would be impossible for the imagination to exaggerate. Not only families, but villages were cut off, by the most dreaded of all foes—the ruthless, revengeful savage."

The fugitives were pursued, but they eluded their pursuers, though they were sometimes within their hearing. The sufferings of the young captives, as they traversed the mountains and morasses, are described with the genuine pathos of nature. All that watchful tenderness could do, was done by Oneco and Magawisca.

"The former collected dead leaves from the little hollows, into which they had been swept by eddies of wind, and, with the addition of some soft ferns, he made a bed and pillow for his little favourite, fit for the repose of a wood nymph. The Mohawks regarded this labour of love with favour, and one of them took from his hollow girdle some pounded corn, and mixing grains of maple-sugar with it, gave it to Oneco, and the little girl received it from him as passively as the young bird takes food from its mother. He then made a sylvan cup of broad leaves, threaded together with delicate twigs, and brought her a draught of water from a fountain that swelled over the green turf and trickled into the river, drop by drop, as clear and bright as crystal. When she had finished her primitive repast, he laid her on her leafy bed, covered her with skins, and sang her to sleep."

Everell was the care of his female friend. She knew that he was condemned to death, and every faculty of her soul was at work, to obtain a reprieve, or effect his escape. Arrived at the "Sacrifice Rock," the noble youth prepared to die with a fortitude beyond his years, and a resignation becoming his christian education. In obedience to his relentless torturers, he laid his head upon the rock.

"At this moment a sun-beam penetrated the trees that enclosed the area, and fell athwart his brow and hair, kindling it with an almost supernatural brightness. To the savages, this was a token that the victim was accepted, and they sent forth a shout that rent the air. Everell bent forward, and pressed his forehead to the rock. The chief raised the deadly weapon, when Magawisca, springing from the precipitous side of the rock, screamed—"Forbear!" and interposed her arm. It was too late. The blow was levelled—force and direction given—the stroke aimed at Everell's neck, severed his defender's arm, and left him unharmed. The lop-

ped quivering member dropped over the precipice. Mononotto staggered and fell senseless, and all the savages, uttering horrible yells, rushed toward the fatal spot.

"Stand back!" cried Magawisca. "I have bought his life with my own. Fly, Everell—nay, speak not, but fly—thither—to the east!" she cried, more vehemently.

Everell's faculties were paralyzed by a rapid succession of violent emotions. He was conscious only of a feeling of mingled gratitude and admiration for his preserver. He stood motionless gazing on her. "I die in vain then," she cried, in an accent of such despair, that he was roused. He threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart, as he would a sister that had redeemed his life with her own, and then tearing himself from her, he disappeared. No one offered to follow him. The voice of nature rose from every heart, and responding to the justice of Magawisca's claim, bade him "God speed!" To all it seemed that his deliverance had been achieved by miraculous aid. All—the dullest and coldest, paid involuntary homage to the heroic girl, as if she were a superior being, guided and upheld by supernatural power.

Every thing short of miracle she had achieved. The moment the opiate dulled the senses of her keeper, she escaped from the hut; and aware that, if she attempted to penetrate to her father through the semicircular line of spectators that enclosed him, she should be repulsed; and probably borne off the ground, she had taken the desperate resolution of mounting the rock, where only her approach would be unperceived. She did not stop to ask herself if it were possible, but impelled by a determined spirit, or rather, we would believe, by that inspiration, that teaches the bird its unknown path, and leads the goat, with its young, safely over the mountain crags, she ascended the rock. There were crevices in it, but they seemed scarcely sufficient to support the eagle with his grappling talon, and twigs issuing from the fissures, but so slender, that they waved like a blade of grass under the weight of the young birds that made a rest on them, and yet, such is the power of love, stronger than death, that with these inadequate helps, Magawisca scaled the rock, and achieved her generous purpose."

Our historian now skips over seven years, during which matters go on quietly at Springfield. The tutor Craddock applies himself devoutly to the instruction of Miss Leslie. Mistress Grafton rails at the puritans, and their odd ways, and daily breaks the laws against "costly apparel;" while Everell is in England, *being* polished—as we say now-a-days—remembering Magawisca, with grateful admiration, and Miss Leslie with a sentiment yet more tender.

In a little family excursion among the rocks in the neighbourhood of Bethel, "Master Craddock" is bitten by a rattlesnake, and cured by the herbs and powwowing of an old Indian woman named Nelema. Our female physician is immediately called before the magistrates, condemned for a witch, and sent to prison. Hence she escapes—no one knows how—but no one excepting Miss Leslie, had any doubts of her league with the evil one.

That young lady did not fall in with the gravity of the

times: her buoyant spirit, her love of that liberty of which she heard so much, and her native good sense inclined her sometimes to take her own way, in spite of all the sage lectures she received on the "inferiority of youth." Mr. Fletcher, her fond advocate, was therefore prevailed on to commit her for a time to the instructions of Madam Winthrop, the governor's most exemplary lady, and the example of her gracious niece, Esther Downing.

Mrs. Grafton was delighted with the chance of sporting her silks and satins, in Boston, but Hope preferred sporting herself in her guardian's untamed domain. Opposition, however, to the will of the elders, was altogether out of the question and she resolved to encounter "the straight-laced madam Winthrop, and her demure niece," with befitting grace.

The visitors had resided but a short time in the governor's family, when Everell Fletcher arrives from England, and at the same moment, but in a different ship, sir Philip Gardiner. The former, was all that the most prominent young man in a novel ought to be, and the latter, a hypocritical villain, who, to answer some sinister ends, had assumed the habit and manners of the honest pilgrims. On their way to the governor's, they were accidentally met by the young ladies, Hope Leslie and Esther Downing—who, though unlike in character, had kindly mingled, and become bosom friends. Hope was delighted with the meeting, and Esther was confused. As it afterwards appeared, the latter had known Everell in England, had given him her heart, and not finding a reciprocal feeling, had lost her health, and been sent to America for the benefit of sea air. Some indications of a general rising amongst the Indians induces Mononotto to approach the English settlements. Old Nelema, the proscribed witch, had reached his wigwam and related her escape from prison, by the aid of Hope Leslie, and her consequent promise to obtain for her benefactress a sight of her sister. She assured the chief that the redemption of her promise was necessary to the success of their plans. To accomplish this superstition, he takes Oneco and his "Little White Bird" Mary (or Faith) with him. Magawisca could not be left behind, for her genius and courage would be useful to his enterprise. This noble girl, as much the heroine of the book as Hope Leslie herself, contrives a secret meeting with Hope, and tells her the shocking fact that her sister is married to Oneco! but that she shall see her; and the opportunity of a party to a neighbouring island is to be embraced for the in-

terview of the sisters. The eventful day arrived: but the conversation of the sisters is suddenly interrupted:

"A loud yell burst from the savages; Magawisca caught Mary by the arms, and Hope turning, perceived that a boat filled with armed men, had passed the projecting point of land, and borne in by the tide, it instantly touched the beach, and in another instant Magawisca and Mary were prisoners. Hope saw the men were in the uniform of the governor's guard. One moment before she would have given worlds to have had her sister in her power; but now, the first impulse of her generous spirit, was an abhorrence of her seeming treachery to her friends. "Oh, Oneco," she cried, springing towards the canoe, "I did not—indeed I did not know of it." She had scarcely uttered the words, which fell from her, neither understood nor heeded, when Oneco caught her in his arms, and shouting to Magawisca to tell the English, that as they dealt by Mary, so would he deal by her sister; he gave the canoe the first impulse, and it shot out like an arrow, distancing and defying pursuit."

Old Mononotto had attended his children, and waited in the canoe—a storm arose—he is struck by lightning—Oneco pushes to an island, and while he is endeavouring to recover his father, the distracted Hope jumps into the canoe, and after many perils arrives at governor Winthrop's.

Poor Magawisca, mean time, is thrown into prison, arraigned, and tried as a conspirator against the state. Everell labours for her acquittal, and sir Philip, whose own safety was involved in the issue, for her condemnation. But the court adjourns without coming to a decision. She is soon after enabled to escape by the contrivance of Hope and Everell. This last achievement is described, with admirable vivacity; we extract a part of it, for the entertainment of our readers.

"Hope had retired to the study with Master Cradock, where she delighted her tutor with her seemingly profound attention to his criticisms on her Italian author. "You see, Miss Hope Leslie," he said, intent on illustrating a difficult passage, "the point here lies in this, that Orlando hesitates whether to go to the rescue of Beatrice."

"Ah, stop there, Master Cradock, you speak an admonition to me. You have yourself told me, the Romans believed that words spoken by those ignorant of their affairs, but applicable to them, were good or bad omens."

"True, true—you do honour your tutor beyond his deserts, in treasuring these little classical notices, that it hath been my rare privilege to plant in your mind. But how were my words an admonition to you, Miss Hope Leslie?"

"By reminding me of a duty to a friend who sadly needs my help—and thine too, my good tutor."

"My help!—your friend! It shall be as freely granted as Jonathan's was to David, or Orpheus' to Eurydice."

"The task to be done," said Hope, while she could not forbear laughing

at Cradock's comparing himself to the master of music, "is not very unlike that of Orpheus." But we have no time to lose—put on your cloak, Master Cradock, while I tell Robin what to say if we are inquired for."

"My cloak! you forget we are in the summer solstice; and the evening is somewhat over sultry, so that even now, with my common habiliments, I am in a drip."

"So much the more need to guard against the evening air," said Hope, who had her own secret and urgent reasons for insisting on the cloak; "put on the cloak, Master Cradock, and more quick, and softly, for I would pass out without notice from the family."

Arrived at the prison, the jailer refuses to admit them, because they brought no passport:—"Why," said Barnaby, "I could not let in the king, if he were to come from his throne—the king truly, he is but as his subjects now; but if the first parliament man, were to come here, I could not let him in without a permit from the governor." Hope's winning words, however, overcame his scruples, and the plotters obtain entrance to Magawisca.

"Hope, quick as she was in invention and action, felt that she had a very brief space to effect her purposed arrangements, and while she hesitated as to the best mode of beginning, Cradock, who nothing doubted he had been brought hither as a ghostly teacher, asked whether "he should commence with prayer or exhortation?"

"Neither—neither, Master Cradock—do just as I bid you; you will not hesitate to help a fellow creature out of deep, unmerited distress?" this was uttered in a tone of half inquiry and half assertion, that enforced by Hope's earnest imploring manner, quickened Cradock's slow apprehension. She perceived the light was dawning on his mind, and she turned from him to Magawisca: "Magawisca," she said, stooping over her, "rouse yourself—trust me—I have come to release you." She made no reply, nor movement: "Oh! there is not a moment to lose. Magawisca, listen to me—speak to me."

"Thou didst once deceive and betray me, Hope Leslie," she replied, without raising her head.

Hope concisely explained the secret machinations of sir Philip, by which she had been made the unconscious and innocent instrument of betraying her. "Then, Hope Leslie," she exclaimed, rising from her abject seat, and throwing off her blanket, "thy soul is unstained, and Everell Fletcher's truth will not be linked to falsehood."

Hope would have explained that her destiny and Everell's were not to be interwoven, but she had neither time nor heart for it. "You are too generous, Magawisca," she said, in a tremulous tone, "to think of any one but yourself, now—we have not a breath to lose—take this ribbon," and she untied her sash; "bind your hair tight with it, so that you can draw Master Cradock's wig over your head—you must exchange dresses with him."

"Nay, Hope Leslie, I cannot leave another in my net."

"You must not hesitate, Magawisca—you will be freed—he runs no risk, will suffer no harm—Everell awaits you—speed, I pray you." She turned to Cradock, "now, my good tutor," she said, in her most persuasive tones, "lend me your aid, quickly—Magawisca must have the loan of

your wig, hat, boots, and cloak, and you must sit down there on her bed, and let me wrap you in her blanket."

Cradock retreated to the wall, planted himself against it, shut his eyes, and covered his ears with his hands. that temptation might, at every entrance, be quite shut out. "Oh! I scruple, I scruple," he articulated in a voice of the deepest distress.

"Scruple not, dear Master Cradock," replied Hope, pulling down one of his hands, and holding it between both hers, "no harm can, no harm shall befall you."

"Think not, sweet Miss Hope, it's for the perishing body I am thoughtful; for thy sake I would bare my neck to the slayer; to thy least wish I would give the remnant of my days; but I scruple if it be lawful for a christian man to lend this aid to an idolater."

"Oh! is that all? we have no time to answer such scruples now, but tomorrow, Master Cradock, I will show you that you greatly err;" and as she said this, she proceeded, without any further ceremony, to divest the old man of his wig, which she very carefully adjusted on Magawisca's head. Both parties were passive in her hands, Magawisca not seeming to relish much better than Cradock, the false character she was assuming. Such was Cradock's habitual deference to his young mistress, that it was morally impossible for him to make any physical resistance to her movements: but neither his conscience, nor his apprehensions for her, would permit him to be silent when he felt a conviction that she was doing, and he was suffering, an act that was a plain transgression of a holy law.

"Stay thy hand," he said, in a beseeching voice, "and let not thy feet move so swiftly to destruction."

"Just raise your foot, while I draw off this boot, Master Cradock."

He mechanically obeyed, but at the same time continued his admonition: "Was not Jehoshaphat reproved of Micaiah the prophet, for going down to the help of Ahab?"

"Now the other foot, Master Cradock—there, that will do. Draw them on, Magawisca, right over your moccasins—quick, I beseech you."

"Was not the good king Josiah reproved in the matter of Pharaoh-nechoh?"

"Oh, Magawisca! how shall I ever make your slender shoulders and straight back look any thing like Master Cradock's broad, round shoulders? One glance of Barnaby's dim old eyes will detect you. Ah! this will do—I will bind the pillow on with the sheet." While she was uttering the device, she accomplished it. She then threw Magawisca's mantle over her expanded shoulders, and Cradock's cloak over all; and, finally, the wig was surmounted by the old man's steeple-crowned hat. "Now," she said, almost screaming with joy at the transformation so suddenly effected, "now, Magawisca, all depends on yourself: if you will but contrive to screen your face, and shuffle a little in your gait, all will go well."

The hope of liberty—of deliverance from her galling imprisonment—of escape beyond the power and dominion of her enemies, had now taken full possession of Magawisca; and the thought that she should owe her release to Everell and to Hope, who in her imagination was identified with him, filled her with emotions of joy, resembling those a saint may feel, when she sees in vision the ministering angels sent to set her free from her earthly prison; "I will do all thou shalt command me, Hope Leslie; thou art indeed a spirit of light, and love, and beauty."

"True, true, true," cried Cradock, losing, in the instincts of his affection, the opposition he had so valorously maintained, and his feelings flowing back into their accustomed channel, "Thou woman in man's at-

ture, it is given to thee to utter truth, even as of old, lying oracles were wont to speak words of prophecy."

Hope had not, as may be imagined, stood still to listen to this long sentence, uttered in her tutor's deliberate, *entrecoupé* manner, but in the meanwhile she had, with an almost supernatural celerity of movement, arranged every thing to present the same aspect as when Barnaby first opened the door of the dungeon. She drew Cradock to the bed, seated him there, and wrapped the blanket about him as it had enveloped Magawisca. "Oh! I hear Barnaby," she exclaimed; "dear Master Cradock, sit a little straighter—there—that will do—turn a little more side-wise, you will not look so broad—there—that 's better."

"Miss Hope Leslie, ye have perverted the simple-minded."

"Say not another word, Master Cradock; pray do not breathe so like a trumpet; ah, I see it is my fault." She re-adjusted the blanket, which she had drawn so close over the unresisting creature's face as almost to suffocate him. "Now, Magawisca, sit down on this stool—your back to the door, close to Master Cradock, as if you were talking with him." All was now arranged to her mind, and she spent the remaining half instant in whispering consolations to Cradock: "Do not let your heart fail you, my good kind tutor—in one hour you shall be relieved." Cradock would have again explained that he was regardless of any personal risk, but she interrupted him: "Nay, you need not speak: I know that is not your present care, but do not be troubled; we are commanded to do good to all—the rain falleth on the just and the unjust—and if we are to help our enemy's ox out of the pit, much more our enemy. This best of all thy kind services shall be requited. I will be a child to thy old age—hush—there's Barnaby."

She moved a few steps from the parties, and when the gaoler opened the door, she appeared to be awaiting him: "Just in season, good Master Tuttle; my tutor has nothing more to say, and I am as impatient to go, as you are to have me gone."

"It is only for your own sake that I am impatient, Miss Hope; let us make all haste out." He took up the lamp which he had left in the cell, trimmed it, and raised the wick, that it might better serve to guide them through the dark passage.

Hope was alarmed by the sudden increase of light—"lend me the lamp, Barnaby," she said, "to look for my glove—where can I have dropped it? It must be somewhere about here. I shall find it in a minute, Master Cradock, you had best go on while I am looking."

Magawisca obeyed the hint, while Hope in her pretended search, so skillfully managed the light, that not a ray of it touched Magawisca's face: She had passed Barnaby—Hope thought the worst danger escaped. "Ah, here it is," she said, and by way of precaution, she added, in the most careless tone she could assume, "I will carry the lamp for you, Barnaby."

"No, no, thank you, Miss Leslie, I always like to carry the light myself; and besides, I must take a good look at you both before I lock the door. It is a rule I always observe in such cases, lest I should be left to 'brood the eggs the fox has sucked.' It is a prudent rule I assure you, always to be sure you take out the same you let in. Here, Master Cradock, turn round, if you please, to the light, just for form's sake."

Magawisca had advanced several steps into the passage, and Hope's first impulse was to scream to her to run, but a second, and happier thought prevailed, and taking her shawl, which was hanging negligently over her arm, she contrived in throwing it over her head, to sweep it across Barnaby's lamp, in such a way as to extinguish the light beyond the possi-

lity of recovery, as Barnaby proved, by vainly trying to blow it again into a flame.

"Do not put yourself to any further trouble about it, Barnaby, it was all my fault; but it matters not, you know the way—just give me your arm, and Master Cradock can take hold of my shawl, and we shall grope through this passage without any difficulty."

Barnaby arranged himself as she suggested, and then hoping her sudden action had broken the chain of his thoughts, and determined he should not have time to resume it, she said,—“When you write to Ruth, Barnaby, be sure you commend me kindly to her; and tell her, that I have done the baby linen I promised her, and that I hope little Barnaby will prove as good a man as his grandfather.”

“Oh, thank ye, Miss Hope, I trust, by the blessing of the Lord, much better; but they do say,” added the old man, with a natural ancestral complacency, “they do say he favours me; he ’s got the true Tuttle chin, the little dog!”

“You cannot tell yet whether he is gifted in psalmody, Barnaby?”

“La, Miss Hope, you must mean to joke. Why little Barnaby is not five weeks old till next Wednesday morning, half past three o’clock. But I’m sure he will take to psalmody as if I knew; there never was a Tuttle that did not.”

Our heroine thus happily succeeded in beguiling the way to the top of the staircase, where a passage diverged to the outer door, and there with many thanks, and assurances of future gratitude, she bade Barnaby good night, and anticipating any observation he might make of Cradock’s silence, she said, “my tutor seems to have fallen into one of his reveries; but never mind, another time he will remember to greet and thank you.”

Barnaby was turning away from the door, when he recollected that the sudden extinction of the candle had prevented his intended professional inspection. “Miss Hope Leslie,” he cried, “be so good as to stay one moment, while I get a light; the night is so murky that I cannot see, even here, the lineaments of Master Cradock’s complexion.”

“Pshaw, Barnaby, for mercy’s sake do not detain us now for such an idle ceremony; you see the *lineaments* of that form, I think; we must have been witches indeed, to have transformed Magawisca’s slender person into that enormous bulk; but one sense is as good as another—speak, Master Cradock,” she added, relying on Magawisca’s discretion. “Oh, he is in one of his silent fits, and a stroke of lightning would scarcely bring a sound from him, so good night, Barnaby,” she concluded, gently putting him back and shutting the door.

‘It is marvellous,’ thought Barnaby, as he reluctantly acquiesced in relinquishing the letter of his duty, ‘how this young creature spins me round, at her will, like a top. I think she keeps the key to all hearts.’

With this natural reflection he retired to rest, without taking the trouble to return to the dungeon, which he would have done, if he had really felt one apprehension of the fraud that had been there perpetrated.

At the instant the prison door was closed, Magawisca divested herself of her hideous disguise, and proceeded on with Hope, to the place where Everell was awaiting them, with the necessary means to transport her beyond the danger of pursuit. But while our heroine is hastening onward, with a bounding step and exulting heart, we must acquaint our readers with the cruel conspiracy that was maturing against her.”

Whilst all these operations were in progress, the mutual attachment of Everell and Hope, which had been formed in

childhood, was maturing in strength and permanency. But all the rulers, except the elder Fletcher, were anxious to moderate the vivacity of the young man by an union with Miss Downing. A contract was at length effected by the mysterious conduct of Hope, in the pursuit of her benevolent schemes—by the machinations of sir Philip, her rejected lover—and by the part which she had taken in promoting the happiness of her friend, at the sacrifice of her own.

Jennet, an officious, prating servant, overhearing a consultation between Everell and Hope, about the liberation of Magawisca, communicates it to the baronet, who eagerly seizes the proposed opportunity of finding Miss Leslie at a late hour, in the street with her Indian protégé, to bear her off to England; not doubting but time would work a revolution in his favour, and the lady, and her wealth, become his own. The ship, prepared for the purpose, laid at anchor in the bay—his accomplices were secured, and every thing looked promising; but unluckily for him on the night appointed for the double enterprise, Oneco, disguised as a poor sailor, got access to the government house, where his wife had been lodged, and humanely treated—and carried her off, together with the tattling Jennet, who came in their way, and could not otherwise be disposed of, without discovering their flight. The party were met by sir Philip's gang, and poor Jennet, whose head was closely tied up in her *shawl*, was mistaken for Miss Leslie, and borne off to the vessel, where the baronet received her.

"Oh forgive—forgive," whispered sir Philip, "this horrible—necessary outrage. Lean on me, I will conduct you away from these wretches—a room is prepared for you—Rosa shall attend you—you are queen here—you command us all. Forgive—forgive—and fear nothing. I will not remove your skreen till you are beyond the lawless gaze of these fellows—here, Roslin!" he called, for he still kept up the farce of Rosa's disguise in the presence of the ship's company, "here Roslin!—take the lamp, and follow me."

Rosa obeyed, her bosom heaving with struggling emotions, and her hand trembling so that she could scarcely hold the lamp. "Bear the light up, and more steadily, Roslin. Nay, my beloved—adored mistress, do not falter; hasten forward—in one minute more we shall be below, in your own domain, where you may admit or exclude me at pleasure. Do not struggle thus—you have driven me to this violence—you must forgive the madness you have caused. I am your slave for life."

They had just passed down the steps that served as a companion way, when sir Philip observed on his right hand, an uncovered barrel of gunpowder. It had been left in this exposed situation by a careless fellow, intrusted with the preparation of the fire-arms for the expedition to the town. "Have a care," cried sir Philip to Rosa, who was just coming down the stairs; "stay where you are—do not approach that gunpowder with

the light." He heard a footstep above. "Here, friend," he called, "lend us a hand; come down and cover this powder. We cannot discreetly move an inch." The footsteps ceased, but there was no reply to the call. "I cannot leave Miss Leslie," continued sir Philip, "she leans on me as if she were fainting. Set down your lamp, Rosa, and come yourself, and cover the barrel."

Rosa did not set down the lamp, but moved forward one or two steps with it in her hand, and then paused. She seemed revolving some dreadful purpose in her mind. Her eyes glanced wildly from sir Philip to his helpless victim—then she groaned aloud, and pressed her hand upon her head as if it were burning.

Sir Philip did not observe her—he was intent upon his companion. "She is certainly fainting," he said, "it is the close air and this cursed shawl." He attempted to remove it, but the knot by which it was tied baffled his skill, and he again shouted to Rosa, "Why do you not obey me? Miss Leslie is suffocating—set down the lamp, I say, and call assistance. Damnation!" he screamed, "what means the girl?" as Rosa made one desperate leap forward, and shrieking, "it cannot be worse for any of us!" threw the lamp into the barrel.

The explosion was instantaneous—the hapless, pitiable girl—her guilty destroyer—his victim—the crew—the vessel, rent to fragments, were hurled into the air, and soon engulfed in the waves."

The story concludes with the marriage of the heroine to Everell Fletcher, Miss Downing having magnanimously resigned him to the woman he preferred, and departed without the trial of leave-taking, to England.

This very interesting tale, is not written in the straightforward manner, in which we have given the abstract. The incidents are numerous and affecting, and so skilfully involved that we seldom anticipate the result. The language is sprightly and unaffected—and the characters illustrate the times, according to the best accounts which have reached our day. We are not competent to judge of the verity of the representation of Indian habits and idioms. As far as we are enabled to say, our author has been more successful in this part of her work, than some preceding writers. Miss S. does not claim verisimilitude for the towering Magawisca: she says, she has confined herself "not to the actual, but the possible." She is a fine poetical figure. It is admitted, by the accomplished writer, that "a slight variation has been allowed in the chronology of the Pequod war." We will take this occasion to notice in her, and several others, who have committed the same anachronism—a "variation in the chronology" of costume. *Shawls* were not known in America, until subsequent to the revolution—nor, we believe, in England, even, until about that period. Let our antiquarians wrap their matrons in a long scarlet broad-cloth cloak, and the "sylph-like forms" of their heroines, in a *cloak* or *mantle*

of silk or satin, and we shall recognise what we have ourselves seen.

These volumes evince a very commendable industry in the author in tracing the manners and customs of the olden time of our young nation. Her style improves, and her writings invariably show that her pen is guided by good sense and virtuous feelings. Many passages in Hope Leslie are extremely well written. The delivery of Magawisca from the prison is incomparable.

Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces on the Southern Banks of the Caspian Sea. With an Appendix, containing short Notices on the Geology and Commerce of Persia. By J. B. FRASER. London, 1826, 4to, pp. 384.

This is the continuation of Mr. Fraser's *Travels in Persia* which we were promised in his "Narrative of a Journey into Khorassan." The author justly observes of the present work, that it "consists more of personal adventures, and dwells less on statistical and historical details," than the preceding, although he admits that the parts of Persia it relates to are "very little known." For the reasons he has furnished, namely, that the greatest proportion of the narrative is consumed in relations, occasionally somewhat tedious, of his personal adventures, and that we miss those particulars respecting the features of a country, "little known," the character and habits of the people, &c. which constitute the chief sources of the gratification derived from the perusal of his previous works, the present volume is comparatively deficient in interest.

He arrived at Astrabad, situated at the south-east corner of the Caspian Sea, on the sixth of April, 1822, and quitted it on the fifteenth. Astrabad was built in the eighth century; its extent was once considerable; at present the greater part of it is in ruins. Its appearance differs from that of the southern and more elevated provinces of Persia. It is closely surrounded by thicket or forest, and the gardens which appear within the walls increase the picturesque beauty of the houses, which are chiefly of wood, constructed in a style of architecture rather Indian than Persian. All the streets are well paved with stone, and have regular drains to carry off the water, which, in most other Persian cities, stagnates in pools, or destroys the streets in its course. This peculiar advantage the people of Astrabad owe to Shah Abbas (who also made the great causeway through Mazunderan); and

they are so sensible of its value, that they keep the pavement in good repair; whereby Astrabad exhibits a singular air of comfort and cleanliness. The causeway referred to extends from Kiskar, in the western part of Cheelan, to the foot of a pass east of Astrabad, leading to Bostam, and from the top of that pass along the valley of Mey Omeid and Jah Jerm, to a point near Chinnaran, in the valley of Khoordistan, about forty-five miles from Mushed. It was formed by filling a deep trench with gravel and small stones, laying thereon a superstructure of larger stones compactly built together. Mr. Fraser (contrary to other authorities) calculates its original breadth at fifteen or sixteen feet only, and in some places not more than ten.

Ashruff, once the magnificent abode of Shah Abbas, is now a scene of ruins, which are subject to daily dilapidation; mean parsimony withholds the court from expending the smallest sum for the repair of the buildings, and the splendid tiles and marble slabs, brought at a vast expense from distant quarries, are carried off by any one who thinks proper to do so, and applied to his own use. The town of Ashruff, which, tradition states, included within its walls three hundred baths, besides other public buildings, and a population in proportion, now contains only five hundred houses, thinly scattered through an extensive jungle.

At Ashruff, our traveller found his guide and companion, Meerza Abdool Rezak, so far gone in a species of melancholy, occasioned by compunction of mind at associating and especially eating with a Kaffer, that argument (though he was a man of some sense) and ridicule were equally inefficacious in dispelling it, and they agreed to part at Saree, for which place they started on the twentieth of April. They proceeded along the causeway, which, from Nica, "both through the cultivated ground and forest, resembled a well-metalled English road, being raised in the middle, and having hollows or drains along the sides." On their arrival at Saree, they were lodged in the house of the Nazir, or superintendent of the household, to Mahomed Koolee Meerza, one of the king's sons, and governor of Mazunderan. As this house was remarkable for its neatness, and is described by the author as "one of the neatest and most comfortable he had ever seen in Persia," we shall give his description of it, as a specimen of Persian taste and comfort:—

The house, in so far as met the eye, was good, comfortable, and clean; and the rooms of reception were neat and even elegant. The walls were nicely plastered, and adorned with devices in stucco, the windows were

carved and coloured in forms like those exhibited in the kaleidoscope. Numerous niches in the walls were fitted up with velvet and gold-worked coverings. A handsome fire-place occupied one side: beautiful numuds and rich carpets were spread above Indian mats on the floor. But the moment these rooms were passed, the bare bricks and unplastered walls stared you in the face; the passages and staircases were so narrow that two persons could hardly pass each other, and every thing looked slovenly and unfinished. The approach from without was by a dirty lane, so narrow, that a man on horseback could not reach the door; on either side of which were heaps of broken bricks and earth, dirt, and pools of green or slimy water.—p. 34.

Saree, the capital of Mazunderan, a place of great antiquity, and formerly of much importance, is now insignificant; it is about two miles only in circuit; the streets are unpaved, and the bazars miserable. The object in it most worthy of examination is a tower of cylindrical shape, with a conical top, rising to the height of about one hundred feet, its internal diameter being somewhat less than thirty. It is built of burnt brick and mortar, put together with excellent workmanship, and resembles, in the style of its architecture, other towns met with by the author in Khorassan. The name of the tower is Gombuz-e-selm-e-Toor.

The manners of the Mazunderanees Mr. Fraser represents in an unfavourable light. The higher ranks are ignorant, arrogant, and excessively bigoted, though notorious transgressors of the law of Mahomet; the poorer classes are in a state of only partial civilization. Ramzaun Beg, our traveller's host, though a very excellent specimen of a Mazunderanee, was not only an opium-eater, but a drinker of wine, and sooffee, or free-thinker; yet he shrunk from polluting himself by eating from the same pillaw with Mr. Fraser, who, our readers will perhaps recollect, had nominally become a Mussulman.

Previous to quitting Saree, our traveller visited Furrabad, at the mouth of the river Thedjin, which falls into the Caspian. The city was also renowned as having been the residence of Shah Abbas, and as the place where he ended his days. Notwithstanding the interest which attaches to a place which was the last scene of the life of a prince who holds so celebrated a rank amongst the sovereigns of Persia, Furrabad is in ruins; its cultivated plain is almost abandoned; and "the thicket and the forest are now again invading it, and effacing the traces of man." At no great distance from it, on the sea-side, is a small establishment for the purpose of catching sturgeon and curing them for the Russian market. The farmer of the fishery is an Armenian. There

is a similar fishery at the river Mazzur, further westward, rented by Russians.

Mr. Fraser left Saree for Balfroosh, which presented an unique spectacle of a Persian town purely mercantile, peopled entirely with merchants, mechanics, and their dependants, not a khan or noble is found in the place; even the governor is a merchant. Mr. Fraser describes it as prosperous and happy, far beyond any in Persia, and as exhibiting an air of plenty, ease, and comfort, rarely, if ever, met with in that country. Nor is its commercial character injurious to its reputation for learning: Balfroosh is as celebrated for the number and eminence of its moolahs, or learned men, as for its merchants; and it contains between twenty and thirty madrissas.

From Balfroosh he proceeded to Amol, through a more open country than before; the fields divided by hedges, and the ground in general intersected by water-courses. The roads of Mazunderan, Mr. Fraser says, present a singular appearance, being ribbed transversely, as if by art, into the resemblance of a ploughed field, which is caused by the regular tread of cattle; their feet, following each other in succession with equal steps, sink constantly into the same place; so that the path becomes a series of ridges of solid earth and hollows of mud, corresponding with the pace of a cow.

Amol contains between 4,000 and 5,000 houses, and from 35,000 to 40,000 souls, when the city is fullest; but the number varies at different seasons. The only object in the city worth notice is a fine mausoleum, erected by Shah Abbas over the remains of a prince of Mazunderan, named Meer Buzoorg, which, like every other ancient building in these parts, is in ruins. To prove how far the inhabitants of Mazunderan have fallen behind those of most parts of Persia in the refinements of life, Mr. Fraser relates that, wishing to recruit his stock of tea, he vainly inquired after that article, both at Amol and Balfroosh. The only parcel he could find was about a quarter of a pound, at a druggist's shop, which was *retailed* in trifling quantities, at the rate of about forty shillings a pound. What is more extraordinary, on asking for coffee, they were ignorant of even the name!

Upon leaving Amol, our traveller skirted the sea-shore, and the prospects he now enjoyed compensated for many of the evils attendant upon his journey: the blue sea; the deep and magnificent forests, interspersed with fields and cottages; the mountains rising like a wall to a height of 6,000 feet, in every variety of form and tint. The sea contains an abundance

of fish, large shoals of which could be seen, pursued by cormorants, sea-eagles, and gulls. Mr. F. shot a species of otter, called by the natives "sea-dog." It is unfortunate that his descriptions of objects of natural history are so defective; he tells us merely that it was about three feet and a half long, including a short tail; that its head resembled that of an otter; that the body was covered with thick fine brown hair; and that all the four feet were webbed. The water near the shore was barely brackish, and sometimes so fresh that the horses drank it readily.

Lahajan, the first place of any importance in Gheelan, is celebrated for its silk. Much rice is cultivated in its vicinity; and Mr. Fraser gives a minute account of this branch of agriculture, which does not, however, essentially differ from the system of rice-cultivation in other parts. He reached Resht, the capital of Gheelan, May 19th.

This town (one of the very few places in the province deserving of that title) contains a population of between 60,000 and 80,000 souls. It contains nothing worthy of remark, except the number and impudence of its beggars, who swarm in the streets, disgusting the eyes of passengers by their filthy and loathsome appearance, many of them labouring under leprosy and other hideous diseases. Some of these wretches were opium-eaters, and heightened the horror inspired by their emaciated and frightful aspect, by exclaiming, in a sort of frenzy, "For the sake of God, of the Prophet, and of Alee, give me some money to buy opium, or I shall die!" Hadjees and religious mendicants likewise abound in Resht.

At this place Mr. Fraser was agreeably surprised by a visit from a Persian named Meerza Mahomed Reza, who addressed him in good English. He was one of the young men who had been sent to England for education by Prince Abbas Meerza. This individual, though he proved in the sequel to be not entirely free from the selfishness inherent in the Persian character, seems to have rendered our traveller many good offices; and his collection of English books was an agreeable solace to him, whilst detained at this place. Mr. Moore will doubtless be gratified to hear that his *Lalla Rookh* has found its way to the southern shores of the Caspian, and can recommend itself to the taste of the countrymen of Hafiz and Firdousi.

Resht was at this time governed by Alee Reza Meerza, a youth of about sixteen, naib or deputy to his elder brother, Mahomed Reza Meerza, who had been summoned to Tehran. This young deputy seems to have behaved with great

harshness towards Mr. Fraser. He received him at first in a very contemptuous manner; subsequently, he thought proper to order him to be detained as a prisoner, in consequence of a statement made by some gossip at the royal court, which reached Resht, that Mr. Fraser was a Russian spy. As soon as this order was issued, our traveller experienced the most unmannerly behaviour from the authorities of the place; and as it was uncertain when the elder prince would return to Resht, he contrived to effect his escape, in company with a seyd, called Alee.

The adventures which befel Mr. Fraser in this journey, his recapture and reconveyance back, together with the rough and inhuman treatment which he and his companion endured from the Talish mountaineers who retook them, form, perhaps, the most amusing portion of the work. When he was brought back to Resht, the mistake respecting his character had been discovered, and the local government made some apology for the indignity he had suffered. Nothing, however, was offered in the way of substantial redress, except the return of some of the articles of which he had been plundered, and thirty tomauns, about 16*l.* which Mr. Fraser's necessities obliged him to accept, whereby he cancelled his claim for reparation. Even at Tabreez, the Caimookan, or chief minister of Abbas Meerza, showed no disposition to do him justice; rather enjoying the details of the drubbings which the Englishman had received; recapitulating them in a manner which reminds one of that in which Scapin, in Moliere's farce, persecutes the old gentleman, whose carcass he had belaboured with *coups de bâton*.

Of the Ghelanees, the most remarkable are the mountain tribes of Talish. They possess many traits in common with the ancient highlanders of Scotland, except that they are more ferocious. Their district has been the theatre of war between the Russian and the Persian empires. Mustapha Khan, chief of the Talish tribes, shook off the authority of Aga Mahomed Khan, the late king of Persia, and placed himself under the authority of the Russians, whom he invited to Lankeroon, and who succeeded in 1813, in carrying that place by assault. During the life of Mustapha Khan, Russian Talish, as it is called, was nominally subject to that empire; since his death, it has been parcelled out amongst his family. Persian Talish has likewise been divided amongst several chiefs, by the policy of the court of Persia.

Mr. Fraser quitted Resht finally on the 2d July, 1822, and reached Tabreez on the 12th, where he found that the

report which he had previously heard was accurate, namely, that Mr. Willock, the English *Chargé d'Affaires*, had left Persia for England. The cause of this step Mr. F. relates as follows:

It appeared that demands for certain arrears of subsidy had been made by the king of Persia upon Mr. Willock, who, from circumstances not necessary to relate here, could not comply with them. His majesty, badly advised by persons whom it ill became to urge any measure hostile or insulting to England, forgot his own dignity so far as to send a message to Mr. Willock, of a very uncourteous, and even a threatening nature. Mr. Willock declared that his free agency was entirely done away, and demanded his passports, and a mehmendar, that he might leave the country. His firmness brought the semi-barbarous court to its senses; the Shah disavowed his message, and showed to the astonished Persians the extraordinary spectacle of their "King of Kings" prevaricating, and eating his own words, before the representative of a distant nation, unsupported by the smallest force.—p. 303.

A great deal has been reported in Europe about the vast improvements making by Abbas Meerza in the provinces under his government; but, according to Mr. Fraser, these reports have but little foundation in fact. The arsenal and magazines were trifling to a degree hardly to be credited, and calculated to excite little else than contempt. The parsimony of the government palsies every effort at improvement; the army was in a state of disorganization, for want of pay, at the commencement of the Turkish campaign in 1822. The eagerness to introduce European discipline amongst his troops, appears to have originated in a sort of childish love of novelty in Abbas Meerza, rather than from any conviction of its superiority, or anxiety for solid improvement. The character of the prince is thus drawn by Mr. Fraser, who derived his knowledge from conversation with Europeans and natives at Tabreez, possessed of the best means of appreciating his character:—

In point of personal courage, the prince is said to be far from pre-eminent; and his moral conduct is not less objectionable, in any respect, than that of his countrymen in general. He is subject, in so high a degree, to that common failing of princes, a love of flattery, and a dislike to listen to disagreeable truths, that he cannot bear any one about him whose powers of mind, or openness of character, throws restraint upon his own caprices. Hence most men of ability have been driven from his councils, and even the old Caimookan was forced to manœuvre, and earn his confidence by address. I have understood that he is not by any means naturally penurious. Most people, indeed, allow, that though he is not exempt from the meanness common to his countrymen, he is rather disposed to be liberal in his dealings; but he is a wretched economist, and dissipates a large income in a way that redounds neither to his credit nor advantage. He unfortu-

nately does not possess that happy graciousness of manner which doubles the value of a gift, and makes a trifle seem precious. On the contrary, from some unlucky want of address, a boon from his hand seems rather to lose than improve in value; and a petitioner, although successful, often retires more disgusted by his reception than gratified by his success. These defects have, unquestionably, very much hurt the popularity of Abbas Meerza; and were it not that, on the death of his father, he probably will be put in possession of more solid means of support than his own resources can supply, his success in the anticipated struggle for the throne would be very questionable.—pp. 310, 311.

The Caimookan, or chief minister, is described as a man of violent passions, but disposed to justice (though not in Mr. Fraser's case), and strongly imbued with a desire for the prosperity of his country. He is said to be favourably inclined towards England, and to hate the Russians. When Mr. Fraser was at Tabreez, this minister was employed in writing a book to refute a treatise which the late Mr. Martyn* (who was accustomed to converse with, and often confounded, the learned moollahs) composed in Persian, containing a summary of the arguments he had used in conversation against the Mahomedan religion, challenging the moollahs to answer it if they could. Finding none of the learned doctors disposed to undertake the task, he resolved to do it himself. He wrote much, but without effect; and Mr. Fraser adds, "it has been said that this matter cost him more sleepless nights than all his state-business." What might have been the success of his labours, had he been permitted to finish them, can only be conjectured; whilst deeply engaged in them, the epidemic cholera began to rage in the city: the Caimookan was seized with it, and died under the rough remedies prescribed by the native physicians.

Before Mr. Fraser left Tabreez, he made an excursion, with major Monteith, to the northern shore of the lake of Ooroomea, which is contiguous to some of the most fertile districts in Persia. A government capable of perceiving and of employing the means of improving this country, could easily, by rendering navigable some of the streams which fall into the lake, open an advantageous market to the produce of the rich and well-cultivated vallies through which they run, now almost valueless.

To the west of the districts of Ooroomea and Selmast, or Salmas, lies the wild and mountainous country in which the Tigris has its sources, and which, Mr. Fraser says, is inha-

* Mr. Fraser writes this name *Martin*; and that of Browne, the traveller, *Brown*. We observed similar instances of carelessness in his former work.

bited by a race of Christians of a singularly savage and ferocious character, and of whom he gives some scanty particulars:—

They are said to be the remains of the numerous Christian population which inhabited all this part of the country in the times of the Greek emperors, and who were forced by their Mahomedan enemies to take refuge in these inaccessible regions. They now almost entirely consist of four different tribes; the Teearees, by far the most important, amount to about ten thousand families; the Kojumees to one thousand; the Jiloos five hundred; and the Tookabees three hundred. They all live under the rule of a sort of prelatical chief, whose dignity is hereditary in the family, although the chief himself, being set apart for the church, cannot marry. The family name of the present chief is Marchimoon. He acts both as priest and general, leading the people to church or to war; and they all pay him implicit obedience. They are of the Nestorian creed, and hate Roman Catholics even more than Mahometans, putting to death, without mercy, all that fall into their hands. Indeed they behave little less cruelly to any others who unfortunately come in their way. They keep up a sort of alliance with Mustapha Khan Hukaroo, a Khoordish chief; and can bring into the field 14,000 capital matchlock men. They live exclusively among themselves, admitting no one into their country, which is so strong and impenetrable that none can enter in it without their leave. The only method to obtain admission is to write to Marchimoon, who sometimes grants a courteous permission, in which case the stranger is sure of protection and the most devoted attention. If that is withheld, any attempt to enter would inevitably be followed by death.—pp. 324, 325.

We may expect to learn more particulars respecting these Khoordish Christians from the missionaries despatched about three years back into Persia by the society of Basle, who were expressly instructed to direct their attention to them.

Mr. Fraser returned to Tabreez, which he left August 29th, 1822, and proceeded, by the way of Teflis and Odessa, to Vienna and England.

The Appendix contains some geological observations on the parts of Persia traversed by Mr. Fraser, and an account of the commerce of that country. Mr. Fraser observes that the revolution in the British eastern trade, through which their home manufactures have superseded those of India, has had a powerful effect in central and eastern Asia, which is now supplied with British goods. "The woollens of Yorkshire clothe the nobles of Khorassan, and the cottons of Manchester and Glasgow are to be found in the bazars of Bockhara, Samarcand and Kokaun." This taste for European goods, however, he adds, is but arising; and requires to be fed gradually and judiciously, till it is matured into a steady demand. The great obstacles are the long and expensive land carriage, the arbitrary imposts in intervening states, and the

risk of plunder from robbers or rapacious chiefs. When the benefits of commerce shall become known, these obstacles will disappear.

LETTERS OF WASHINGTON.

Head-Quarters, near Dobb's Ferry, 21st July, 1781.

SIR,

I have been honoured by your excellency's three letters of the fourteenth and seventeenth of this month, with the several resolutions of congress, and extracts from intercepted letters, enclosed.

I am much obliged by your attention in the communication of the extracts, although I had been favoured with them through another channel previous to the receipt of your favour. The intelligence to be collected from them, if properly improved, I think may turn greatly to our advantage.

I take this opportunity most sincerely to congratulate you, sir, on the honour conferred upon you by congress, in being elected to preside in that most respectable body. Happy, as I expect to be, in your correspondence, I dare say I shall have no reason to complain of the mode of your conducting it; as, from a knowledge of your character, I flatter myself it will ever be performed with great propriety. I take the liberty however to request, as a particular favour, that you will be so good as to convey to me, as you have opportunity, any interesting intelligence which you may receive, either from Europe, or respecting our continental affairs. Your situation will put it particularly in your power to oblige me in this request; and be assured, sir, that a greater obligation cannot be conferred, since, for want of communication in this way, I have often been left in the dark in matters which essentially concern the public welfare, and which, if known, might be very influential in the government of my conduct in the military line.

I am happy to be informed, by accounts from all parts of the continent, of the agreeable prospect of a very plentiful supply of almost all the productions of the earth. Blessed as we are with the bounties of Providence, necessary for our support and defence, the fault must surely be our own, and great indeed will it be, if we do not, by a proper use of them, attain the noble prize for which we have been so long con-

tending—the establishment of peace, liberty, and independence.

I have the honour to be,
 With very great regard and esteem,
 Your excellency's most obedient,
 And humble servant,
 GEO. WASHINGTON.

His excellency, THOMAS M'KEAN, esquire, president of congress.

Dobb's Ferry, 17th August, 1781.

SIR,

I have received, and do sincerely thank you for, the several articles of important intelligence contained in your letter of the twelfth. The continuation of such confidential communications will be highly pleasing to me, and may be exceedingly beneficial, considered in a public point of view, as circumstances, well authenticated, should influence measures as certainly as causes produce effects.

Mr. Morris, who will do me the honour to hand this letter to you, can inform you of our situation, our prospects, and designs, so much better than I can in the compass of a letter, that I shall do no more at this time than assure you, that, with the greatest esteem and respect, I am, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Camp, before York, 6th October, 1781.

SIR,

I feel myself peculiarly obliged and honoured by your excellency's communication of the 26th ultimo. That America must place her principal dependence on her own exertions, I have always foreseen, and have ever endeavoured to inculcate; and I flatter myself that from the wise system of policy which has been of late adopted, and which congress seem determined to pursue, our internal measures will be so improved and applied, that with the assistance of our most generous of allies, though not operating immediately with us, hereafter we shall be enabled to bring matters to a happy and glorious conclusion.

I am not apt to be sanguine, but I think, in all human probability, lord Cornwallis must fall into our hands. The smallness of Digby's reinforcement, and the deduction from

the enemy's former naval strength, by the loss of the *Terrible*, and the condemnation of two other ships of the line, leave them so vastly inferior, that I think they will not venture upon a relief.

It is to be wished that your excellency's plan would be adopted, but there are reasons which operate forcibly against count de Grasse's dividing his fleet. By grasping at too much, we might lose a stake which nothing but the most adverse stroke of fortune can take out of our hands, and which, if we attain, will give a most fatal stab to the power of Great Britain in America.

I hope your excellency will excuse my short and imperfect answers to your full and obliging letters. The variety of matter which engages my attention must be my apology. My public despatch will inform your excellency of our progress up to this date.

With the greatest esteem and respect, I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

His excellency, THOMAS M'KEAN ESQ.

Mount Vernon, 15th November, 1781.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 31st ultimo, covering the resolutions of congress of the 29th, and a proclamation for a day of public prayer and thanksgiving; and have to thank you, sir, most sincerely for the very polite and affectionate manner in which these inclosures have been conveyed.

The success of the combined armies against the enemy at York and Gloucester, as it affects the welfare and independence of the United States, I view as a most fortunate event. In performing my part towards its accomplishment, I consider myself to have done only my duty, and in the execution of that, I ever feel myself happy. At the same time, as it augurs well to our cause, I take a particular pleasure in acknowledging, that the interposing hand of Heaven, in the various instances of our extensive preparations for this operation, has been most conspicuous and remarkable.

After the receipt of your favour, I was officially informed, through the secretary of congress, of a new choice of their president. While I congratulate you, sir, on a release from the fatigues and trouble of so arduous a task, I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks for the pleasure and satisfaction

I have experienced in the correspondence with which you have honoured me, and the many interesting communications of intelligence with which you have favoured me.

I have the honour to be, with very sincere regard and esteem, dear sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

Hon. THOMAS M'KEAN, Esq.

THE EPICUREAN.

A Tale. By Thomas Moore, 12mo. pp. 332, London, 1827. Longman & Co.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

When we profess to take our full share, and in the highest degree, of that admiration which the poetry of Moore has inspired, and to feel that he has by his genius won a glorious immortality, our sense of the beauties of this Tale may be appreciated by the acknowledgment that for an exquisite insight into human nature, for poetical thought and imagery, for grace, refinement, intellect, pathos, and sublimity, we prize the *Epicurean* even above the *Loves of the Angels*, or any other of the author's best works. Indeed, although written in prose, this is a poem, and a masterly poem. We are certain that it must have been originally planned for the language of metrical composition, whatever may have induced the bard to depart from his design, and give us only (as at pages 242, 250, &c.) glimpses of his first intention. But be this as it may, it is and will for ever rank as one of the most exquisite productions in English literature, alike valued for its lustre and purity.

Alciphron, the chief of the Epicurean philosophy at Athens, devoted to every indulgence and pleasure, becomes, in a slight degree, satiated with the unbounded gratification of human enjoyments. They do not pall upon the mind so much as they lead to a feeling of their briefness and uncertainty;—they confer too much happiness to be lasting; and their worshipper, wrapt in the Elysium of their bliss, begins to tremble at the thought that they must have an end. Then comes the natural longing for an immortality of delight and of love. The present is poisoned with a vague fear, and the future is coveted with a superhuman ardour.

A strange vision in the delicious gardens of Epicurus fills the soul of Alciphron with this irresistible desire; and in

search of the mysterious secret by which life may be prolonged, and the round of joys be made eternal, he departs for the land of ancient wonders, Egypt, and speedily reaches the solemn city of Memphis.

But before we follow him thither, we must, to the best of our power, point out some of the striking passages with which Mr. Moore has adorned his narrative; and we regret to say that these touches are so numerous and so condensed as to be hardly separable from the web of the story;—they are like jewels sparkling upon a tissue of gold. The period is thus defined:

“The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old-established creed—all who believed in the deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour; the weakest parts of the mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended; and any reflections tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law. In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining faith, and the simple sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful, that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both under the shelter of a luxurious philosophy which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centered all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.”

The scene where the Athenian Epicureans cultivated this temporary gratification is thus described:

“Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a play-ground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace,—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens.”

On a day of festival, “though study, as may easily be supposed, engrossed but little of the mornings of the garden, yet the lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the

flower,—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favorable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the garden, taking his picture from the life, described:—

‘ As o’er the lake, in evening’s glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below,
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o’er some volume bending,
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o’ershadow all the page.

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the garden was illuminated with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a perpetual combat was maintained;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter that more earthly spirit which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the evening their conflict was carried on with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept from his more lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other continually assailed him, but which, luckily falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the flowers upon which they fell, and were extinguished.”

Other parts are painted with equal felicity, and as the festival terminates, Alciphron tells us, in a tone which reminds us forcibly of *Rasselas*—

“ The sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that presented sad thoughts even in the midst of mirth and happiness, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and, not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, they were separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation mingled themselves with the most smiling scenes through

which my career of enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy fancies. For, shut out as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighborhood of death. This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to by the learned, and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves; the perishableness of myself and all around me every instant recurred to my mind. Those hands I had prest—those eyes in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that should never die—those voices that had talked of eternal love—all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust.

Oh, were it not for this sad voice;
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey;—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its depth the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a deity!"

It is in this strain of mind, the truth of which must be recognised by every breast susceptible of the highest emotions, and conscious of that frequent blending of the sad with the happy,—the sadder in proportion as the happiness is the greater;—it is in this strain of mind that the vision alluded to appeared to the young philosopher, and bid him, if he sought eternal life, "go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest." Impressed with the idea of the "possible existence of some secret, by which youth might be, if not perpetuated, at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines, and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted," Alciphron resolves to follow the oracular advice; and his leav-

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ing Athens is playfully enough contrasted with the solemnity of his purpose.

"I announced (he says) to my associates of the garden the intention which I had formed, to pay a visit to the land of pyramids. To none of them did I dare to confess the vague visionary impulse that actuated me. Knowledge was the object that I alleged, while pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the school, it was apprehended, would suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with commendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, in the summer of the year 257, A. D., I sat sail for Alexandria. To one, who extracted such sweets from every moment on land, a sea voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and kind hearts, to whom most willingly, if I might, would I have paused to pay homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of mystery, and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever 'On.'"

At Alexandria, (he continues) "the very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art,—that of multiplying its enjoyments.

"The celebration of the anual festival of Serapis took place during my stay, and I was more than once induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that crowded to his shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, while this festival lasted, the canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the passions of earth, in honor of heaven.

"Egypt was the country, of all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a temperament and fancy like mine, and keep tremblingly alive the sensibilities of both. Wherever I turn-

ed, I saw the desert and the garden, mingling their bloom and desolation together. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendor of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had so long been the inmate of my soul. When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as I saw around me, in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!

While, far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!
Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the isle of Merœe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast;
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names

have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sais I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neitha: 'I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil.' I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself in its pride, the 'City of the Sun.' But to the isle of the Golden Venus was my fondest pilgrimage,—and as I explored its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more fit to form the shrine of a Deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns that the inanimate quarry can supply. Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcomingly brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst such endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey was forgotten;—the mysteries of this land of the sun were, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and I had as yet been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.—It was not till that evening when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when he expires, he will look his last, it was not till this moment that the great secret, of which I had dreamed, again rose in all its inscrutable darkness upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine that rested upon those monuments—a stillness, as of reverence, in the air around them, that stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first beheld those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed, 'Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Death, death, even on these everlasting tablets—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase,—thou hast written our doom, saying, awfully and intelligibly, 'There is, for man, no eternal mansion but the tomb!' My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the be-

lief of all that I most wished, with that happy facility which makes imagination stand in place of happiness.'”

How true, how natural, and how grand, are the sentiments embalmed in this quotation!—it also finely describes the character of the hero, and advances the progress of the story.

At Memphis (of which there is a noble picture) the Athenian youth, during a festival of worship of the Moon, falls in love with a priestess of Sais. The tale then proceeds—“In this state of breathless agitation did I stand, bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me, till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat. There is, to the north of Memphis, a solitary lake which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters, upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has for ages awaited the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, that is consecrated to death, from the asphodel flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city. It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half bright, half gloomy, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very memory of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I rowed on, scarce knowing whither I went, till startled, by finding myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and saw, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more lofty than the other—while all were out-topped in grandeur by one upon whose summit the moon seemed to rest, as on a pedestal. Drawing near to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated, to raise this city of monuments above the level of the inundation, I lifted my oar, and let the boat rock idly on the water, while my thoughts, left equally without direction, fluctuated as idly. How various and vague were

the dreams that then passed through my mind—that bright vision of the temple mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me like an aerial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!”

At this moment the lovely object of his adoration appears, and is soon after lost among the sepulchres; and though he reasons admirably on his passion, he must follow its impulse.

“To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst because the most lasting of follies. Reality alone gives a chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating for myself must for ever remain ideal.”

No matter whether this be called the philosophy of Epicurus or of Plato, it is the philosophy of nature and of truth. Such love as poetry paints, and as the imagination owns, can never be realized by a human being; for its realization is its destruction. Its life and death occur at the same moment. The hearts that seemed to themselves only to need union in order to be utterly blessed, begin from that very point to tend different ways:—in some the separation may be more wide, in others less; in some there may be future approximations; but the two lines are ordained by an immutable law to terminate at a distance from each other. On one side the passion may continue fixed, and growing with its growth; but as sure as this happens in the world, so sure does inconstancy, on the other side, first dim, and then finally overshadow, that fond illusion which illuminated the dawning of the dream. But it is too bold a theme for criticism to undertake, especially while contemplating the traits of such a master as is now before us, and whose spirit, in fact, has betrayed us into reflections hardly becoming our grave office. Away!

Alciphron penetrates into a pyramid, where he discovers Alethe, the object of his ardent inquiry. She is in a chapel, bending over a lifeless figure entombed in crystal, whence she raises a silver cross, and “bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired ear-

nestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with heaven; they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies." Again she vanishes, and the lover tells us, "hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence,—till, already it was noon, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless."—After a pause, he says of himself, "like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among these tombs, contrasting, in many a mournful reflection, the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who slept around."

We are reluctantly compelled to pass rapidly over Alciphron's subsequent adventures on re-entering the pyramid, where he falls into the toils of the crafty priesthood of Egypt, who try, by means so magical as almost to be incredible, to make the famous Greek philosopher a proselyte to their false religion. The descriptions of his initiation through fire, water, and air, and of the mighty wonders exhibited for the purpose of overwhelming his reason, are full of grandeur and extraordinary effect. Yet of all this we can only quote one example, which we select as combining poetry with narration.

"I was now preparing to rise, when the priest again restrained me; and at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand. Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said in a tone between singing and speaking,—

‘ Drink of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the dead, who downward go.

Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge that harms
The soul to know;
The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight
But mocks the taste.

The love, that binds
 Its innocent wreath,
 Where the serpent winds,
 In venom, beneath!—

All that, of evil or false, by thee
 Hath ever been known or seen,
 Shall melt away in this cup, and be
 Forgot, as it never had been!”

“Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done, than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention, and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:—

‘Drink of this cup—when Isis led
 Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
 She mingled a draught divine, and said—
 ‘Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die!’

Thus do I say and sing to thee,
 Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
 Though frail, and fall’n, and lost thou be,
 Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die.’

“Much as I had endeavoured to keep my philosophy on its guard against the illusions with which I knew this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which, as has been seen, my philosophy had but little control. No sooner had the words “thou shalt never die,” struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. Recollecting myself, however, and fearful of having betrayed to others a weakness only fit for my own secret indulgence, with an affected smile of indifference I sunk back again on my couch,—while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words:—

‘And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
 Dreams of a former, happier day,
 When Heaven was still the Spirit’s home,
 And her wings had not yet fallen away;

Glimpses of glory, ne’er forgot,
 That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
 What once hath been, what now is not,
 But, oh, what again shall brightly be!”

Among the other enchantments to which the priests have

recourse, it may be anticipated that they employ (unconsciously to herself,) the youthful priestess; and of her, when hope arose, the author finely says—"As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and imagination herself had no wings that could carry beyond the grave. * *

"The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration;—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. For the sake, indeed, of such beings, alone did I think immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some propitious chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, her who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade."

This chance does occur. On the last night of Alciphron's initiation, (and here we may observe, that all this part of the subject is unfolded with remarkable fidelity, and displays immense classical and mythological knowledge of the ancient Egyptian doctrines and mysteries)—on this eventful night, when momentarily expecting the full development of the mystic glories of Isis, Alethe herself steps forth from behind her awful altar-veil, and delivers the votary from his perilous trial. Their escape is like all the rest of the pyramidal scenery, of a very extraordinary character; but at last they emerged into day. The timidity and terror of the beauteous priestess, when, instead of one whom she had pictured to herself to be a venerable sage, she discovered that the companion of her flight was a young and noble Grecian, is delicately painted. However, they continue on their way; leave Lake Mæris, and ascend the Nile for Sais, whither Alethe traces her way, agreeably to the dying request of her mother,—the form enshrined in the crystal tomb.—The scenery and the manners of the country are traced with a skilful pencil; but we must hasten on. It appears that Theora, the mother of Alethe, had been in secret a christian, into which pure faith she had initiated her daughter. This was the cause of her embracing the offered chance of escape from the unhallowed precincts of Egyptian pagan superstition; and she now seeks a holy anchoret, near Arsinoe, for succour and protection. On her way, however, with Alciphron, she encounters the danger of

falling under the dominion of an earthly power, strong enough to contest the palm of victory even against heavenward enthusiasm. As they sail where "the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light," she feels and confesses the influences of this power. Here the Epicurean knowledge and the vestal innocence are admirably portrayed.

"In the art (says Alciphron) of winning upon female confidence, I had long been schooled; and, now, that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly, it may be supposed, fail of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very distinct are the operations of making love, and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean, was little less embarrassed, than the secluded priestess; and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to bring our voices acquainted with each other, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence. * * * * *

"The love, with which this simple girl had inspired me, was, possibly from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her, not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the buoyancy of my spirit checked. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route, had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence, was more than made up by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place. * * *

"By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile—each a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptuary of the garden of Athens, the other, a secluded priestess of the temples of Memphis, and the only relation yet established between us, being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other. The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled still more our mutual reserve, but had supplied us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead on, without interruption, to others, fearful, lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was, indeed, only by thus indirectly unburdening

my heart, that I was enabled to refrain from the full utterance of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject, was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was interested.

“When I told of the scene in the chapel,—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living,—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked on me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene, had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of love and of sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle with their streams. Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct to this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The ardour which, shown at once, and without reserve, might have startled a heart so little prepared for it, thus checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, most triumphed. Like one whose sleep is gradually broken by music, the maiden’s heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was aware of the flame she had lighted in another’s bosom, till she perceived the reflection of it glimmering in her own.”

Two short passages of her story, alone, will show how sweetly it is told. Her conversion by her mother is thus mentioned:

“Out of the reach of those gross superstitions which pursued them at every step below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she might, the mind of her beloved girl, and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants that have been long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in, incline themselves to its ray:” and her final departure from the pyramid thus:—“Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle—having paused too, to give a kiss to her favourite bis, which, though too much a christian to worship, she was still child enough to love—with a trembling step she went.”

The anchoret whose refuge she is now so anxious to partake, is to be found, where “on the eastern bank of the Nile,

to the north of Arsinoe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, has borne the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when the rest, taking wing, leave the selected victim to die." But the fugitives accidentally pass this spot, and to avoid detection, return down the river by themselves in a small boat.

"The evening was more calm and lovely than any that yet had smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the bank, there came soothingly over our ears a strain of sweet, rustic melody from the shore. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling on the bank before an acacia, and singing, while her companions stood round, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree:—

‘O! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray, to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute,
Of thy bough’s salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

O! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the light no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend’st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, ‘Come rest thee here.’
O! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me.’

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words ‘O Abyssinian tree,’ dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.”

At length they reach the hermitage, where a few christians adore their God in safety. Alciphron, unable to quit the object of all his dearest affections, professes to become a disciple; and though a dissembler at first, soon becomes deeply convinced of the sublime truths of christianity. The holy hermit, in consequence, betrothes him to Alethe; but on the

eve of this auspicious destiny, when all the prospect is peace and blessedness, when Alciphron, "wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world," the persecution under Vespasian commences, and the christians are dragged to martyrdom at Arsinoe. Alethe is saved for one day, and Alciphron, wounded, obtains leave to visit her in prison,—where she has been sent from the tribunal, with a coral chaplet tied round her head, as if in mockery, by the cruel and inhuman priest:—and thus ends the pathetic and beautiful tragedy:—

"Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her. She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naptha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful, was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon? She now, slowly, and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which, when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red hands that lay so awfully across it. After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me, and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. —She had believed me dead; and even now, scarcely trusted her senses. 'My husband! my love!' she exclaimed: 'oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold, I am ready!' In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it. 'Alethe'—I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to re-animate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her

sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, and blessed every word!—But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels, were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her. Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—‘What, thou, too!’ she said mournfully, ‘thou into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to make shipwreck of my faith! Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power, but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love? No, my own betrothed,’ she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger, ‘behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening, shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that inheritance, immortal and undefiled, which mercy offers, and that thou, my dear mother, and I’—She here dropped her voice: the momentary animation with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness, like the coming of death, that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—‘Believe me,’ she con-

tinued, 'not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee.' Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; but the tribune came rushing into the chamber, and looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true! He then told me, in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young christian's brow was—oh, horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of the poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away! Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having prest it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine; and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms."

To this what should we add? If the best style of Addison improved by modern taste—if the sublimity so much admired in *Vathek*—if the fine perceptions of nature so exquisite in *Rousseau*, but employed on a pure theme—if all these, and many other splendid qualities touched by the genius of *Moore*, can impart delight to readers, then will *The Epicurean* be an everlasting monument to his fame.

We have not feared to give the catastrophe, because nothing can impair the interest inspired by every page of this polished and brilliant composition.

On the Classical Knowledge of Pope.

JOHNSON, in his life of Pope, observes, that "to those who censured his politics, were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition, but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not

more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him?"

Pope's acute biographer presently adds, "he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbs, and Ogilby. With Chapman he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original."

Johnson has also preserved a letter from Pope to a literary friend, in which the translator confesses his "own imperfectness in the language" of Homer, and acknowledges the deference he paid to that sense of the original given him by Hobbs and Chapman.

Upon such high authority were doubts entertained as to that classical knowledge, which some of Pope's admirers had so boldly claimed for him. But Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope's Homer, institutes a more critical inquiry into this subject than could be fairly demanded in a general biography of English poets, and he expresses the result of this investigation with no small confidence in the conclusions to which it had conducted him.

"It is my persuasion, then," says he, "that our poet, far from apprehending with suitable promptitude the original language of the author, whom he undertook to exhibit in an English dress, was not so familiarly acquainted even with the Latin tongue, as to form an instantaneous conception of a passage by reading Homer in the Latin interpretation of him, that accompanies the school editions: by which expressions I understand such a ready conception of a sentence, as would enable a reader to give an adequate translation of it, with a fidelity that superseded a repeated and laborious perusal; a perusal altogether incompatible, it is evident, with a timely execution of so long a work. In proof of this assertion, I can decidedly pronounce, after an experimental examination of his whole performance, that he appears uniformly to have collected the general purport of every passage from some of his predecessors, Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogilby: a process not to be supposed for a moment invariably pursued by any man, capable of forming a distinct, and, generally speaking, a true delineation of his author from the verbal metaphor of a Latin version. The truth of this declaration will admit of no controversy, after a practical exa-

mination shall be instituted by a specific comparison of our poet's version with those of the translators here mentioned: a truth sufficiently corroborated by our ability to refer all his misrepresentations, which are frequent, and, in many cases, singular and gross, with all his alterations and additions, which are innumerable, to one or other of his predecessors, except in very few instances, which analogy will set to the account of my incompetency, from reading not sufficiently extensive, and imperfect information, to trace all his authorities and assistances, rather than ascribe this failure to a fundamental error in my supposition. But the notes, I presume, which I have interspersed through the course of the poems, will ascertain this determination beyond all possibility of contradiction."

To these high authorities against Pope's knowledge of Greek, we may add that of the famous Dr. Bentley, who was deemed the best scholar of his age. "Pope's Homer," he said, "was an elegant poem, but no translation."

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE; and other Poems.—
BY THE LATE SAMUEL EWING, ESQ.

[A few years before his demise, the lamented author of the following effusions, selected, from his numerous contributions to the periodical press, that portion of his poetical writings which he was not unwilling to rescue from the transitory habitation of a "Poet's Corner." In transcribing them, they were subjected to a careful revision, and the collection, by the favour of the author, being in our possession, we propose to reprint it, with these last corrections. The essays will be new to most of our readers; and we think their intrinsic merit will recommend them in their improved form, to those who have seen them in former times. In addition to these reasons it appears to be an act of justice to the reputation of our valued kinsman and friend, to do that for him which death prevented him from doing for himself.]

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.—No. I.

How pleas'd to wander on the Lehigh's bank,
As rippling gently o'er its pebbled bed,
It wafts a mournful music to my ear!
How pleas'd, if *He*, who stamp'd my wayward fate
With many a sad and many a dreary change
Had so ordain'd, that, like this peaceful stream,
My hours might onward glide, serene and calm!
The streamlet, oozing from the moss-clad clift
In some untrodden and sequestered wild,
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(Save by the prowling wolf, or lonely owl
Whose shrieks of night e'en Echo dreads to note)
Rolls calmly onward to the mellow plain,
And sips its sweets from many a fragrant flower
Whose freshness floats on every airy wave;
By nothing ruffled, save a mossy rock,
Or trunk of aged oak that time has slain,
That offer scarce a momentary check,
But add fresh vigour to its silent stream;
Onward it speeds its pure transparent wave,
'Till, having passed the rustic's lowly shed,
It loses all its sweetness, all its calm,
And rolls an angry and a tainted tide;
Then, mingling in the many-fountain'd stream
Of ocean, by attractive beams up-raised
To kiss the fields with many an ev'ning dew—
Thus in the morning dawn of life, the youth
Starts from the goal of sweet simplicity
To run his race—His playful, untaught steps
Pursue the flow'ry path—till syrens smile,
And soft seduction crosses o'er his path,
Madd'ning his brain, and leads the wanderer where
He sips of dissipation's pois'nous draught—
Here on the eye, the fascinating dome
Of novelty now beams, and in he sails,
And revels, quaffing from the burnished cup
Beneath whose surface lurks the deadly drug,—
'Till worn and wearied by his sad career
He sinks, an helpless and a tainted mass,
Into th' unfathomed ocean of Eternity,
Where Mercy pardons, while the seraphs smile.

No. II.

'Tis evening now—here on this wave-worn rock
Where erst with patient care, the savage watched
To mark the deer, as, at the hour of morn
They prest their footsteps on the shelving beach
To lave their limbs and lap the limpid stream;
While from his ambush flew the feathered dart;
Where now toward close of day, the female train
As wildlv sporting on the Lehigh's bank,
Anon will rest them by the matron's side,
And watch with sparkling eyes the expected mail,

'To every villager the welcome guest;
 Here while no rustic eye can mark my form,
 Nor cold civility disturb my dreams,
 It may not harm me to recline awhile—
 I hate those chilling, dewy damps that fall,
 As tears of sorrow that the sun has set!
 Time was that it would glad my very soul
 To tell my tale to every passer by,
 And hold sweet converse with the busy world!
 Then every form was deck'd in friendship's robe,
 And flatt'ring Fancy wove her gaudy web,
 But Reason chas'd th' usurper from my soul,
 (And with her many a dear, delusive dream!)
 And sang of friendship as the dews of night!
 Hope waved her pinions to desert her child,
 But heaven had charged her still to hover round—
 Those dews, that on the rose-bud seem so fair,
 And live their hour and vanish in the morn;
 Those dews, remind me of the friend I loved,
 Whose eye was moist with many a trembling tear,
 When sorrow called, and int'rest bade it rise.
 But on the eye, as beamed a brighter star,
 It rose no more to sympathise with mine!
 How bright those moon-beams sparkle on my eye,
 As glancing on the foliage of yon oak,
 They steal reflected to compose my soul!

All in the village sleep—save, where yon light
 Marks one old matron, as she toils for food,
 With shrivelled fingers ply the waxen thread!
 Fit emblem here of man!—Anon, she weaves
 With many a round, the firm and lasting thread
 To mark the measure of the old man's days;
 Anon, the wheel scarce feels the pressing foot
 Ere snaps the thread, and shows the hour of youth!
 The cur-dog howls, as near his bed of straw
 The bat, irregular, quick flits him by—
 The Lehigh scarcely murmurs as it flows—
 All nature seeks repose, and bids me bend
 My weary footsteps to my rustic shed,
 And on my pillow court wild fancy's dream—
 So friendship once did woo me to repose,
 And friendship robbed me as my senses slept—
 Shall I, again incautious, seek repose?
 Ay, *then* 'twas *man* who called—now, nature sues—

No. III.

How sweet the south wind plays around my brow!
 How merciful in God to temper thus
 The burning sun-beam with the cooling breeze!
 Man marks, ungrateful, with a frowning eye
 The transitory storm, where Mercy rides,
 To dissipate the idle dreams of life,
 While skies unclouded, and the dewy breeze,
 Nor warm his heart, nor bend his stubborn knee!
 He notes with scowling and with angry eye
 The man, who holds a pittance from his kind,
 Yet censures not himself while he denies
 His thanks to God that but increase his stores—
 Oh! my heart saddens when it thinks on man!
 How gay yon plough-boy whistling to his team,
 As slowly plodding o'er the broken earth,
 He tells to air the furrows he has made!
 The morn of life is thine, poor, simple lad!
 And mild and sweet the breeze that fans thy locks!
 Yet ere another moon, the storm may howl
 And rudely beat on thy unsheltered head!
 To day the pine-clad mountains bound thy hopes,
 Thy ev'ry wish—but soon the villain's smile
 May poison every source of pure delight—
 Thy ear may close upon the village bell
 That now on sabbaths leads thee to thy God—
 Thy little feet may then beguile thee far
 From ev'ry simple scene, thy home had known,
 To wander through the wild—From every storm,
 Unhoused, unsheltered, from thy God estranged,
 Thy heart desponding, and thy soul depress'd,
 Experience then may whisper in thy ear,
 To seek thy parent as thy first, best friend—
 So have I mark'd the flowret by the hedge
 Unfold its beauties to the morning sun,
 To hail the stranger as the source of life,
 And, heedless, shake the vital dews away,
 Till night steal on, and shroud its withered stalk
 And leaves, wild scattered by the western blast!
 Yet would I not that man, within his shell,
 Should snail-like shrink, and shun the social joy;
 If he pursue the beaten path of life,
 Though on his eye, no hot-bed blossoms glare
 To fascinate his artificial sense,

Yet no thorns tear him, and no weeds obstruct;
 But if, with devious step, he turn aside
 Where fancy lures him with her magic wand,
 To sip the freshness of the violet's lips,
 He may not murmur, if the briars wound—
 His way was open—unrestrained his will.

No. IV.

How pale the sun-beams break through yonder pines,
 That, like the plumage on the warrior's helm,
 Wave on the mountain's brow—while, in the vale,
 The tender flowerets hang their modest heads,
 Oppressed by night's cold dews—The robin's strain
 Rings at brief intervals from yon cross-post
 That props the cornfield-fence—anon, he hops
 Upon the road, and traces some poor worm,
 With form half wrinkled, stretching to its hole!
 Thus ever 'tis throughout the world's sad wild!
 That laws, coeval with the birth of time,
 By reason sanctioned, and by God ordained,
 Man disregards—ay, all creation slights,
 And hails thee, Power! Ambition's only aim,
 The strong man's triumph, and the weak man's dread!

Ambition! I do loath thy very name!
 Here nature courts thee with her sweetest smiles,
 While her untutored agents in her praise
 Melodious warble on thy dull, cold ear.—
 The redbird's whistle and the robin's song,
 The sprightly twitt'ring of the restless wren,
 For thee she tunes, and bids the mocking-bird
 To recapitulate their various strains.
 Yet all are lost on thy wild phrenzied soul!
 No, thou art found where horror holds his reign!
 Thy visage gladdens, when the poisoned dart,
 Of some usurper strikes his monarch's breast!
 Thou lovest to play upon the youth, whose soul
 Glows warmly tow'rds his country—taint his heart,
 And on his waxen fancy paint thy forms—
 Call law, oppression, and the needful sum
 That dignity demands, profusion name.—
 And while fair freedom on thy helmet smiles,
 Thy footsteps scatter desolation round.—
 Ambition! I do shudder at thy voice!

Oft in the city's ways I mark thy smile
 Allure the dissipated, heedless youth,
 The idle, and the ignorant and vain,
 To some dark hole to tell oppression's tale;
 Or, at the corner of the crowded street,
 Arrest the factious ear with some deep stroke
 The despotism of thy rulers aim
 At freedom's vitals, or the people's rights!
 Ambition! look thee on yon rustic lad,
 Whose early footsteps rob the morning breeze,
 Or burning sun-beam, of the flowerets dews,
 And ask thee, if the cause of Providence,
 (Which ever is thy own) may not be served
 But with a blood-stained hand? Ay, ask thee too
 Whose sleep is sounder, when the night-winds howl!

No. V.

The deep-green foliage that the fickle year
 So lately wore has faded.—Autumn now,
 Fantastic, dresses in her varied hues.
 Mark! how the withered, fallen leaves are borne
 In whirl-pool motion, on the western blast
 That whistles through the oaks—now, herald-like,
 They sweep along the surface of the wood
 To tell the covey that the autumn tempts
 The sportman's stroll.—The whirring pheasant whirls
 His quick, short flight, untimely shot, unlike
 Those leaves, which sheltered from the rains of spring
 His unfledged brood, and live their proper hour.—
 There are who loud declaim, and idly tell
 That cruelty, with savage smile, leads on
 The sportsman to the fields.—Amid this class,
 Not few can heave the well-timed, measured sigh
 Of affectation, when a partridge bleeds,
 Who may not startle at the murderous stab
 Which makes them heirs! Ay, I have seen the tear
 That trembled on their cheeks, congealed, ere yet
 The eye, *for which it rose*, had traced its course!—
 But on such men, whose sensibility
 Is warmed tow'rds brutes alone! for such are they
 Who pray from habit, and from habit sin!
 I may not choose to justify the man
 Whose wanton hands do pander to his vanity.

Who, merciless, can clot the dove's soft down
 To show his skill!—Such souls I leave to God,
 Not judging then, when e'en no shade of doubt
 Opposes reason's voice.—With holy writ,
 His sanction, justifier, and his guide.
 What idle caviel, sentimental sigh,
 What rigid moralist may stay that arm
 That never, *needlessly*, destroys one link
 In Nature's chain? Ay, 'tis the fashion now,
 To bid the eye perform the heart's sad office,
 To be the *source* of sentimental grief
 No more the *channel* for those tears, that once
 Warm and unbidden, streamed from some poor heart
 Half-broken!—'Tis the fashion too, to mould
 The eye to mingle tears with those that shine
 On fancy's page, while many a wasting sigh
 From misery's child, unheeded, strikes that ear,
 Whose needless ornaments might still the pang
 Which rends his broken heart.—The fashion 'tis,
 To gem the eye with dew, to catch the rays
 Which beam from lustres at the theatre,
 And wear the outward show of sensibility.

 No. VI.

Hark! how the blast, with force accumulating
 Drives through the skies!—now it has past, and leaves
 My ear attentive to the pleasing sound
 Of those big drops that patter on the roof!
 Say, who is he that frolics in the herd
 Whose eye, in those sweet dew, can mark the germ
 Of vernal life, and grateful for the gift?
 Man! man! you can declaim, blaspheme, and rail
 At storms and tempests, that at times may cross
 The current of your gains, while, as you spread
 Your canvas to prosperity's mild breeze,
 You never heed the hand which guides its course!
 At such an hour I may not choose but count
 Those drops, as streams of mercy, which, unmerited,
 Do flow before me! It pleases me to list
 To them, as God's fair heralds who annunciate
 Peace and prosperity to those who heed
 Not Him, or heeding, only to bestow
 A curse, where thanks are due.—At such an hour

I love to ponder on the good and ill
 That visit man.—Ay, I do love to tell
 One joy, which cheers my soul, outweighing far
 The cares of human kind—a joy, which they
 Who feeling lack, know not.—*I own a friend—*

Friendship! sweet soul of life! thou *polar star!*
 The various traits of character which mark
 Our kind.—Love, interest, ambition, pride,
 All have their revolutions, and can now
 One sphere illumine, and now with fickle ray
 Another cheer, and leave behind a night
 Of deepest gloom! Whilst *thou*, with steady beam
 Servest as the centre of their devious course,
 Eccentric,—round thee they do love to hover,
 Fly to thy bosom, and with thee repose!
 What gloom can combat with thy piercing ray?
 What mist of care but dissipates? what cloud
 Of sorrow but will fly thy may-morn beam?
 Oft with swift step, (too tardy yet to meet
 Thy inclination's impulse) I have seen
 Thee haste to still the mourner's wasting pang,
 Impetuous, unsolicited, unwished!
 When hope's dim lamp had gleamed, and heralded
 The soul's dark night, I saw thee pour the oil
 Of joy, and fan the flame, and watch, to turn
 The atheistic breeze, which, covert, stole,
 Or blast of slander, which more rudely rushed
 To quench its beam!—And when, in *female* form,
 Thou hast arrayed thee, I have smiled and sought
 Thy beam, as they, the *wise men of the East*
 Did erst the star, which led their eager steps
 To where their God, assuming mortal form,
 Laid in a manger, heaved his first sad sigh
 The price of our transgression, sinless He!

No. VII.

I visited the village inn but now;
 Disgusted, left it, at the idle buz
 Discordant, that the angry zealots made.—
Within, a crowd of noisy rustics roared,
 Tumultuous, eager to unfold the stores
 Of information, that in spite of idleness
 Floated around their brains—the slender gleanings

Of the city's herald, which each week announced
 Few facts, more falsehoods, and a fine-spun well
 Of philosophic theory, to trap
 Their fluttering senses, as they hovered round
 The meteor of liberty, and teach
 The *rights of man* to persons who degrade
 Themselves to beasts.—Intoxicated thus,
 As loud and idly they amused themselves,
 Pensive, I marked along the posts which stood
 Before the Inn, a lamentable sight.—
 The noblest beast that man domesticates,
 Neglected, drooping, patient, bent his head
 As if to court the barren pavement, which
 Reflected hot the noon-day sun, to show
 More mercy than his master, and to sprout
 One moistened blade of grass, to quench his parched
 And aching palate, till the midnight hour
 Should lead the drunkards home.—Oh! it did fill
 My soul with sadness, and I almost made
 Th' inquiry, wherefore man should live hereafter,
 And yet the faithful brute, (as doctors teach)
 Far more deserving than such men as these,
 Should fall and rot, and fatten highway worms!
 Strange! that the man whom God and reason teach
 To till the field,—whose happiness and health
 Do vegetate within his little farm,
 And there alone, should with presumptuous bound
 And vain, o'er-leap the barriers of nature,
 And strive to wield the ponderous machine
 Of state,—should deem himself the mighty pivot
 On which an empire turns! while, with a mind
 Unprejudiced, obedient to the voice
 Of God, and at th' untarnished mirror glancing,
 That nature holds to him, he sees himself
 A little cog in nature's wheel, which God
 Ordained subord'nate to an higher power,
 Himself inactive, or himself dependent!
 Yet still it seems a soil so fine might yield
 A richer crop, and so it doubtless would,
 Did not a villain scatter thistles there
 To choke the grain.—Where should the censure fall
 When they, who should have watched the budding field
 Sound slumber, while a foreign, *harpy* brood
 Hover around it, and with raven wing
 Shut out the genial beam, and shed a chill
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And blasting mildew, that themselves alone,
 Who on corruption feed, may fatten there?—
 This is a question, and a bold one too,
 Yet natural,—and therefore would I have
 An answer to it ere it be too late.

No. VIII.

There is a brook of clearest wave that runs
 By the wood side. It is not very deep,
 And yet it glides so softly o'er its bed
 Of sand, it seems to slumber on its way.
 Just where it creeps beneath the hazel hedge
 Which shades the old oak-fence, I bend my feet,
 The guiltless felons of the morning dews!
 I love to lean upon that old oak-fence,
 Upon my arms, and watch the little fish
 That plays upon the surface of the stream,
 Or, quavering, without swimming forward, seems
 To see its shadow on the fine gray sand
 Beneath.—Here often, whilst around my brows
 The soft south wind is breathing all its fragrance,
 That it has stolen on its silent way
 Up yonder new-mown meadow, I have mused
 Away the morn.

The farmers now are ploughing
 The field beyond the meadow.—They are silent,
 Save when they reach the fence beneath the elms,
 Dragging the plough right-angled to the horse,
 And call with long, loud voice toward the cottage,
 That the farm-boy, too young for other work,
 May bring them down a pail of fresh spring-water.
 No other sound disturbs me in my dreams,
 Those idle dreams of hope, which feed my mind
 With unsubstantial food, save when hard-by
 Within the wood the lusty rustic falls
 His ax upon the trunk of aged oak,
 It sends a hollow sound upon my ear.

Upon the bank, which skirts the stream, an oak
 Has latticed o'er the earth with twining roots;
 Its deep green foliage spreads a circling shade
 Around.—Here, oft'times at the noon-day hour,
 When the hot sun rides high, and heats the air
 With myriads of dancing, dazzling beams,

Upon some straggling root I make my hand
 My pillow, and recline my wearied limbs.
 The robin and the thrush hop round, and oft
 They leap upon my hat which I have thrown
 Upon the grass. They look at me, as though
 They knew that one who follows sorrow's path
 Had learned humanity.—I do not harm them.
 Could I do so with *Cowper* in my hands?

Thy moral precepts, thy pure piety,
Cowper! have formed my creed no narrow one.
 From thee I learn that mercy's stream is then
 Most pure when flowing from a source which dreads
 No terror from the object that it warms,
 Then most disinterested, most like thee.
 I love thee, *Cowper!* and when often times
 To seek the brook's green side, I ramble down
 The narrow lane which skirts the orchard fence,
 Shaded by walnut trees on either side
 Which love to kiss each other o'er my head,
 And join to shelter from the summer sun
 The crutch-borne beggar's gray unsheltered head.
 I love to look upon thy nervous page,
 And thou must talk most pleasantly to me,
 When I, who fondly gaze on nature's face
 Prefer to fix my steady tranquil eye
 Upon thy "*Task*,"—but yet no task to me!
 And yet it is not strange, for I do love
 To look on *Nature*, and what part of her
 More lovely than thyself? Yet often times
 I have regretted much that thou should'st breathe
 Such music in thy strains, for they have charmed
 Me so, that heedless where I set my foot
 I have disturbed the sand-mouthed ants who toiled
 So patiently to clear their narrow cell.
 And I have sorrowed with no feigned distress
 When I reflected I could not repair
 The mischief I had done.

There are some men,
 Who dress fair virtue to the mental eye
 In beautiful array,—who tell us too
 That they do love her and her simple precepts,
 And thus when aided by *the press* they gain
 A reputation for morality,
 While every action serves to tell the world
 They do not own the virtues they profess.

Cowper! it was not so with thee,—thy page
 Is but a faithful copy of thy life.
 Ere thou couldst sing of virtue, thou hadst known her.
 And not a maxim of morality
 That thou didst preach, but thou hadst practis'd first.
 I could not love thee more if I had known thee!
 And when thou singest in such pensive mood
 That "*Kate is crazed*," I yield my brimful eye
 To my heart's guidance, and persuade myself
 "*There is another and a better world!*"
 For Cowper too was crazed.

 No. IX.

The blast blows bleakly through the mountain gap
 And whistles down the vale.—The drifting snow
 Beats in the face of the cold traveller
 As plodding on along th' unbeaten road,
 Close muffled up, and breathing on his cold
 And aching fingers, he anticipates
 In silent joy the crackling faggot fire,
 And hearty welcome of a country inn.
 But when the blast blows bleaker and more chill,
 And all the scene looks desolate and drear,
 His thoughts are joyless. By his side he finds
 No gay companion to beguile the time,
 Nor friend to cheer the dull and heavy hours
 Of a long winter's evening, and outlive
 The dying embers on the inn's wide hearth.
 And *home*, with all that tranquil calm delight
 Which *home* alone can yield, then rising full
 Before his fancy saddens ev'ry thought.
 Yet thoughts so keen as these lose half their pangs,
 When from the tavern window, yet far off
 The bar-room candle streams its steady light;
 And when in meditation, calm and sweet,
 Thrown backward on his chair, face upward turn'd,
 Crossing his feet upon the chimney-front,
 High as his head, he notes with half-shut eye,
 The blue-smoke slowly curling from his pipe:
 Then all his soul is calm, and storms that beat
 Around the inn by him unheeded howl.
 The clear brook glides beneath its icy roof
 Silent, save where the sloping broken earth

Impedes its tranquil stream, it murmurs down
A ruffled wave.—Within the cottage-yard
The farmer shovels off the drifted snow
From the barn-door, to please the dairy maid,
And through the gate drives in the patient cow.
High in the air, far off, I yet can mark
Flapping his wings, the wary, slow-winged crow
Bending his course towards the dark-brown wood.
As from my cottage door I turn my eye
Across the field,—towards the mountain pines,
Or up the highway, all the country seems
A smooth extended robe of purest white.
This scene, so dreary to the world's mad eye
To me is pleasant, and though nature now
Appears to slumber to the man, whose mind
So utterly incapable to trace
Effect from cause, I cannot but reflect
That as the roof from tempests shelters man,
So snow the grain from the chill wintry-wind.

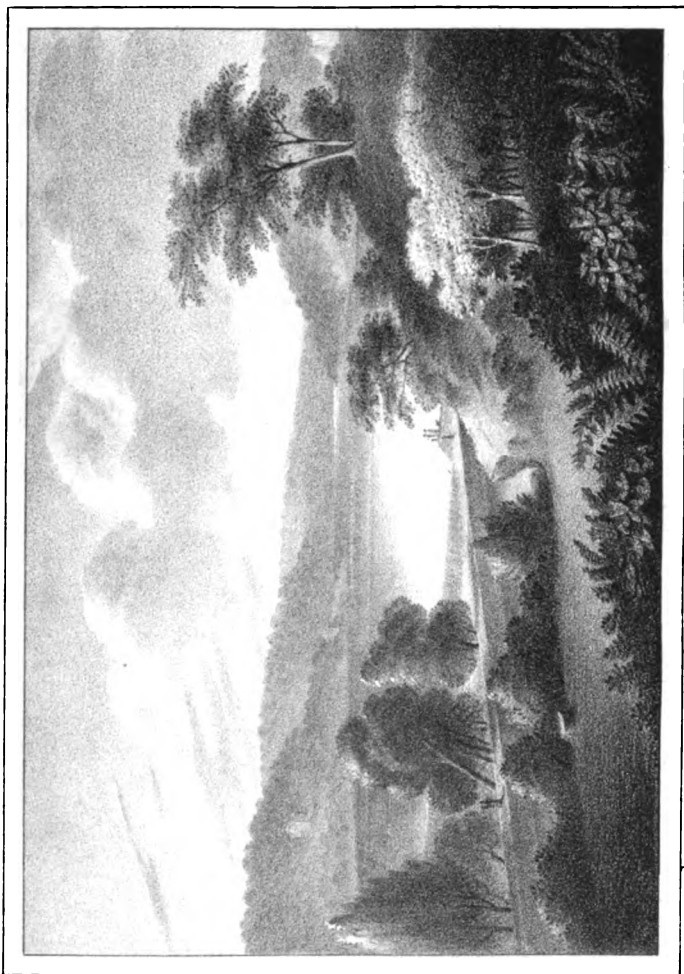
Yet there is one for whom my bosom bled
Last night, as on my couch, I heard the blast
Howl round the house, and listened to the hail
Patt'ring against the window of my cot.
She lives alone within the straw-roof'd hut,
Close by yon laurel-covered mountain's foot.
The narrow path which winds through yonder field,
And up the meadow leads you to her door.
She is so poor she cannot buy her food;
But ever when the morn is fine, she creeps
Along that path to beg a cup of milk
At some kind, charitable farmer's door.
Yet she is very old, and almost blind,
And crippled, and she scarce can hobble o'er
The stile; and ever as she reaches it
She sits her down to gain a little strength
And rests her wrinkled forehead on her crutch,
Bending her dim eye with an idle gaze
Upon the grass. She moves so slowly on
And makes such feeble rustling in the grass,
That oft the rabbit, hopping through the hedge
Crosses her path close by, nor pricks his ears
At sight of her.—The farmers pass her by
And only wonder she is yet alive,
She looks so old. Yet I can feel for her;
And when the flakes of snow fell fast last night

I shivered as I thought how cold and chill
 The day would be to her without her chips,
 Which every morn she gathers in the wood!—
I pity one who feels not for herself!
 For I have talked with her about her youth,
 Have heard her tell the sorrows she had known,
 The disappointments she had met in life,
 And she would say that she was old and feeble
 And had outlived her friends. Yet she would speak
 As if she were to live yet many days,
 And wished it too! And I have never seen
 One transient frown upon her aged brow,
 Nor heard her heave one sorrow-freighted sigh!
 Oft on a summer-morn as I have lain
 Upon the old oak-bench beside her door,
 And gazed intently on her palsied frame,
 Bow-bent and clad in tatters, I have mused
 In awful silence.—I have pondered much
 What gift the flatterer, *hope*, could promise her,
 Would be a compensation for the toil,
 The pain, the weariness, the cheerless hours,
 Of this old woman's day.—The *poor old man*,
 Crippled and blind, and feeble as a babe,
 More poor than *poverty*, when from the womb
 Of *idleness*, she came upon the earth,
 What expectation lifts *his* palsied hand,
 To grasp, as 'twere, the grass on his grave-side:
 This ever flies my fancy's widest range!
 But I can tell full well, for I have known,
 What gilded visions cheer the dream of *youth*,
 What balm is poured on his half-broken heart
 To prompt him onward through a desert wild.
Anticipation gilds with lover's smiles
 His morrow's dawn.—*Hope* leads the wanderer on;
 And *Inclination*, nurse of hope, beguiles
 The passing hours—embodies all their dreams,
 And, harsh, repels the whisp'ring voice of *Prudence*,
 Which speaks of blessings scattered on his path,
 And tells him to enjoy them as they pass.
 He grasps an empty, unsubstantial bubble,
 Or, if a real good, possession steals
 Its value.—Disappointment turns his eye
 What place Reflection, like a true friend, shows
 The joys he scorned, yet seldom makes him wiser.

No. X.

The night is cold, and I have closed the doors
And windows of my wood-surrounded hut,
That by my own fire-side, (the quick spot
Where he who loves reflection, joys to hold
Calm converse with himself,) at noon of night,
Uninterrupted, I may dream away
A silent hour.—In such a lonely hour,
Who, that has feeling, but his heart will prompt
To dwell in sadness on the storms of life
Which rudely shattered his fair-weather bark
And wrecked the treasures, dearest to his soul?
I once was happy as the mother bird,
(The inoffensive gleaner of the field
New reaped) who lightly flutters o'er her nest
To feed her little brood.—The syren forms
Of pleasure wantoned on my path, and Hope,
God's chosen angel, with delusive notes
Cheated the heavy hour of half its pangs.
Riot and revelry had then no charms
For me.—The summer day was far too short
To drain the bowl which innocence prepared.
Sleep, sweet as sleep of babes, stole to my couch
And closed my lids, resistless, till the dawn,—
While Health, with golden hues, life's landscape tinged,
And added charms to each new-rising joy.—
The fondest *Father* loved me.—From his heart
Streams of affection to his children flowed,
Which, grateful, they with pleasing care returned
Back to their fount, that it might stream anew.—
As the warm blood, which, issuing from the heart,
Makes glad the swelling veins, and, circling round
In ceaseless motion, to its source returns.—
At such an hour as this, I may not choose
But think on *him*.—His venerable form,
Such as it was, when with his children's smiles
He mingled his;—when they in fondest gaze
Hung on those lips *which anger never moved*;
Through which the warmest heart which ever glowed
A parent's bosom, breathed the notes of love!
Such as 'twas then, (and such it ever was!)
It stands before me, fixed by mem'ry's power!
How mild the beams of love which light those eyes!
How sweet the smile which plays upon those lips!

How soft the strain which love paternal breathes!
More musical, than ever raptured bards
Of Orpheus fancied,—know not, save what hour
The mingled melody of thousand birds,
Warbling, first broke on Eve's delighted ear!—
Oh! I could sketch with mem'ry's fairest tints
Each fond remembrance of paternal love,
But I should idly sketch.—For who would bear
With me, save those, the few, to me most dear,
Who know, who *feel* that truth my pencil guides?—
Death aimed his arrow well, and more than one
That arrow pierced.—He loves to disunite
The firmest link from fond affection's chain!
He did it then, and now the *scattered parts*
Torn from their prop, can only sigh to clasp it!
Who now shall bring the cement? Who shall pour
In mercy, balsam on the bleeding wound?
He—God!—who, with an eye that never sleeps,
Watches the wearied farm-boy, midst his flock
Browsing, asleep, what time the ven'mous snake
Glides by, and harms him not—the charmer, charmed!
He, who unheeded leads the truant child
Home, to relieve a mother's tortured heart,
And takes the mourner "*where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"
Nor must I pass thee by, my parted friend!
At this still hour, to mild seclusion dedicate,
It were not wrong to think thy virtues o'er!
Thou too art numbered with the favoured few
Whom friendship mourns! I could not choose but love thee,
And I have loved thee well!—Among the tears
That warmly mingle on thy early tomb,
Mine will be found!—And at that awful hour
When life's pale taper shoots its last dim gleam,
When the last figure in the shifting scene
Of life flits by, may then the chosen few,
Whom I have loved, and who have cheered my path
In silence seek my grave with sighs as pure
As those, which we who love thee, heave for thee!



South Hill

Look at Flat Rock, N. Y.

Engraving

FLAT ROCK DAM, ON SCHUYLKILL.

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Our business, however, at present, is not with the book, but the life of the author.

From Mr. Ord's narrative we learn, that Wilson was born of obscure parentage, in the town of Paisley, Scotland, in July, 1766. His father was a distiller; and the son was taught

AUGUST, 1827.—No. 292.

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

Supplement to the American Ornithology of Alexander Wilson, containing a sketch of the author's life, with a selection from his letters; some remarks; and a history of those birds which were intended to compose part of his ninth volume. Illustrated with plates, engraved from Wilson's original drawings. By George Ord, F. L. S. Member of the Am. Phil. Soc. and of the Acad. Nat. Sciences of Philadelphia; and correspondent of the Philomathic Society of Paris. Philadelphia. 1825. Quarto. pp. 298.

IN the narrow compass of American biography, the life of Wilson, by his friend, Mr. Ord, shines with peculiar lustre. We know of no work in that class of our literature that will bear any comparison with it, if we regard the power which it possesses to excite and rivet the attention. Wilson was an extraordinary man. From nature he derived a vigorous capacity, and an ardent thirst for enterprise. Although he had not the advantage of a liberal education, his ambition and his industry were such, that he made large acquisitions in the territories of knowledge, and has established his name as *the* American Ornithologist, on an enduring basis. His great work, while it sparkles with the rapid conceptions and brilliant flights of genius, exhibits, at the same time, the patient observation and painful accuracy of Science. So lively and so accurate are his delineations of the feathered race, that one might imagine they had been furnished with the fabled window, to enable this indefatigable inquirer to investigate and portray their peculiarities and propensities.

Our business, however, at present, is not with the work, but the life of the author.

From Mr. Ord's narrative we learn, that Wilson was born of obscure parentage, in the town of Paisley, Scotland, in July, 1766. His father was a distiller; and the son was taught

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the useful art of weaving. His education was extremely limited and defective, as he was removed from school at the age of thirteen. Even at this early period he was smitten with the love of study; we, at least, are bound to record with approbation, his acknowledgment that a parcel of old magazines, to which he had the good fortune to have access, were "the first books that gave him a fondness for reading and reflection." Song attracted his first regard, and he aspired to describe the venerable mountains and wizard streams of his native land. Burns was then the reigning favourite, and it was the fashion to look for genius in the humble walks of life. The old delusion, "the approbation of friends," that will-o'-the-wisp which has led many astray, induced him to offer a volume of poems for public subscription. He received no encouragement of this description, but not deterred by so significant a hint, he published, at the age of twenty-two, his "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious." He had sufficient good sense, in after life, to regret this publication and rejoice in its untimely fate. We, therefore, will seek no further its merits to disclose,—particularly as it has never fallen into our hands. This remark will apply also to his prose essays, but we are disposed to entertain a favourable opinion of them from the circumstance of their finding a place in so respectable a collection as "The Bee," a periodical work published at Edinburg, at that period, under the direction of Dr. Anderson. Wilson became acquainted with Burns, and they separated with an agreement to continue their intercourse under the form of a correspondence. This friendly relation was broken almost as soon as it was commenced, by an event which is both ludicrous and characteristic. In writing to the Ayrshire ploughman, about his *Tam O' Shanter*, just then published, Wilson remarked, of the passage beginning,

"Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans!"

that there was "too much of the brute" in it.

To this Burns replied—"If ever you write again to so irritable a creature as a poet, I beg you will use a gentler epithet than to say there is too much of the *brute* in any thing he says or does." This terminated their correspondence.

The French revolution, about this time, extended its baleful influence to Scotland, and began to corrupt the honest principles, as it affected the industry, of the manufacturers of Paisley. The ardent mind of Wilson rendered him particularly susceptible of the contagion of these deleterious princi-

ples; and he vented his spleen against his fancied wrongs in a libel on a manufacturer, who, from a low origin, had attained wealth and influence which he sullied by avarice and knavery. His wit was caustic and well relished; but the author was not only condemned to a temporary imprisonment, but afterwards underwent the mortification of being compelled to burn his production, with his own hands, at the public cross in his native town.

This, and other circumstances, conspiring to disgust him with his own country, he came to the United States, in July, 1794, in search of equality of rights and political justice. He was destitute of money, but he was blessed with attractive manners and good health; and he was, moreover, fertile in resources and untiring in industry.

After working a short time as a copper-plate printer, he resumed his original trade of a weaver, in the employ of Joshua Sullivan, about ten miles from Philadelphia. He soon quitted this situation and went to Virginia; from which he shortly returned, and made an expedition through New Jersey as a pedler. His next occupation was that of a school-master in the vicinity of Frankford. But we need not follow him through his various and painful struggles. After many vicissitudes, his good fortune led him to the township of Kingessing, near Gray's Ferry, in the neighbourhood of the celebrated naturalist, William Bartram. A warm friendship was soon matured between them, which was only terminated by the decease of one of the parties. Wilson had always been a lover of nature, and Bartram soon perceived and cultivated a disposition so congenial with his own. In the library of the latter, Wilson found the works of Catesby and Edwards, and it is not unlikely that to these volumes we are indebted for "the American Ornithology." It is not a little curious to find him, as late as the year 1804, writing to this friend and teacher, from whom he was about to receive some portraits of birds to be copied:—"be pleased to mark on the drawings, the names of each bird, as, except three or four, I do not know them." Four years after this frank confession, he produced a work in which he detected and exposed numerous errors by some of the best naturalists of Europe; a work, moreover, which vies with their most finished productions in the same branch of science.

About this time he wrote occasionally in the *Literary Magazine*, and the *Port Folio*; but his contributions are rather cold, formal, and insipid; which is somewhat remarkable, for all his private letters are written with feeling and animation;

and are full of observation. What can be more soothing and tender than the following unstudied reflections in a letter to his friend Bartram:

—' Sorry I am, indeed, that afflictions so severe as those you mention, should fall where so much worth and sensibility reside, while the prodigate, the unthinking, and unfeeling, so frequently pass through life, strangers to sickness, adversity, or suffering. But God visits those with distress whose enjoyments he wishes to render more exquisite. The storms of affliction do not last forever; and sweet is the serene air, and warm sunshine, after a day of darkness and tempest. Our friend has, indeed, passed away in the bloom of youth and expectation; but nothing has happened but what almost every day's experience teaches us to expect. How many millions of beautiful flowers have flourished and faded under your eye; and how often has the whole profusion of blossoms, the hopes of a whole year, been blasted by an untimely frost. He has gone only a little before us; we must soon follow; but while the feelings of nature cannot be repressed, it is our duty to bow with humble resignation to the decisions of the great Father of all, rather receiving with gratitude the blessings he is pleased to bestow, than repining at the loss of those he thinks proper to take from us." p. xlii.

It was a happy thought to endeavour to entice *the botanist* from the chamber of mourning by arraying before him the lillies of the valley, which open their glories to the morning dew and perish with the setting sun.

In July, 1805, he writes to Mr. Bartram—"I dare say you will smile at my presumption when I tell you I have seriously begun to make a collection of drawings of the birds to be found in Pennsylvania." Upon an attentive examination of Edward's etchings, he conceived the design of learning that art, in which he was aided by his friend Lawson, the engraver. Mr. Ord describes his essays as creditable to Wilson's perseverance and ingenuity, but by no means satisfactory.

About the time that he resolved to write his history of the American birds, Mr. Jefferson had planned an expedition, of a scientific description, up the Red River, the Arkansas, and other tributary streams of the Mississippi. Wilson communicated his undertaking to the President, and solicited an appointment in the enterprise, as an Ornithologist. His application was supported by his friend Mr. Bartram, who described him as highly qualified for the employment which he sought. When it is recollected with what facility letters could be obtained from Mr. Jefferson, by people of every rank and condition, and on every subject, it will excite not a little surprise that so respectable an application never received any notice. Bartram had been for many years on terms of familiar correspondence with Mr. Jefferson, who was

very ambitious of the character of a man of science, and from Wilson he had received some testimonials of unqualified devotion. All, however, would not suffice to obtain the common civility of a letter; and the neglected naturalist experienced some abatement of his enthusiasm towards "the honour to the human race—the *patron of science*,—and best hope of republicans!" p. lxi.

Disappointed in this reasonable expectation of prosecuting his investigations under the patronage of the government, this indefatigable man boldly set out to explore our country, depending upon such resources as fortune might throw in his way. It being necessary to ascertain, previously, how far a private subscription might be obtained for an enterprise which had been so coldly received by a great *patron of science* who had all the means and appliances at his command, Wilson proceeded to the eastern states, with his first volume and a subscription-book under his arm. It need scarcely be remarked, that while one of these volumes was universally admired, too many regarded the other with the scientific nonchalance of Mr. Jefferson. Wilson's letters, during this tour, are full, frank, and highly amusing. Although baffled and disappointed at every step, he never loses his spirits; but is always lively and communicative. "I shall not sit down with folded hands," he says to one of his correspondents, "whilst any thing can be done to carry my point: since God helps them who help themselves." He stopped at Princeton, New Brunswick, Elizabethtown, and Newark, on his way to New York. Extravagant compliments greeted him from every quarter, which he says he would very willingly have exchanged "for a few simple subscriptions." He passed on through all the New England States, visiting all the seminaries of learning and men of wealth. "I have laboured," he writes from Windsor, in Vermont, "with the zeal of a knight errant in exhibiting this book of mine, wherever I went, travelling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one county to another. I have been loaded with praises, with compliments, and kindnesses"—"and for what?" The result is disclosed a few days afterwards in a letter from Albany. He procured forty-one subscribers in a tour which comprised the state of New Jersey, the cities of New York and Albany, and the whole of New England!

At New York his curiosity led him to visit the vagabond, Paine, who then resided at Greenwich, a short distance from the city.

"In the only decent apartment of a small indifferent-looking frame house," says Wilson, "I found this extraordinary man, sitting wrapt in a night-gown, the table before him covered with newspapers, with pen and ink beside him. Paine's face would have excellently suited the character of *Burdolph*; but the penetration and intelligence of his eye bespeak the man of genius, and of the world. He complained to me of his inability to walk, an exercise he was formerly fond of; he examined my book, leaf by leaf, with great attention—desired me to put down his name as a subscriber, &c. p. xci.

He gives a dreary picture of New England:

"Except a few neat academies, I found their schoolhouses equally ruinous and deserted with ours—fields covered with stones—stone fences—scrubby oaks and pine trees—wretched orchards—scarcely one grain field in twenty miles—the taverns along the road dirty—and filled with loungers, brawling about lawsuits and politics, the people snappish, and extortioners, and lazy, and about two hundred years behind the Pennsylvanians in agricultural improvements." p. xcii.

On his return from this unprofitable trip, he remained a short time in Philadelphia and then proceeded to the south. Here he was more successful with his subscription book, the list gradually rising to nearly two hundred and fifty names, obtained, however, he remarks, at "a *price* worth more than five times their amount." He alludes, we presume, to the host of difficulties and mortifications by which he was continually encountered.

In the month of February, 1810, he undertook a third "Ornithological pilgrimage," as he terms it. This was through the western states, then in a wild and semi-barbarous condition. At Lancaster, our legislature was in session; but he found the members "in general, such a pitiful, squabbling political mob; so split up, and jostling about the mere formalities of legislation, without knowing any thing of its realities, that I abandoned them in disgust," p. cxii. This was one of the direct consequences of removing the Assembly from the metropolis of the commonwealth.

Upon his arrival at Pittsburg, he was assured that the road to Chillicothe was impassable by reason of the freshets, and although the Alleghany presented a white mass of rushing ice, to use his own words, he was not deterred from pursuing his journey. He resolved to navigate himself in a small skiff which he bought and named the "*Ornithologist*."

"My stock of provisions," he writes to Mr. Lawson, "consisted of some biscuits and cheese and a bottle of cordial. My gun, trunk, and great coat occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin occasionally to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio with; and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pittsburg, I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that every where enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except

where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but these to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing, totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me. I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the Red-bird on the banks as I passed; and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar-camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape: and the grotesque log cabins, that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and laves a rich flat forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio." p. cxviii.

About one hundred and eighty miles from Nashville he overtook one of those family caravans so common in the western country. As such a spectacle forms a prominent object in one of our latest popular novels, we transcribe a few lines from Wilson that the reader may compare fiction with fact. Not that we mean to throw the slightest doubt upon Cooper's pictures, since all his lights and shadows of reality are faithful as Flemish paintings. It is where he trusts to his imagination that we think he is not always successful. "The procession," says Wilson, "occupied a length of road, and had a formidable appearance, though, as I afterwards understood, it was composed of the individuals of only a single family. In the front went a wagon drawn by four horses, driven by a negro, and filled with implements of agriculture; another heavy loaded wagon, with six horses, followed, attended by two persons; after which came a numerous and mingled group of horses, steers, cows, sheep, hogs, and calves with their bells; next followed eight boys mounted double, also a negro wench with a white child before her; then the mother with one child behind her, and another at the breast; ten or twelve colts brought up the rear, now and then picking herbage, and trotting a head. The father, a fresh good looking man, informed me that he was from Washington county in Kentucky, and was going as far as Cumberland river; he had two ropes fixed to the top of the wagon, one of which he guided himself, and the other was entrusted to his eldest son, to keep it from oversetting in ascending the mountain. The singular appearance of this moving group, the mingled music of the bells, and the shoutings of the drivers, mixed with the echoes of the mountains, joined to the picturesque solitude of the place, and various

reflections that hurried through my mind, interested me greatly." p. cxxxviii.

In a letter from Nashville, Ten. to his friend Lawson, Wilson relates an adventure which is strongly indicative of the firmness of his character. His curiosity had been strongly excited by what he heard in these exploratory travels of the caves and ancient mounds which were so frequently to be seen in the western country a few years ago, and he neglected no opportunity to inspect them. During a temporary sojourn at the caravansary of a presbyterian clergyman on the banks of the Red river, he heard of a cave in the neighbourhood with which were connected certain mysterious tales of blood and murder. Wilson repaired to the residence of the owner, a man of sufficiently bad character to warrant all that was imputed to him, without hesitation:—

"He was a dark mulatto, rather above the common size, inclining to corpulency, with legs small in proportion to his size, and walked lame. His countenance bespoke a soul capable of deeds of darkness. I had not been three minutes in company when he invited the other man (who I understood was a traveller) and myself to walk back and see his cave, to which I immediately consented. The entrance is in the perpendicular front of a rock, behind the house; has a door with a padlock and key to it, and was crowded with pots of milk, placed near the running stream. The roof and sides of solid rock, were wet and dripping with water. Desiring Mr. — to walk before with the lights, I followed with my hand upon my pistol, reconnoitring on every side, and listening to his description of its length and extent. After examining this horrible vault for forty or fifty yards, he declined going any further, complaining of a rheumatism; and I now first perceived that the other person had staid behind and that we two were alone together. Confident in my means of self-defence, whatever mischief the devil might suggest to him, I fixed my eye steadily on his, and observed to him, that he could not be ignorant of the reports circulated about the country relative to this cave. "I suppose," said I, "you know what I mean?" "Yes, I understand you," returned he, without appearing the least embarrassed,— "that I killed somebody and threw him into this cave. —I can tell you the whole beginning of that damned lie," said he; and, without moving from the spot, he detailed to me a long story, which, &c.—I asked him why he did not get the cave examined by three or four reputable neighbours, whose report might rescue his character from the suspicion of his having committed so horrid a crime. He acknowledged it would be well enough to do so; but did not seem to think it worth the trouble: and we returned as we advanced: — walking before with the lights. Whether this man be guilty of the transaction laid to his charge I know not; but his manners and aspect are such as by no means to allay suspicion." p. cxliii.

His letters are filled with remarks which evince his habits of observation; and while they convey a lively picture of the rude state of the country, they represent the appalling difficulties by which he was constantly environed, and show the rapid progress of improvement in our country. At Nat-

chez, he was advised not to undertake a journey to St. Louis alone. He was warned of the dangers to be apprehended from the prowling savage, and the swamps and rivers were said to be almost impassable. Still undaunted he set forth. He had, he says, an excellent horse, a pistol in each belt, and a loaded fowling piece belted across his shoulders. *Voilà*, as a French writer would say, a traveller through the territory of Mississippi in the year 1810. At the present day he might visit every nook with less danger from personal violence or fraud, than he could perambulate the metropolis of the British empire. He met several parties of boatmen returning from Natchez to New Orleans, who were as dirty as Hottentots, and dressed in a shirt and trowsers of canvas. Eighteen days he assigns as the age of their beards; a fact which may or may not be true. Wilson was at that moment a traveller and a naturalist; both of which we hold to be doubtful characters. These people, who dwelt on the tributary streams of the Ohio, were hired for forty to fifty dollars a trip to New Orleans, and returned at their own expense. When their course was impeded by a dangerous stream, they sought for a fallen tree; if they were unsuccessful, they plunged in with their baggage on their heads. In this manner they passed fourteen or fifteen streams in a day. Our traveller lodged in a cabin one night with one of these parties. In the morning, as they scrambled up, they complained very generally of indisposition, which they ascribed to the circumstance of their having slept *within doors*, it being the first of fifteen nights in which they had enjoyed this luxury.

In the neighbourhood of Natchez he met with an instance of hospitality which deserves to be recorded. His landlord at an inn refused to make any charge for accommodating him, observing—“*You seem to be travelling for the good of the world; and I cannot—I will not charge you any thing. Whenever you come this way, call and stay with me, you shall be welcome.*” The name of this liberal publican was ISAAC WALTON.

When he had completed the letter press of the eighth volume of his Ornithology, Wilson was seized with a dysentery which terminated his career, after an illness of ten days, in August, 1813. Mr. Ord ascribes his sickness to his great anxiety about the book and the excess of toil which he underwent. “When we reflect,” says this biographer, “that a single individual, without patron, fortune, or recompense, accomplished, in the space of seven years, as much as the combined body of European naturalists took a century to

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achieve, we feel almost inclined to doubt the evidence upon which this is founded. But it is a fact, that we have as faithful, complete, and interesting an account of *our* birds in the estimable volumes of the "American Ornithology," as the Europeans can at this moment boast of possessing of theirs."

* * * "We need no other evidence of the unparalleled industry of our author, than the fact, that of two hundred and seventy-eight species, which have been figured and described in his Ornithology, fifty-six had not been taken notice of by any former naturalist."

The revolution, which established the independence of the United States, produced its natural fruit, in the development of powers not before known to exist. Those who forced those powers into action call us a conceited people, solacing ourselves with the imagination, that we are as wise as our forefathers. We think we are warranted in saying that the spirit which commenced that fearful struggle, and the sagacity and courage which sustained it, gave a pledge to the world that we wanted but the opportunity to add refinement to liberty. Accordingly the few years that have passed since we became a nation, have displayed a progress in art and science even beyond our promise.

It was long before that branch of science denominated Natural History received the attention in this country which it so well repays. The reason, however, is obvious. Those things which minister to the immediate wants of man, will first command the attention of a people emerging from comparative insignificance. No part of ornamental learning was less cultivated in America than natural history, before the publication of Wilson's Ornithology. This splendid work first excited a taste for that beautiful study, which is now generally diffused among educated persons; and it might therefore be expected that a new edition, at one-third of the original price, would be welcomed by the public. Such an edition is in contemplation, as will be seen on reference to the covers of our journal. It will be in a more convenient form than the original, to which it will also be superior in its execution.

[For the Port Folio.]

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM JOSEPH DENNIE, *The Founder of the Port Folio.*

By some of the friends of our predecessor, who corresponded with him in his early days, we have been favoured with several original letters from Mr. Dennie, which we in-

sert as specimens of his style and opinions at that period. Although they contain nothing striking or important, they will be perused with interest by many who cherish the memory of the writer, as well as by those who feel a curiosity respecting his literary and personal biography. We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to correct an error in the inscription on his monument, in the burial ground of St. Peter's church, in this city. It is there stated that his natal place was Lexington; but he was born at Boston, thirtieth Aug. 1768. Descended from a Scottish parentage, of which he was not a little proud, we find the name of one of his ancestors embalmed in the immortal verse of Sir Walter Scott:

Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and DENNIE passed the joke;
That bluff king Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw.

MARMION.

We would suppress the strictures, in these letters, on his suspension from college and banishment to Groton, did we not suppose they would give no pain to any one at this distant period. Nor is it worth while to investigate the cause of this occurrence, since these boyish freaks are nearly alike in every age. The letter from the principal of the institution, which we think proper to insert, will show that the offence was of no very heinous character; and it is not probable that it was visited too severely, however the student might have complained at the time.

Groton, 16th May, 1790.

DEAR FRIEND,

Nothing affords me more pleasure, than your sentiments on the books you peruse. Conscious of your mental independency, of your judgment, and freedom from undue bias, when I peruse your opinions, I am sure to contemplate an exact transcript of truth, in the light in which she appears to you. Now one grand design of reading is to furnish the mind with matter on which to ruminate. In a word, to give birth to reflection. Hence the ancients, not unaptly, denominated study "*pabulum mentis*," by this intimating that they considered books as food, by feasting on which the intellect might gain vigour and arrive at maturity. Both of us, keeping the above end in view, have recently perused the works of Beattie and Hume. That you have, appears from your opinions of these authors expressed in a late letter,

the declaration of which opinion, has given birth to the above remarks; that I have, the underwritten may possibly prove. I am fully sensible, that, by many of the students, Hume is admired; of this number, I perceive you are a part. I cannot blame you. The scholar, who could not admire the elegancy of style, and the ingenuity of reasoning, for which that author is so eminently distinguished, I should pronounce grossly deficient in taste. To deny him praise as an author, would be literary blasphemy. But considered as a philosopher and a man, I think, Roger, that by every rationalist, he must be condemned.

Logicians have long since told us, common sense daily tells us, that all our knowledge, acquired by reasoning, is a deduction from intuitive perceptions and ultimately founded on them. Now if an author, prompted by vanity, by a fondness for singularity and paradox, availing himself of the ambiguity and poverty of language, boldly attacks first principles, and because *they* cannot be demonstrated true, sceptically and rashly doubts of their existence, what can be expected, should readers follow his example, but the utter extirpation of science, morals, and religion. Every novice knows that intuition shines by its own brightness, that nothing more lucid can be adduced for its illumination. Nothing can be more puerile than to attempt a confutation of those things, which we cannot but believe. Notwithstanding all the vaunts of false philosophy, we cannot withhold our assent from the belief of real existences,—and if the disciples of Pyrrho will doubt that the sun shines, though to be convinced they need but open their eyes, common sense must apply to them the epithet of fools, or another still more opprobrious. I now hear you say, Dennie, you must allow his arguments are close, ingenious, and incapable of direct refutation. I concede it. But be it remembered that the foundation of this sophistical structure is erected upon a pile, if the expression may be allowed, a pile of *petitiones principii*. Further, if principles be denied, principles flowing from intuition, which, as before observed, cannot be proved by any thing more evident, it is true a *direct* refutation cannot be framed, for obvious reasons, but a *reductio ad absurdum*, will equally as well force assent, and produce the brightest conviction. I know not by what means this mode of reasoning came to be styled *indirect*; which, as it should seem, involves an idea of its insufficiency, for my very partial smattering of the mathematics suggests that Euclid frequently adopts this mode of demonstration, and you need not be told that the reasonings of that author are conclusive. I am not

surprised at the popularity of Hume's scepticism. His language is pure and elegant. His arguments plausible and replete with subtlety. Aware of the forbidding appearance of a metaphysical folio, he has conveyed his reasonings in the gay and agreeable form of essays, hoping, by this artifice, to fix volatility and to rouse indolence. Pleased with the vehicle in which his poison was conveyed, and soothed by doctrines, to their wishes most favourable, the superficial, the ignorant, and profligate, were ready to vote the universe out of being, and to scruple even their own existence. The opinions of this celebrated sceptic were not long suffered to insult the common sense of mankind. Among other opposers of his system appeared the puissant Dr. Beattie—concerning whom more shall be said in the next chapter.

Yours, &c.

Groton, 24th May, 1790.

DEAR FRIEND,

In a late epistle you may recollect that I allowed Hume much praise, as an author, but I condemned, and loudly too, that sophistry, which labours to destroy common sense, that scepticism which dares, what will not mortals dare! to doubt concerning intuitive truths. I concluded by remarking that the puissant doctor of Aberdeen had assumed the gauntlet and entered the lists of controversy. Concerning this champion, his book, its opinions, and their propriety, something, with *your* permission, shall be said in the following pages.

The eye even of carelessness, glancing over the pages of the *Essay on Truth* will immediately perceive that a sober, manly piety, that an uncommon zeal for morals and religion dictated the contents of this work. This earnestness, this zeal, for what, it must be confessed, the majority of the civilized world think true, biases the reader in favour of this evidently good man, and compels him to exclaim, like Pliny upon a similar occasion, that he would rather err with Beattie than think right with the *philosophers*. The *Essay on Truth* commences by remarking that although the Deists disclaim verbal chicanery, yet, in their works, it is asserted that it most abounds. This is proved by examination. One of the best definitions of common sense then follows; upon which just definition the Doctor's arguments chiefly rest. Though there is very little parade of ratiocination in this treatise, the Doctor, like every other real scholar, despises the syllogistic nonsense of the Aristotelian commentators, yet his

conclusions are so clearly, so naturally, and justly, drawn from irrefragable premises, that they force assent even from the Sciolist. The mode of reasoning here adopted is as happy as that of Euclid, and none but those, who, like Mr. Hume, kick common sense out of doors, and determine to renounce their pretensions to rationality, can doubt of its excellency and truth. Perhaps I may have mistaken your clause respecting Hume; perhaps it was not his moral, but his political and miscellaneous essays, that you admired; perhaps too, you meant to be understood as extolling the style rather than the sentiments of this Essayist. But even if this new ground be assumed, you are exposed to a defeat. For I cannot, by any means, conceive that Hume is the better writer. If, in polemic controversy, perspicuity be absolutely essential, if, without it, disputes of this nature, be but learned impertinence, then it clearly follows that Beattie, far from being inferior to the man whom he attacks, fairly surpasses him. That this is a fact, may be proved by a recurrence to the pages of each author, when it will immediately appear, that the one is singularly obscure and indistinct, which indeed was necessary to his design, and the other as singularly plain and lucid. In elegance of style, the Doctor is fully equal to the Layman. Hume had, doubtless, in the earlier part of his life, cultivated the Belles Lettres, and plunged himself into the dreary caverns of metaphysics; from that moment he bid adieu to all the splendid productions of imagination, and laboured thenceforth to puzzle both himself, and the world.

Yours, &c.

(Same date.)

In perusing Beattie, we immediately perceive that he possessed a rich, fertile, and cultivated imagination. Such is the beautiful energy and dignity of his language, that the poet breathes in every page. His periods are correct in a high degree. He is happy both in the selection and collocation of words. His knowledge both of poetry and music, is evinced by the melody and just balance of his sentences. Beattie is himself a poet, and one of the highest rank. He has, in addition to many others, written a poem entitled *The Minstrel*, which the critics declare one of the best productions that has appeared since the demise of Queen Ann. In fine, to close these observations, Hume and Beattie both received advantages from celebrated Scottish seminaries, both were students, and both were scholars. But, in genius, ability, and in the employment of their talents, essentially different. Nature

had bestowed upon one the imagination of a poet, a bold, vehement, and creative genius. In imagination the other was deficient, but he was endowed with singular sagacity, a patient and plodding attention, subtlety, and a talent for disputation. He was master of every trick, of every sophism in controversy. His mind was of that microscopic species, that could disregard the vast and magnificent, and pore upon the obscure and the little. Beattie looked abroad, contemplated the wide expanse of Nature, feasted upon her charms, and gratefully *thanked* the Author of the feast. Hume pined in the dark cell of the sceptic, voluntarily obscured his optics, and then murmured, because there was no light. The one could plod over the schoolmen's page, could trace the dreary mazes of Malbranche and Leibnitz, and wear life away among the reveries of Pyrrho. The delight of the other was to cultivate those valuable books, where truth and sentiment predominated, to roam over fairy land with Shakspeare, to turn the moral page with Tillotson, and to imbibe the great truths of religion, from the Gospel of God. Widely different, in fine, widely different did these two great men employ their talents. The one laboured, in language as indistinct as his perceptions, and dark as his designs, to "cloud the sunshine of our belief." The other pointed out "a vista" to heaven, asserted the dignity of truth and common sense, and defended Christianity, in a style resembling the cause which he advocated.

From the perusal of Beattie, I think, R —, I have derived advantage. I have learned to make a just estimate of sceptics, and scepticism. I have learned that time is wholly lost, which is spent in tracing the intricacies of such authors. I have learned that such writings, contrary to the objects of other performances, bewilder the reasoning faculty, darken the understanding, and harden the heart. That prejudice which I have ever cherished against metaphysics is now rooted. To cultivate this barren, unprofitable science, is worse than wasting, it is murdering time. Let every scholar study and re-study select parts of Locke. We should be acquainted with the operations of our minds. But let the works of Hobbes, of Tindall, Hume, and Bolingbroke sink into that oblivious stream, to which they are so nearly allied.

Sincerely yours.

Dr. Willard to Mrs. Dennie.

Cambridge, 1st January, 1790.

MADAM,

I have, this day, communicated your request respecting

your son, to the government of the university at a full meeting. I should have done it earlier in the week, but have been unavoidably prevented. I have related to the gentlemen, as fully as I am able, your discourse with me, and have endeavoured to give all your reasons for requesting that the term of your son's suspension should be shortened, and that he should be allowed to continue at Lexington, while absent from the college.

The governors of the society are extremely sorry that his conduct has obliged them to take the step they have done; and they feel much hurt for his parents. They have therefore, very deliberately and candidly considered the subject, and after viewing it on all sides, the result is, that they cannot think it would be either for his best good, or for the honor and good order of the society to alter their decision.

They are fully persuaded that, on many accounts, his absence from the college, for the time they have determined, and at one or the other of the places they have pointed out, would be of singular advantage, and would secure him from those temptations to which he might be otherwise exposed; which would much more than counterbalance any little extra expense that you may be at. They, therefore, expect a compliance with the vote of suspension; and they most sincerely wish that his conduct, while he is absent, may be such, as may reflect honor upon himself, give comfort and satisfaction to his parents, and restore him to us so much improved, in every respect, that we may receive him with pleasure, and may have no more cause to remember what has past. These are the wishes of all the governors of this society, and of none more, than of

Your sincere friend,

And most humble servant,

JOSEPH WILLARD.

Mrs. Dennie.

Groton, 24th February, 1790.

DEAR FRIEND,

As circumstances precluded an interview, prior to my departure, I propose maintaining an epistolary conversation with him whom my soul loveth.

It being my intention to write a history of my situation, &c., I shall, in imitation of modern novelists, prefix to my work a Latin citation, which, like a tavern sign, will announce to its reader the entertainment within.

“*Inveni Portum. Spes et fortuna valete,
Sat me lusisti, ludite nunc alios.*”

Quitting this region of pedantry, let us travel hand in hand along the smooth road to Groton, with our faces thitherward.

It was in that season of the year, when old women love the chimney corner, when, instead of the carrol of birds the voice only of the sleigh-bell is heard, when,—but a truce to these circumlocutions, it was, in short, on the frosty morn of the twenty-first of January, that I stept into the chaise, which was to transport me to Groton. Joyless were my sensations at my departure, and in proportion to my recession from college friends, my melancholy increased. In parting with parents, acquaintance, and friends, sensibility experienced repeated trials. These left me in a state of pensive languor, which gave birth to a profound reverie. In this state of abstraction, I revolved the surprising scenes of the three last years of my life. I reflected with blended sorrow and indignation, that, owing to governmental prejudice and severity, originating from a total mistake of character and disposition, my moments had been embittered, my reputation tainted, and my improvement obstructed. I reflected, that, notwithstanding my cautious deportment, and enthusiastic love of literature at the commencement of my collegiate life, I had been treated with cold contempt, that I had been denied the opportunity of exhibiting literary proficiency in common with others, and, by consequence had been ranked with the remaining few, with the weak and the wicked. Finally, I reflected, that this scene of injustice was terminated by an act, which excluded me from the University by a sentence of banishment, which was virtually expulsion; an act, which separated me from a choir of friends, whom I tenderly loved, which banished me, unknowing and unknown, into the country, which is beyond *Jordan*, and, by the disgraceful circumstances with which it was accompanied, exposed my conduct to the malicious construction of the world. Having pored long enough upon this dismal scene, I lift up my eyes, and found myself in Concord. In this village resided a female favourite, whom it was necessary to kiss prior to my departure. I hastened to the mansion of this rural charmer, enjoyed the luxury of her lips, bid her a most tender passionate adieu, and went on my way sorrowing. As the chaise rolled on, however, my gloom vanished, particularly when I thought of the delicious interview with one, whose enchanting smiles were amply sufficient to counterbalance all the austerity of *old* ——. My soul being absorbed in such pleasurable contemplation, my body was almost insensible of the “churlish chiding of the winter wind.” Roused at length by the piercing

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cold, I discerned at some distance, a lofty spire, gilded by the beams of the declining sun. This spire announced the *propinquity* of Groton. In a few moments I found myself in the bosom of this village, and, notwithstanding nature was enveloped in frost and snow, yet her appearance was august and beautiful. The road passes directly through the centre of the town; on each side are numerous buildings, some elegant. But the situation of the town strikes me with peculiar force. It is lofty, and salubrious. The eye, from this height, is delighted with a variety of enchanting objects, among which may be deservedly enumerated a range of lofty mountains, whose azure heads appear to threaten heaven. The air in this quarter of the country, is sweet and pure; sacred from the contamination of those spleen-inspiring Atlantic blasts, which, at Cambridge, used to harass my enfeebled frame. A noble river winds majestically through the centre of this village, awakening in the banks, which it laves, the powers of fertility and vegetation. An agreeable union of hill and dale, of wood and water, gratifies that love of variety, to which we are prone, and renders Groton one of the most charming situations, with which I am conversant. In this delicious hamlet, my friend, in the house of a *second W—t*, have I at length found a tranquil asylum. Here are no interruptions, no *unseasonable* morning prayers, no abbots, and no d—d fools. All is pleasant and cheerful. Here, I reduce the Chesterfieldian system of study, to practice. The morning and forenoon I devote to dalliance with the Muses. The afternoon and evening, I spend with mere mortal females. A better, more royal social club of lads, cannot be found in America, college excepted, than at Groton. Most of them liberally educated. Sensible, liberal, and spunky. C——n is a good fellow, and his wife is at once my mother, companion, and friend. In fine, nothing is wanting to fill up the measure of my felicity, but health more confirmed, the company of V. W. and others, who should be mentioned, if time would permit; and a degree from the university, from all connexion with which I wish to be freed, and whose memory I will, as soon as possible, to use the expression of Horace, *tradam ventis*. In that sink of vice, that temple of dullness, that roost of owls, I feel interested for none, except my worthy class mates, and T——n, who disgraces himself, by descending from the height of his genius and virtue, to associate with solemn blockheads. A generous steed should not herd with jackasses, nor an eagle mix with a flock of bats.

Thus I have given you a crude account of my journey, and of succeeding events. Let me now entreat you to write as frequently as possible.

Pardon, my dear friend, the severity of sentiment which pervades a part of this epistle. My heart is so wrung with anguish and resentment, when I reflect upon the past, in the ardor of passion—I sometimes, to use the poet's expression, speak daggers, when, at the same time, I should abhor to use them. Over those expressions you think too rancorous, invoke that charity, which thinketh no evil, to draw her veil, and conceal every sentiment unworthy of your brother and friend,

DENNIE.

To Mrs. Dennie.

Groton, 9th March, 1790.

DEAR MA'AM,

Prior to giving you a description of my situation in the family of Mr. C., I wished to reside there a period sufficiently long for the purpose of forming a complete judgment.

This circumstance must plead an apology for tardiness in writing. Add to this, I should have written three weeks since, had not repeated revolutions in the weather, broken up the roads, and precluded the inhabitants from journeying to Boston. So much for introduction.

I shall now scribble a narration of my journey, and a description of the family in which I reside. You may remember the morning in which I quitted Lexington, was "winter in his sharpest mood:" by consequence all enjoyment was banished; my reflections on the past were not less poignant than the wind which howled around. The circumstances of my exile, the situation in which I left my parents, and the eventful history of recent scenes, formed a dismal group, the contemplation of which, inspired the deepest melancholy. Upon my arrival at Concord, the chaise was driven to Cogswell's, where we halted to warm ourselves, and bait the horse. This interval I employed in bidding the Misses M. adieu. From Concord, we proceeded through frost and snow to Littleton, where, at Kidder's, we dined. Here occurred nothing remarkable. Thence we proceeded, with aching limbs to Groton. Upon our arrival, notwithstanding Nature was involved in the snowy mantle of winter, and her fairest charms, of course, concealed or obscured, yet, under all these disadvantages, her appearance was eminently beautiful. This arises from the excellent situation of Groton. This charming hamlet is situated on mountainous ground, com-

manding extensive prospects, and presenting, within the compass of its ample horizon, an infinitude of enchanting landscapes. Among this varied group of rural objects, the imagination and sight expatiate, till the excursion of the latter is terminated by a range of lofty mountains, whose summits appear to be lost in the clouds. The air is serene, pure, and salubrious, and the distance from the metropolis is such, as to preclude the spleen-inspiring Atlantic blast. We did not reach Mr. C.'s till sun set. He and his lady were absent upon a visit. We accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring inn, and spent the night. In the morning, I returned to Mr. C. and after the ceremony of introduction, presented him my letters of credence. Some slight objections (originating as I afterwards understood from the state of Mr. C.'s health) were started. These, however, were immediately removed, and they consented to receive me. In the afternoon, Mrs. C., furnished me with an agreeable chamber, having a northwesterly aspect, and by its tranquil situation, well adapted to my study.

This apartment is furnished with shutters, table, green chairs, desk, and book-case. Every requisite is supplied; my accommodations are ample; my diet is agreeable, and varied. My fire is kindled in the morning, and my bed warmed at night. I am liberally supplied with every thing I require, and my wishes are even anticipated. Peculiarly fortunate do I esteem myself, that, amidst the contemptible herd of mankind I have found *two W—s*. The features of Mr. C.'s character do not, however, exactly resemble those of my former preceptor. Mr. W. was frequently the sport of his feelings. Mr. C. is perfectly master of himself, and though his spirits flow "all cheerily" along, still it is with an *equable* current. He is judicious, and is versed in that best of sciences, the science of prudent behaviour. He is sensible; has a general knowledge of books, and is eminently well qualified for an instructor, by reason of the clearness of his ideas, and his happy talent of communication. Mrs. C. is ever social, sprightly, and animated. Satisfied with discharging her duty in her own province, she never invades that of another. In such a family, in such a rural hamlet, I experience as much felicity as the state of my health, and some disagreeable reflections upon the past will allow. The morning and forenoon I spend in my study. In the afternoon I frequently, in the sleigh, accompany Mr. and Mrs. C. in their parish visits. This contributes both to my health, and amusement. I had almost forgotten to inform you, that the family

of the parson consists of himself and wife, *six children*,—*the priest's portion*—a maid and serving man.

I continue to experience that degree of felicity which marked the white-winged moments upon my arrival at Groton.

I cannot describe it better than by saying, I am as happy in Mr. C.'s as Mr. W.'s family. Translate this into any language, and the ideas will be expanded into a couple of folios. In fact, my present, exceeds my former situation in two particulars: first, by the amenity of the town, and secondly, by the agreeableness of its inhabitants. With B——w, whose Minerva virtue, and the Muses have chosen as their representation upon earth, I pass delicious evenings. J. P——tt must be deservedly recorded among my friends. From this sensible young gentleman I receive many attentions.

I have exhausted myself and my paper, and have just room to tell you, that I am your affectionate son,

JOS. DENNIE.

CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE.

From Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.

Arrived at the conclusion of this momentous narrative, the reader may be disposed to pause a moment to reflect on the character of that wonderful person, on whom Fortune showered so many favours in the beginning and through the middle of his career, to overwhelm its close with such deep and unwonted afflictions.

The external appearance of Napoleon was not imposing at the first glance, his stature being only five feet six inches English. His person, thin in youth, and somewhat corpulent in age, was rather delicate than robust in outward appearance, but cast in the mould most capable of enduring privation and fatigue. He rode ungracefully, and without the command of his horse which distinguishes a perfect cavalier; so that he showed to disadvantage when riding beside such a horseman as Murat. But he was fearless, sat firm in his seat, rode with rapidity, and was capable of enduring the exercise for a longer time than most men. We have already mentioned his indifference to the quality of his food, and his power of enduring abstinence. A morsel of food, and a flask of wine hung at his saddle-bow, used, in his earlier campaigns, to support him for days. In his latter wars, he used a carriage more frequently; not, as has been surmised, from any particular ill-

ness, but from feeling in a frame so constantly in exercise, the premature effects of age.

The countenance of Napoleon is familiar to almost every one from description, and the portraits which are found every where. The dark brown hair bore little marks of the attentions of the toilette.—The shape of the countenance approached more than is usual in the human race to a square. His eyes were gray, and full of expression, the pupils rather large, and the eye-brows not very strongly marked. The brow and upper part of the countenance was rather of a stern character. His nose and mouth were beautifully formed. The upper lip was very short. The teeth were indifferent, but were little shown in speaking.* His smile possessed uncommon sweetness, and is stated to have been irresistible. The complexion was a clear olive, otherwise in general colourless. The prevailing character of his countenance was grave, even to melancholy, but without any signs of severity or violence. After death, the placidity and dignity of expression which continued to occupy the features, rendered them eminently beautiful, and the admiration of all who looked on them.

Such was Napoleon's exterior. His personal and private character was decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received, provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was, however, placable in the case even of his enemies, providing that they submitted to his mercy; but he had not that species of generosity which respects the sincerity of a manly and fair opponent. On the other hand, no one was a more liberal rewarder of the attachment of his friends. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and, unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother. General Gourgaud, whose communications were not in every case to Napoleon's advantage, states him to have been the best of masters, labouring to assist all his domestics wherever it lay in his power, giving them the highest credit for such talents as they actually possessed, and imputing, in some instances, good qualities to such as had them not.

There was gentleness, and even sensibility, in his character. He was affected when he rode over the fields of battle, which his ambition had strewed with the dead and the dying, and seemed not only desirous to relieve the victims, is-

* When at St. Helena he was much troubled with toothache and scurvy in the gums.

suing for that purpose directions which too often were not, and could not, be obeyed, but subject to the influence of that more acute and imaginative species of sympathy which is termed sensibility. He mentions a circumstance which indicates a deep sense of feeling. As he passed over a field of battle in Italy, he saw a houseless dog lying on the body of his slain master. The creature came towards them, then returned to the dead body, moaned over it pitifully, and seemed to ask their assistance. "Whether it were the feeling of the moment," continued Napoleon, "the scene, the hour, or the circumstance itself, I was never so deeply affected by any thing which I have seen upon a field of battle. That man, I thought, has perhaps had a house, friends, comrades, and here he lies deserted by every one but his dog. How mysterious are the impressions to which we are subject! I was in the habit, without emotion, of ordering battles which must decide the fate of a campaign, and could look with a dry eye on the execution of manœuvres which must be attended with much loss, and here I was moved—nay, painfully affected—by the cries and the grief of a dog. It is certain that at that moment I would have been more accessible to a suppliant enemy and could better understand the conduct of Achilles in restoring the body of Hector to the tears of Priam."* The anecdote at once shows that Napoleon possessed a heart amenable to humane feelings, and that they were usually in total subjection to the stern precepts of military stoicism. It was his common and expressive phrase, that the heart of a politician should be in his head, but his feelings sometimes surprised him in a gentler mood.

A calculator by nature and by habit, Napoleon was fond of order, and a friend to that moral conduct in which order is best exemplified. The libels of the day have made some scandalous averments to the contrary, but without adequate foundation. Napoleon respected himself too much, and understood the value of public opinion too well, to have plunged into general or vague debauchery.

Considering his natural disposition, then, it may be assumed that if Napoleon had continued in the vale of private life, and no strong temptation of passion or revenge crossed his path, he must have been generally regarded as one whose friendship was every way desirable, and whose enmity it was not safe to incur.

But the opportunity afforded by the times, and the elasti-

* Las Cases, Vol. I, partie 2de, p. 5.

city of his own great talents, both military and political, raised him with unexampled celerity to a sphere of great power, and at least equal temptation. Ere we consider the use which he made of his ascendancy, let us briefly review the causes by which it was accomplished.

The consequences of the Revolution, however fatal to private families, were the means of filling the camps of the nation with armies of a description which Europe had never seen before, and, it is to be hoped, will never witness again. There was neither safety, honour, nor almost subsistence, in any other profession, and accordingly it became the refuge of the best and bravest of the youth of France, until the army ceased to consist, as in most nations, of the miserable and disorderly class of the community, but was levied in the body and bosom of the state, and composed of the flower of France, whether as regarded health, moral qualities, or elevation of mind. With such men, the generals of the republic achieved many and great victories, but without being able to ensure corresponding advantages. This may have been in a great measure occasioned by the dependence in which the generals were held by the various administrators of the republic at home—a dependence accounted for by the necessity of having recourse to the government at Paris for the means of paying and supporting their armies. From the time that Napoleon passed the Alps, he inverted this state of military dependence, and made the newly conquered countries not only maintain the army by means of contributions and confiscations, but even contribute to support the French Government. Thus war, which had hitherto been a burthen to the republic, became in his hands a source of public revenue; whilst the youthful General, contributing to the income of the state, on which his predecessors had been dependent, was enabled to assert the independence at which he speedily aimed, and correspond with the Directory upon a footing approaching to equality. His talents as a soldier, and situation as a victorious general, soon raised him from equality to pre-eminence.

These talents applied not less to the general arrangements of the campaign, than to the dispositions for actual battle. In each of these great departments of war, Napoleon was not merely a pupil of the most approved masters of the art,—he was an improver, an innovator, and an inventor.

In stratagie, he applied upon a gigantic scale those principles which Frederick of Prussia had acted upon, and gained a capital or a kingdom, when Frederick would have won a

town or a province. His system was, of course, that of assembling the greatest possible force of his own upon the vulnerable point of the enemy's position, paralyzing, perhaps, two parts of their army, whilst he cut the third to pieces, and then following up his position by destroying the remainder in detail. For this purpose, he taught generals to divide their armies upon the march, with a view to celerity of movement, and facility of supply, and to unite them at the moment of contest, where an attack would be most feebly resisted, because least expected. For this, also, he first threw aside all species of baggage which could possibly be dispensed with—supplied the want of magazines by the contributions exacted from the country, or collected from individuals by a regular system of marauding—discontinued the use of tents, and trusted to bivouacking with his soldiers, where hamlets could not be found, and there was no time to erect huts. His system was ruinous in point of lives; for even the military hospitals were often dispensed with. But although Moreau termed Napoleon a conquerer at the rate of ten thousand men a day, yet the sacrifice for a length of time uniformly attained the object for which it was designed. The enemy who had remained in their extensive cantonments, distracted by the reports of various columns moving in different directions, were surprised and defeated by the united force of the French, which had formed a junction where and when it was least expected. It was not till they had learned the art of withdrawing from his attack so soon as made, that the allies learned to defeat the efforts of his moveable columns.

Napoleon was not less original as a tactician than as a stratagist. His manœuvres on the field of battle had the promptness and decision of the thunderbolt. In the actual shock of conflict, as in the preparations which he had made for bringing it on, his object was to amuse the enemy upon many points, while he oppressed one by an unexpected force of numbers. The breaking through the line, the turning of a flank, which had been his object from the commencement of the fight, lay usually disguised under a greater number of previous demonstrations, and was not attempted until both the moral and physical force of the enemy was impaired by the length of the combat. It was at this period that he brought up his Guards, who, impatient of inactivity, had been held in readiness for hours, and now, springing forward like wolf-dogs from the leash, had the glorious task, in which they rarely failed, of deciding the long-sustained contest. It may be added, as characteristic of his tactics, that he preferred

employing the order of the column to that of the line, perhaps on account of the faith which he might rest in the extreme valour of the French officers by whom the column was headed.

The interest which Napoleon preserved in the French soldier's affection by a frequent distribution of prizes and distinctions, as well as by his familiar notice of their persons, and attending to their wants, joined to his possession of absolute and independent command, rendered it no difficult matter for him to secure their support in the revolution of the eighteenth Brumaire, and in placing him at the head of affairs. Most part of the nation were heartily tired by this time of the continually unsettled state of the government, and the various changes which it had experienced from the visionary speculations of the Girondists, the brutal and bloody ferocity of the Jacobins, the sordid and undecided versatility and imbecility of the Directory: and the nation in general desired a settled form of government, which, if less free, should be more stable in duration, and better calculated to assure to individuals the protection of property and of personal freedom, than those which had followed the downfall of a monarchy. A successful general of a character more timid, or conscience more tender than that of Napoleon, might have attempted the restoration of the Bourbons. But Napoleon foresaw the difficulties which would occur by an attempt to reconcile the recall of the emigrants to the assurance of the national sales, and aptly concluded that the parties which tore France to pieces, would be most readily amalgamated together under the authority of one who was in a great measure a stranger to them all.

Arrived at the possession of supreme power, a height that dazzles and confounds so many, Napoleon seemed only to occupy the station for which he was born, to which his peculiar powers adapted him, and his brilliant career of success gave him, under all circumstances, an irresistible claim. He continued, therefore, with calm mind and enlightened wisdom, to consider the means of rendering his power stable, of destroying the republican impulse, and establishing a monarchy, of which he destined himself to be the monarch. To most men the attempt to revive, in favour of a military adventurer, a form of government, which had been rejected by what seemed the voice of the nation with universal acclaim, would have seemed an act of desperation. The partizans of the Republic were able statesmen, and men of superior talent, accustomed also to rule the fierce democra-

cy, and organize those intrigues, which had overthrown crown and altar. It was hardly to be supposed that such men would, were it but for shame's sake, have seen their ten years' labour at once swept away by the sword of a young, though successful general.

But Napoleon knew himself and them, and felt the confidence that those who had been associates in the power acquired by former revolutions, must be now content to sink into the instruments of his advancement, and the subordinate agents of his authority contented with such a share of spoil as that with which the lion rewards the jackall.

To the kingdom at large, upon every new stride towards power, he showed the certificate of superior efficacy, guaranteed by the most signal success; and he assumed the empire of France under the proud title *Detur dignissimo*. Neither did his actions up to this point encourage any one to challenge the defects or flaws of his title. In practice, his government was brilliant abroad, and, with few exceptions, liberal and moderate at home. The abominable murder of the Duke d'Enghien showed the vindictive spirit of a savage. But in general the public actions of Napoleon, at the commencement of his career, were highly laudable. The battle of Marengo, with its consequences, the softening of civil discord, the reconciliation with the Church of Rome, the recall of the great body of the emigrants, the revivification of National Jurisprudence, were all events calculated to flatter the imagination, and even gain the affections of the nation.

But with a dexterity peculiar to himself, Napoleon proceeded, while abolishing the Republic, to press into his service those very democratical principles which had given rise to the revolution, and encouraged the attempt to found a commonwealth. His sagacity had not failed to observe, that the popular objections to the ancient government were founded less upon any objection to the royal authority in itself, than to a dislike, amounting to detestation, of the privileges which it allotted to the nobles and to the clergy, who held, from birth and office, the right to fill the superior ranks in every profession, and barred the competition of all others, however superior in merit. When, therefore, Napoleon constructed his new form of monarchical government, he wisely considered that he was not like hereditary monarchs, tied down to any particular rules, arising out of ancient usage, but being himself creator of the power which he wielded, he was at liberty to model it according to his own pleasure. He had been raised also so easily to the throne, by the general

acknowledgment of his merits, that he did not need the assistance of a party of his own, consequently, being unlimited by previous engagements, and by the necessity of gratifying old partizans or acquiring new ones, his choice was in a very unusual degree free and unlimited.

Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power, he proceeded advisedly, and deliberately, to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career, and which was the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state. This was the secret key of Napoleon's policy, and he was so well aided in the use of it, by acute perception of character, as well as by good nature and good feeling, (both of which, in his cooler moments, he possessed;) that he never, through all his vicissitudes, lost an opportunity of conciliating and pleasing the multitude by evincing a well-timed attention to distinguish and reward talent. To this his discourse perpetually alluded; and for this he claims, and is entitled to, the highest praise. We have little hesitation in naming the opening a full career to talent of every kind, as the keystone of his reputation, the main foundation of his power. Unhappily, his love of merit, and disposition to reward it, were not founded exclusively upon a patriotic attention to the public welfare; far less on a purely benevolent desire to reward what was praiseworthy, but upon a principle of selfish policy, to which must be ascribed a great part of Napoleon's success, no small portion of his misfortunes, and almost all his political crimes.

We have quoted elsewhere the description given of the Emperor by his brother Lucien, in a moment, probably, of spleen, but which has been nevertheless confirmed by almost all the persons habitually conversant with Napoleon, at whom we have had an opportunity of making inquiries. "His conduct," said his brother, "is entirely regulated by his policy, and his policy is altogether founded upon egotism." No man perhaps, ever possessed (under the restrictions to be presently mentioned,) so intense a proportion of that selfish principle which is so common to humanity. It was planted by nature in his heart and nourished by the half monastic, half military education, which so early separated him from social ties—It was encouraged by the consciousness of possessing talents which rendered him no mate for the ordinary men among whom his lot seemed cast, and became a confirmed habit by the desolate condition in which he stood at his first outset in life, without friend, protector, or patron. The praise, the promotion he received, were given to his genius, not to his person;

and he who was conscious of having forced his own way, had little to bind him in gratitude or kindness to those who made room for him, because they durst not oppose him. His ambition was a modification of selfishness, sublime, indeed, in its effects and consequences, but yet, when strictly analyzed, leaving little but egotism in the crucible.

Our readers are not, however, to suppose that the selfishness of Napoleon was of that ordinary and odious character, which makes men miserly, oppressive, and fraudulent in private life; or which, under milder features, limits their exertions to such enterprizes as may contribute to their own individual profit, and close the heart against feelings of patriotism, or of social benevolence. Napoleon's egotism and love of self was of a far nobler and more elevated kind, though founded on similar motives, just as the wings of the eagle, who soars into the regions of the sun, move on the same principle with those which cannot bear the dung-hill fowl over the pales of the poultry-yard.

To explain our meaning, we may add, that Napoleon loved France, for France was his own. He studied to confer benefits upon her, for the profit redounded to her Emperor, whether she received amended institutions, or enlarged territories. He represented, as he boasted, himself the people as well as the sovereign of France: he engrossed in his own person her immunities, her greatness, her glory, and was bound to conduct himself so as to exalt at the same time the Emperor and the empire. Still, however, the sovereign and the state might be, and at length actually were separated, and the egotistical character of Buonaparte could after that separation find amusement and interest in the petty scale of Elba, to which his exertions were then limited.* Like the magic tent, in the Arabian Tales, his faculties could expand themselves to inclose half a world, with all its cares and destinies, or could diminish so as to accommodate itself to the concerns of a petty rock in the Mediterranean, and his own conveniences when he should retreat to its precincts. We believe, that whilst France acknowledged Napoleon as Emperor, he would cheerfully have laid down his life for her benefit, but we greatly doubt, if by merely raising his finger, he could have made her happy under the Bourbons, whether unless the merit of the action had redounded to his own personal fame, that finger would have been raised up. In a word, his feelings of self interest were the central point of a circle, the circumference of which may be extended or con-

* See Vol. III, p. 154.

tracted at pleasure, but the centre remains fixed and unchanged.

It is needless to inquire how far this solicitous, and we must add enlightened attention to his own interest facilitated Buonaparte's ascent to the supreme power. We daily witness individuals, possessed of a very moderate proportion of parts, who, by intently applying themselves to the prosecution of some particular object, without being drawn aside by the calls of pleasure, the seductions of indolence, or other interruptions, succeed ultimately in attaining the object of their wishes. When, therefore, we conceive the powerful mind of Napoleon, animated by an unbounded vivacity of imagination, and an unconquerable tenacity of purpose, moving forward, without deviation or repose, to the accomplishment of its purpose, which was nothing less than to acquire the dominion of the whole world, we cannot be surprised at the immense height to which he raised himself.

But the egotism which governed his actions, subject always to the exercise of his excellent sense and cultivation of his interest in the public opinion, if it in a great measure favoured the success of his various enterprizes, did him in the end much more evil than good, as it instigated his most desperate enterprises, and was the source of his most inexcusable actions.

Moderate politicians will agree, that after the Imperial system was substituted for the Republican, the Chief Magistrate ought to have assumed and exerted a considerable strength of authority, in order to maintain that re-establishment of civil order, that protection of the existing state of things, which was necessary to terminate the wild and changeful recurrence of perpetual revolutions. Had Napoleon stopped here, his conduct would have been unblameable, and unblamed, unless by the more devoted followers of the House of Bourbon, against whom Providence appeared to most men to have closed the gate of restoration. But his principles of egotism would not be satisfied until he had totally destroyed every vestige of those free institutions, which had been acquired by all the perils, the blood, the tears of the Revolution, and reduced France, save for the influence of public opinion, to the condition of Constantinople or of Algiers. It was a merit to raise up the throne, it was natural that he who did so should himself occupy it, since in ceding it to the Bourbons, he must have betrayed those at whose hands he accepted power, but to plunder the nation of their privileges as free-born men, was the act of a parricide. The nation lost

under his successive encroachments, what liberty the ancient government had left them, and all those rights which had been acquired by the revolution. Political franchises, individual interests, the property of municipalities, the progress of education, of science, of mind and sentiment, all was usurped by the government. All France was one immense army, under the absolute authority of a military commander subject to no control nor responsibility. In that nation, so lately agitated by the nightly assembly of thousands of political clubs, no class of citizens under any supposable circumstances, had the right of uniting in the expression of their opinions. Neither in the manners nor in the laws, did there remain any popular means of resisting the errors or abuses of the administration. France resembled the political carcase of Constantinople, without the insubordination of the Pachas, the underhand resistance of the Ulema, and the frequent and clamorous mutinies of the Janizaries.*

Whilst Napoleon destroyed successively every barrier of public liberty, while he built new state prisons, and established a high police, which filled France with spies and jailors, whilst he took the charge of the press so exclusively into his own hand, his policy at once, and his egotism, led him to undertake these immense public works, of greater or less utility or ornament, as the chance might be, but sure to be set down as monuments of the Emperor's splendour. The name given him by the working classes, of the General Undertaker, was by no means ill bestowed, but in what an incalculably greater degree do such works succeed, when raised by the skill and industry of those who propose to improve their capital by the adventure, than when double the expense is employed at the arbitrary will of a despotic sovereign! Yet it had been well if bridges, roads, harbours, and public works, had been the only compensation which Napoleon offered to the people of France for the liberties he took from them. But he poured out to them, and shared with them, to drown all painful and degrading recollections, the fatal and intoxicating draught of military glory and universal domination.

To lay the whole universe prostrate at the foot of France, while France, the Nation of Camps, herself had no higher title than to be first of her own Emperor's slaves, was the gigantic project at which he labored with such tenacious assiduity. It was the Sisyphian stone which he rolled so high up the hill, that at length he was crushed under its precipi-

* *Histoire de Guerre de la Peninsula*, par General Foy.

tate recoil. The main branches of that gigantic enterprise were such as had been undertaken while his spirit of ambition was at its height, and no one dared, even in his councils, to interfere with the resolutions which he adopted.

At this time Napoleon's constant and uninterrupted success under the most disadvantageous circumstances, together with his implied belief in his Destiny, all conspired, with the extravagant sense of his own importance, seemed to have impressed him with an idea that he was not "in the roll of common men," and induced him to venture on the most desperate enterprises, as if animated less by the result of reason than by an internal assurance of success. After great miscarriages, he is said some times to have shown a corresponding depression, and thence resigned four times the charge of his army when he found his situation embarrassing, as if no longer feeling that confidence in his own mind, or conceiving that he was deserted for the moment by his guardian genius. There were similar alterations, too, according to General Gourgaud's account, in his conversation. At times, he would speak like a deity, at others, in the style of a very ordinary person.

To the egotism of Napoleon, we may also trace the general train of deception which marked his public policy, and when speaking upon subjects in which his own character was implicated, his private conversation.

In his public capacity, he had so completely prostituted the liberty of the press, that France could know nothing whatever but through Napoleon's own bulletins. The battle of Trafalgar was not hinted at till several months after, and then it was totally misrepresented, and so deep and dark was the mantle which covered the events in which the people were most interested, that, on the very evening when the battle of Montmartre was fought, the *Moniteur*, the chief organ of public intelligence, was occupied in a commentary on *nosographie*, and a criticism on a drama on the subject of the chaste Susannah. The hiding the truth is only one step to the invention of falsehood, and, as a periodical publisher of news, Napoleon became so eminent for both, that, to "lie like a bulletin," became an adopted expression, not likely to lose ground soon in the French language, and the more disgraceful to Napoleon, that he is well known to have written these official documents in most instances himself. Even this deceptive system, this plan of alternately keeping the nation in ignorance, or abusing them by falsehood, intimated a sense of respect for public opinion. Men love darkness, because their

deeds are evil. Napoleon dared not have submitted to the public the fair state of his perfidious and treacherous attacks upon Spain, than which a more gross breach of general good faith and existing treaties could scarce have been conceived. Nor would he have chosen to plead at the public bar, the policy of his continental system, adopted in total ignorance of the maxims of political economy, and the consequences of which were first to cause general distress, and then to encourage universal resistance against the French yoke through the whole continent of Europe. Nor is it more likely that, could the public have had the power of forming a previous judgment upon the probable event of the Russian campaign, the rash enterprise would ever have had an existence. In silencing the voice of the wise and good, the able and patriotic, and communicating only with such counsellors as were the echoes of his own inclinations, Napoleon, like Lear,

“ Chid his physician,
And hugg’d the foul disease.”

This was the rather the case, as Napoleon’s knowledge of the politics, interests, and character of foreign courts was, excepting in the case of Italy, exceedingly imperfect. The peace of Amiens might have remained uninterrupted, and the essential good understanding betwixt France and Sweden need never have been broken, if Napoleon could, or would, have understood the free constitution of England, which permits every man to print or publish what he may choose; or if he could have been convinced that the institutions of Sweden did not permit their government to place their fleets and armies at the disposal of a foreign power, or to sink the ancient kingdom of the Goths into a secondary and vassal government.

Self-love, so sensitive as that of Napoleon, shunned especially the touch of ridicule. The gibes of the English papers; the caricatures of the London print-shops, were the petty stings which instigated, in a great measure, the breach of the peace of Amiens. The laughter-loving Frenchmen were interdicted the use of satire, which, all licensed during the times of the republic, had, even under the monarchy, been only punished with a short and easy confinement in the Bastille. During the time of the consulate, Napoleon was informed that a comic opera, something on the plan of the English farce of *High Life Below Stairs*, had been composed by Monsieur Dupaty and brought forward on the stage, and that, in this audacious performance, three valets mimicked the manners, and even the dress of the three Consuls, and espe-

cially his own. He ordered that the actors should be exposed at the Greve, in the dresses they had dared to assume, which should be there stripped from their backs by the executioner; and he commanded that the author should be sent to St. Domingo, and placed, as a person under requisition, at the disposal of the commander-in chief. The sentence was not executed, for the offence had not existed.* But the rumour shows Napoleon's ideas of the liberty of the stage, and intimates what would have been the fate of the author of the *Beggar's Opera*, had he written for the French Opera Comique.

But no light, which reason or information could supply, was able to guide the intensity of a selfish ambition, which made Napoleon desire that the whole administration of the whole world should not only remotely, but even directly and immediately, depend on his own pleasure. When he distributed kingdoms to his brothers, it was under the express understanding that they were to follow in every thing the course of politics which he should dictate; and after all, he seemed only to create dependent states for the purpose of resuming them. He dethroned his brother Louis, for refusing to countenance the oppressions, which in the name of France, he imposed on Holland; and he had thoughts of removing Joseph from Spain, when he saw of what a fair and goodly realm he had pronounced him king. In his wildness and insatiable extravagance of administering in person the government of every realm which he conquered, he brought his powerful mind to the level of that of the spoiled child, who will not be satisfied without holding in its own hand whatever has caught his eye. The system, grounded on ambition so inordinate, carried with it in its excess the principles of its own ruin. The runner who will never stop for repose must at last fall down with fatigue: Had Napoleon succeeded both in Spain and Russia, he would not have rested until he had found elsewhere the disasters of Baylen and of Moscow.

The consequence of the unjustifiable aggressions of the French emperor were an unlimited extent of slaughter, fire, and human misery, all arising from the ambition of one man, who never giving the least sign of having repented the unbounded mischief, seemed, on the contrary, to justify and take pride in the ravage which he had occasioned. This ambition, equally insatiable and incurable, justified Europe in securing his person, as if it had been that of a lunatic, whose

* Memoires sur le Consulat. p. 148.

misguided rage was not directed against an individual, but against the civilized world, which, well nigh overcome by him, and escaping with difficulty, had a natural right to be guaranteed against repetition of the frantic exploits of a being who seemed guided by more than human passion, and capable of employing in execution of his purpose more than human strength.

The same egotism, the same spirit of self-deception, which marked Napoleon during his long and awful career of success, followed him into adversity. He framed apologies for the use of his little company of followers, as he had formerly manufactured bulletins for the Great Nation. Those to whom these excuses were addressed, Las Cases and the other gentlemen of Napoleon's suite, being too much devoted to him, and too generous to dispute after his fall, doctrines which it would have been dangerous to controvert during his power received whatever he said as truths delivered by a prophet, and set down doubtless to the seer's inspiration what could by no effort be reconciled to truth. The horrid evils which afflicted Europe during the years of his success, were represented to others, and perhaps to his own mind, as consequences which the Emperor neither wished nor contemplated, but which were necessarily and unalterably attached to the execution of the great plans which the Man of Destiny had been called upon earth to perform, resembling in so far the lurid and fear-inspiring train pursuing the rapid course of a brilliant comet, which the laws of the universe have projected through the pathless firmament.

Some crimes he committed of a different character, which seem to have sprung, not like the general evils of war, from the execution of great and calculated plans of a political or military kind, but must have had their source in a temper naturally passionate and vindictive. The Duke d'Enghien's murder was at the head of this list, a gratuitous act of treachery and cruelty, which being undeniable, led Napoleon to be believed capable of other crimes of a secret and bloody character,—of the murder of Pichegru and of Wright,—of the spiriting away of Mr. Windham, who was never afterwards heard of, and of other actions of similar atrocity. We pause before charging him with any of those which have not been distinctly proved. For, while it is certain that he had a love of personal vengeance, proper, it is said, to his country, it is equally certain, that, vehement by temperament, he was lenient and calm by policy, and that, if he had indulged the former disposition, the security with which he might have

done so, together with the ready agency of his fatal police, would have made his rage resemble that of one of the Roman emperors. He was made sensible, too late, of the general odium drawn upon him by the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and does not seem to have been disposed to incur farther risks of popular hatred in prosecution of his personal resentment. The records of his police, however, and the persecutions experienced by those whom Napoleon considered as his personal enemies, show that, by starts at least, nature resumed her bent, and he, upon whom there was no restraint, save his respect for public opinion, gave way to the temptation of avenging his private injuries. He remarked it as a weakness in the character of his favorite Cæsar, that he suffered his enemies to remain in possession of the power to injure him, and the reporter of the observation could not help acknowledging in his heart, when he looked on the person before him, that he was unlikely to fall into such an error.

When Napoleon laid aside reserve and spoke what were probably his true sentiments, he endeavoured to justify those acts of his government which transgressed the rules of justice and morality, by political necessity, and reasons of state, or, in other words, by the pressure of his own interest. This, however was a plea, the full benefit of which he reserved to vindicate his own actions, never permitting it to be used by any other sovereign. He considered himself privileged in transgressing the law of nations, when his interests required it, but pleaded as warmly upon the validity of public law, when alleging it had been infringed by other states, as if he himself had in all instances respected its doctrines as inviolable.

But although Napoleon sometimes referred to state necessity as the ultimate source of actions otherwise unjustifiable, he more frequently endeavoured to disguise his errors by denial, or excuse them by apologies which had no existence. His habits of concealing truth, and inventing falsehood, had become so strong that his very last will and testament bears the grossest marks of his deceptive system. He avers, the Duke d'Enghien was convicted by his own confession of having maintained sixty assassins in France for the purpose of murdering Napoleon. The examination of the Duke bears an express denial of the charge, instead of a confession; nor was there the slightest attempt made to contradict him by other testimony. He bequeathed, in like manner, a legacy to a villain who had attempted the assassination of the Duke of Wellington, according to his strange argument, having as

good a right to kill his rival and victor, as the English had to detain him prisoner at St. Helena. This clause in the last will of a dying man, is not striking from its atrocity merely, but as from the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning. Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be therefore both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? but if both were right, why complain of the British government for detaining him at St. Helena?

But, indeed, the whole character of Napoleon's autobiography marks his desire to divide mankind into two classes,—his friends and his enemies;—the former of whom are to be praised and vindicated; the latter to be vilified, censured, and condemned, without any relation to truth, justice, or consistency. To take a gross example, he stoutly affirmed, that the treasures which were removed from Paris in April 1814, and carried to Orleans, were seized and divided by the ministers of the allied powers,—Talleyrand, Metternich, Hardenberg, and Castlereagh; and that the money thus seized included the marriage-portion of the Empress Maria Louisa.* Had this story been true, it would have presented Napoleon with a very simple means of avenging himself upon Lord Castlereagh, by putting the British public in possession of the secret.

It is no less remarkable, that Napoleon, though himself a soldier and a distinguished one, can never allow one line of candid praise to the soldiers and generals by whom he was successively employed. In mentioning his victories, he frequently bestows praise upon the valour and conduct of the vanquished. This was an additional and more delicate mode of praising himself and his own troops, by whom their enemies were overthrown. But he never allows any merit to those by whom he was defeated in turn. He professes never to have seen the Prussian troops behave well, save at Jena, or the Russians, but at Austerlitz. These armies of the same nations, which he both saw and felt in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, and before whom he made such disastrous retreats as that of Moscow and Leipsic, were, according to his expressions, mere canaille.

In the same manner, when he details an action in which he triumphed, he is sure to boast, like the old Grecian, very justly perhaps, that in this fortune had no share; while his

* See Dr. O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena, who seems himself to have been startled at the enormity of the fiction. What makes it yet more extravagant is, that Napoleon's will disposes of a part of that very treasure, as if it was still in the hands of Maria Louisa.

defeats are entirely and exclusively attributed to the rage of the elements, the combination of some most extraordinary and unexpected circumstances, the failure of some of his Lieutenants or Mareschals; or finally, the obstinacy of the general opposed, who, by mere dint of stupidity, blundered into success through circumstances which should have insured his ruin,

From one end of Napoleon's works to the other, he has scarcely allowed himself to be guilty of a single fault or a single folly, excepting of that kind, which, arising from an over confidence and generosity, men secretly claim as merits, while they affect to give them up as matters of censure. If we credit his own word, we must believe him to have been a faultless and impeccable being, or else one that told his own story with a total disregard to truth and candour, where his own reputation was concerned.

Perhaps it was a consequence of the same indifference to truth, which induced Napoleon to receive into his favour those French officers who broke their parole by escape from England. This, he alleged, he did by way of retaliation, the British government having, as he pretended, followed a similar line of conduct. The defence is false, in point of fact, but if it were true, forms no apology for a sovereign and a general countenancing a breach of honour in a gentleman and a soldier. The French officers who liberated themselves by such means, were not the less dishonoured men, and unfit to bear command in the army of France though they could have pointed to similar examples of infamy in England.

But the most extraordinary instances of Napoleon's deceptive system, and of his determination, at all events, to place himself under the most favourable light to the beholders, is his attempt to represent himself as the friend and protector of liberal and free principles. He had destroyed every vestige of liberty in France; he had persecuted as ideologists all who cherished its memory; he had boasted himself the restorer of monarchical government; the war between the Constitutionalists and him, covered, after the return from Elba, by a hollow truce, had been renewed, and the Liberalists expelled from the capital; he left in his Testament, the appellation of *traitor* with La Fayette, one of their earliest, most devoted, and most sincere chiefs. Yet, notwithstanding all this constant opposition to the party which professes most to be guided by them, he has ventured to represent himself as a friend of liberal ideas! He has done so, and he has been believed.

There is but one explanation of this. The friends of revolution are upon principle the enemies of ancient and established governments—Napoleon became the opponent of the established powers from circumstances, not because he disputed the character of their government, but because they would not admit him into their circle—and though there was not and could not be any real connexion betwixt his system and that of the Liberalists—yet each loved in the other the enemy of their enemies. It was the business of Napoleon in his latter days, to procure, if professions could gain it, the sympathy and good opinion of any or every class of politicians; while, on the contrary, it could not be indifferent to that to which he made advances, to number among their disciples, even in the twelfth hour, the name of Napoleon. It was, as sometimes happens in the Catholic church, when a wealthy and powerful sinner on his death-bed receives the absolution of the church on easy terms, and dies after a life spent in licentious courses, wrapt up in the mantle, and girded with the cord of some order of unusual strictness. Napoleon thus living a despot and a conqueror, has had his memory consecrated and held up to admiration by men who term themselves emphatically the friends of freedom.

The faults of Buonaparte, we conclude as we commenced, were rather those of the sovereign and politician, than of the individual. Wisely is it written, that if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. It was the inordinate force of ambition which made him the scourge of Europe, it was his efforts to disguise that selfish principle, that made him combine fraud with force, and establish a regular system for deceiving those whom he could not subdue. Had his natural disposition been coldly cruel, like that of Octavius, or had he given way to the warmth of his temper, like other despots, his private history, as well as that of his campaigns, must have been written in letters of blood. If, instead of asserting that he never committed a crime, he had limited his self-eulogy to asserting, that in attaining and wielding supreme power, he had resisted the temptation to commit many, he could not have been contradicted, and this is no small praise.

His system of government was false in the extreme. It comprehended the slavery of France, and the subjugation of the world. But to the former he did much to requite them for the jewel of which he robbed them. He gave them a regular government, schools, institutions, courts of justice, and a code of laws. In Italy, his rule was equally splendid

and beneficial. The good effects which arose to other countries from his reign and character, begin also to be felt, though unquestionably they were not of the kind which he intended to produce. His invasions tending to reconcile the discords which existed in many states between the governor and governed, by teaching them to unite together against a common enemy, have tended to loosen the feudal yoke, enlightened the mind both of prince and people, and lead to many admirable results, which will not be the less durably advantageous, that they have arisen and are arising slowly, and without contest.

In bidding adieu to the subject of Napoleon, we are called upon to observe that he was a man tried in the two extremities, of the most exalted power and the most ineffable calamity; and if he occasionally appeared presumptuous when surrounded by the armed force of half a world, or unreasonably querulous when imprisoned within the narrow limits of St. Helena, it is scarce within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle path of life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist.

TALES OF INDIAN LIFE.

The Natchez, an Indian Tale, by the Viscount Chateaubriand.
The Prairie, a Tale, by the author of the Spy, the Pilot, &c.

[From the London New Monthly Magazine.]

The tales which we have classed together, afford a striking example of the effect produced, by styles the most strongly contrasted, upon similar themes. Both refer to a subject abounding in sources of interest and beauty, and containing all the elements which a master of romance can require to form the most magnificent or affecting pictures. In any state of society, the habits of the American Indians, at once so picturesque and so simple, must be an object of attention and regard to all who have any share of that restless curiosity which excites us to scrutinize the boldest varieties of our nature, or any extensive sympathy for its primal virtues. But it is in a state of the highest polish and refinement, that the mind turns with most intense longing, from the feverish agitations and fading pleasures of which it is weary, to races of men who have held converse with nature for ages; whose passions and joys are untamed by the arts of civilization; and

to the vast solitudes, amidst which they have struggled and died unseen. To such tribes, and to such scenes, both the writers before us have resorted for their materials; both exhibit regions of the same lonely grandeur, and celebrate the same heroic virtues, and terrific energies; both treat of hair-breadth 'scapes, long journeyings in the desert, high self-sacrifice, and contempt of pain and the grave; and both, therefore, appeal, in the last resort, to the same chords of admiration and love, and appeal with irresistible force;—but there is vast difference between the intellectual qualities of their works. Each is perhaps the extreme of its own style: the work of the accomplished Frenchman being at the height of the poetical romance, when it verges on the florid; that of the American presenting an instance of practical truth, literal almost to coarseness. The first gives the picture, not indeed divested of its own characteristic attributes, but as seen through the medium of a sensitive mind, coloured with the hues of fancy, and embossed with illustrations derived from the stores of observation and learning; the last presents the naked and healthful aspects of nature; set only in the light of common day, full of vigour, animation, and rude greatness. It may be worth while to throw out a few remarks on each of these styles, as applied to prose fiction, and as exemplified by the remarkable compositions of the authors before us.

The ornamented style of romance is an imperfect kind of poetry—imperfect not only in the absence of metre, but in the want of that compression and distinctness which it is the duty of the poet to sustain, and which metre tends to secure. When it is genuine, it is inspired by an enthusiastic and heightened feeling, which, like the passion that produces eloquence, justifies its figures and fantasies to a reader of kindred spirit, though it wants the calm majesty of poetry, produced by a mind in tranquillity reflecting on its own past emotions, and harmoniously arranging the reflective riches of thought. When it is happiest, it always finds among the young, and those who through life preserve something of the spirit of youth, an answering regard, because it presents to them such a view of society or solitude; of the solemnities of life and death; of heroism or suffering, as they themselves have taken in some happy moods—only, it may be, more distinctly made out and coloured with greater richness. Inferior as this effect is, in extent, to that of “imagination all compact,” which is for all ages and times, for the gay, or the heartbroken, it is still productive of good where it is felt; for the picture not only dazzles but softens. It belongs to the great struggle of the

better part of our nature after something fairer and more harmonious than the world in which we are breathers can show; and if the same mastery is not assumed over the untractable elements which the true poet maintains, still the strength put forth is not lost; and sometimes the failure itself is a proof of the nobleness of the design. If the mortal struggle of high passions is rather figured than embodied, it at least gives us a sense of undefined power in our nature, and makes us "feel that we are mightier than we know." If the forms of the universe are not impregnated with thought and feeling, they are at least steeped in a gentle light of fancy, which gives to them a visionary softness. Thus the writer of romance

"Transforms for us the real to a dream;
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

His gifts are not so precious as the "sober certainty of waking bliss," with which the true poet endows us; but they are not, therefore, undeserving our gratitude. If, in the haze which he sheds over our nature, something is lost, the nobler parts stand out more clearly defined in their true proportions. With him, dangers are the sport of heroic minds; the changes of fortune seem insignificant when compared with the ebb and flow of the passions; life is only valuable as the period of generous actions; and death, "a shadow thrown softly and lightly from a passing cloud."

The tale of the "Natchez" is one of the best specimens of this class of composition;—extravagant and fantastical, yet all written evidently on impulse, in the heat of excited fancy—full of conceits and barbaric ornaments, which however, no more delay its course than the bubbles and eddies impede a rapid stream. At first the style seems quaint; the allusions appear far-fetched and strange; and the reader inclines to lay aside the book as a piece of frigid glitter; but when once he is drawn into the current he finds himself irresistibly carried along to the close. He soon understands that there is a heart beneath the wild garb with which the whole is invested. Its catastrophe is drawn from the massacre of the French by the Indians of Louisiana; but this horrible event is not shown in its details; and the main incidents of the story, though sometimes of fearful interest, are generally redeemed from all that is merely shocking. Amidst its striking pictures of savage daring and vengeance, a vein of human feeling runs, which we never lose,—developed in the adventures of a young Frenchman, who has carried with him a rooted melancholy into the wilds, and who renders all connected with him

wretched. He is beloved by Celuta, a lovely and simple-hearted Indian girl whom he marries; but the curse seems to hang over him; his thoughts are not with her; and, amidst all the strange vicissitudes of the tale, she is shown bearing up against this sense of estrangement with a painful cheerfulness, while her ungracious husband is scarcely less an object of pity. We cannot remember any picture of feminine devotedness more truly pathetic than that which is presented by the whole course of this unconscious heroine. Her character sheds a redeeming light on the whole sad history, and even mitigates its closing horrors. The latter scenes in which her character rises in feminine boldness and majesty, are conducted with great dramatic skill, and painted in dark and solemn colours. The massacre is devised by a disappointed lover of Celuta, chiefly in order to secure the death of her husband, and is arranged for a time when he is expected to return from a perilous mission with which he has been charged. Twelve reeds are deposited in the temple of the tutelary deity, one of which is to be burned each day, and when the last is gone the dreadful vow of the Indian chieftains is to be fulfilled. Celuta learns the fatal secret, and resolves to steal the reeds, in hope to throw the plans of the conspirators into confusion, if not to shake their purpose, by the belief that their designs are displeasing to Heaven. She succeeds, after an adventure of extreme hardihood and danger, in obtaining all the reeds but three, which are beyond her reach, and arrives undiscovered at her tent. To her consternation, she finds that her partial success has only accelerated the blow, and rendered it more likely to fall on her husband, for the third day now is fixed for the slaughter, and on the third day he is expected home! Her intense anxiety during the interval; the sure indications of the approaching trial; and the alternation of hope and fear for the issue, are conveyed with appalling force. On the catastrophe itself we will not dwell; it is hardly to be told in a few words, and certainly requires all the mitigations of fancy, and all the consoling virtue which the mild heroism of Celuta imparts, to render it endurable to the reader. We now turn to "*The Prairie*," which belongs to an opposite class of romance, and is an extreme example of that class. Its very species may be regarded as new; and if it does not actually owe its origin to Sir Walter Scott, certainly owes to him the popularity which at present attends it. The object of this mode of fiction is not to invest persons and scenes with ethereal hues, but to detail heroic deeds and sufferings with the minuteness of a witness; to bring near to us the scenes

which lie in dreamy perspective, and to make them speak with their own natural power to the heart. The success of the writer depends on the fine tact with which he selects his materials from the true poetry of history and life, on the graphic skill by which he presents them to us, and on the gradations by which he enables us to believe in them as part almost of our own personal experience. In this, Sir Walter Scott has been most happy; he has made us feel romance not as a dream of childhood, but as interwoven in the tenor of existence; he has brought out the magic threads which are twisted in the web of our own being, and introduced us into the bosom of history. Mr. Cooper has, no doubt, taken his *cue* in some degree from the *Waverley Tales*; but that is all. His compositions belong to the same class, but are not farther imitations, and have no approach to mimicry. In variety of endowments he is greatly inferior to Sir Walter; but in the exercise of his own peculiar faculty—the power of simple description, he excels him. He has small portion of that sympathy with the beautiful; none of the delicacy, none of the humour, none of the chivalrous grace, which belongs to the novelist of Scotland; but his pictures of scenery are more vast, more vivid, more true. His works are the effusions of a man accustomed to study the mightiest forms of nature—not for the sake of any associations which the force of imagination has connected with them, not for the gratification of impregnating them with sentiment and thought, but for the sake of their own sensible grandeur. To him her colours and images “have no need of a remoter charm, by thought supplied or any interest unborrowed from the eye.” A sailor and an American, he has had noble opportunities of forming an acquaintance with her; and nobly has he used them. He is not her poet, but her secretary and copyist. His “*Pilot*” is truly a *Tale of the Sea*; —“native and endued into that element.” He makes us hear all the sounds of the water, from the gentlest ripple to the roar of the tempest; become conversant with all weathers and all signs of the deep; and discriminate every change of light cast on the waves. Compared to him our poets are fresh-water sailors, who know nothing of the matter; he alone gives us the plain but mighty truth. In the “*Pioneers*” how various and huge are his pictures of the mountains and forests, whose old silence man has just begun to disturb, and how insignificant do the encroachments of civilization appear amidst regions “consecrated to eldest time!” Here is the adventure of Elizabeth Temple with the panther, which glares out on us with all the animation of one of Landseer’s pictures; the magnificent con-

flagration of the woods; and the escape of the young lovers from the flame; and the festal death of the old Mohican in the cavern amidst the black vestiges of the fire, which is most heroic and affecting. His "Last of the Mohicans" is a succession of splendid scenes in the woods, more soft and luxurious than his former works, and perhaps of higher character than any of them; but all made out with the same spirit of literal accuracy in the detail, which however extraordinary may be the facts or manners portrayed, renders it almost as impossible to doubt their truth, as if we had ourselves seen them.

This naked and masculine power is put forth with at least equal force in "The Priarie," although the subject is less attractive. We have not here the ocean, in all its sublime varieties, ever prompting thoughts of mysterious awe; nor the fairy course of a rapid river, studded with green islands, and overhung with castellated rocks; nor the interminable shade of deep and untrodden forests; nor the quiet of mountains unvisited before by human footstep; but the interminable waste of huge meadows, covered by long grass, sublime only from their magnitude and their distance from human dwellings. Yet even these level wilds become interesting by the vividness with which they are presented; and the few relieving objects which are scattered through them with a daring parsimony, impress us with tenfold force. A single rock, which may serve a family for an encampment; a little hollow, marked only with one blasted tree, or a small grove of tangled underwood—which are scenes of some of the most striking of the events—stand out to view, and hold a place in the recollection as realities which we have visited on some long past journey. The persons are for the most part rude as the scenery, but they are marked with the same distinctness.—Of these, the most original are Ishmael Bush, one of the adventurers called *Squatters*, and his seven sons; a race ignorant, sluggish, slow, but of tremendous bodily strength and unwieldy size, and capable of being aroused into decision and energy. The predominance of the animal in frames so physically potent is almost grand, and the awakening of the faint sensibilities of the group, on the murder of one of the sons, is striking, as a proof that even in such as these the great instincts of nature cannot die. Few things in modern romance are finer than the journey which the family take in quest of the lost son; the mother withered, yet strung into energy, leading the way, till the marks of his blood are seen, and his huge corpse, yet convulsed with mortal struggle, is found in a brake, and buried by the parents in terrible si-

lence. In the result, it appears that the murder has been committed by Abiram White, the knavish uncle of the youth; and the Squatter, whose command is absolute, determines to put him to death, and carries his judgment into effect with a natural solemnity, which is most awful and impressive. As the criminal implores a respite in terms the most abject and piteous, he is left bound beyond all possibility of escape, on a narrow shelf of rock, with a cord suspended from a branch of willow, so that he must ultimately perish; and when the wagons stop at evening, his dying cries are heard from afar, and all is still. His sister and her husband, who had been his judge, return and bury him: at which scene the frozen apathy of the poor woman gives way—she weeps over the murderer of her son, and the pair pass on their miserable journey!

In noble contrast to these, is a brilliant portrait of a young Indian, like the Uncas of the Mohicans, most generous, graceful, and brave. One scene, in which, having fallen into the hands of cruel enemies, he is about to be tortured, but at the last moment, hears the distant approach of his own band, cleaves the skull of the executioner, cuts the thongs that bind him to the stake, dashes through his astonished foes, and reaches his countrymen unharmed, in contrast and rapidity stands out beyond all others. Among the whites is Paul Hover, a bee-hunter from Kentucky, quite a specimen of his race—bold, boisterous, coarse, and a little oppressive, as persons of loud voices and high spirits are apt to be in real life; a young officer in the American service, as well-behaved and insipid as a young officer should be; two fair ladies, one of whom is an exquisite blonde and the other a more exquisite brunette; and a certain Doctor Bat, or Battius, a naturalist travelling on an ass, who is an intolerable bore wherever he is found, and who proves abundantly that Mr. Cooper has not the least touch of the humorous in his genius.

But the most popular character of the whole will probably be that of the old Trapper, who is already familiar to Mr. Cooper's readers, as Hawkeye, the scout of the "Last of the Mohicans," and the Leather-stocking of the "Pioneers." This character is the most felicitous of the author's creations, and, having borne a good part in two previous novels, does not fall off in the end. The elements which are mixed in him are few and simple. But to the general traits of a passionate fondness for a roving life and sylvan freedom, entire coolness in the midst of danger, though with more sense of the value of life than the Indian heroes; and an almost paternal regard for the desolate and afflicted, wherever he meets them—he adds some

peculiar characteristics, which mark him for a personal regard. Amidst the exuberant bounty of nature, he has a painful sense of the least waste of God's creatures; the needless slaughter of birds, or the felling of trees, pains him like an affront to himself; and his quiet and reflective enthusiasm flows on in even tenor, in dangers, sufferings, and prosperity. In this work he is reduced in condition—"a warrior once, a miserable Trapper now,"—yet still he is strong at heart, and maintains a dignity amidst his privations. The last moments of his life, which has been bound together by natural piety, and extended far beyond the ordinary age of man, are worthy of its progress; we feel when he dies that we are parting from an old friend, and seriously lament that we can hope to meet with him no more in a future novel.

The merits of this and other works of the author are essentially national; their spirit, as well as their scenes, is American; and they belong to the infancy of a literature which may one day become gigantic. Their grasp and compass; their boldness and occasional coarseness; the strong sense of almost unlimited power which they betray, and the absence of all the blandishments of rhetoric and fancy, bespeak them the genuine productions of a new country rising on the confines of barbarism. They are the first true American novels. Brown, like Godwin, gathered his materials from his own mind; they are "all made out of the carver's brain," and therefore bear the impress of individual thought, not the stamp of any country or age. Washington Irving is English in his tastes and style, and even inclining rather to the more sentimental and delicate than the robust cast of feeling among us—But Cooper is a true honest American; his works, in more than one sense, do honour to his country; and they will not, we are sure, for that reason, be the less welcome in ours.

Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington; Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c. Philadelphia, reprinted, 1827. Two vols. in one.

WE have read at intervals, this medley of entertainment and instruction, and regretted at the close to part from so agreeable a companion as Sir Jonah. We trust he will continue to find "amusement for his winter evenings," in rummaging "his fragments of letters and papers;" and disburthening his memory of the accumulation of the various matter

which sixty years have brought together; so that according to our motto.

—————The mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

He informs us that he has prepared for the press another work, entitled "*Historic Memoirs of Ireland*;" and we may therefore consider the volume before us, as a sort of repository for the shreds and scraps which the dignity and importance of history excludes; but there is nevertheless much anecdote in it tending to develop the motives and conduct of many of the distinguished actors in the perilous times through which Ireland has passed; which may be considered as the shading of the picture drawn by history; much allowance, doubtless, is to be made for the prejudices of private friendship, and political connexions; but where shall we look for exemption from these influences in cotemporaneous history? They enter more or less into every detail, and discolour, in some degree, the stream of history however remote.

Sir Jonah has lived through an eventful period, and mingled with the most interesting society, for several generations, of a nation marked with features of a striking and peculiar nature, and with discretion enough steadily to advance his fortune, without loss of character; and moreover to maintain himself unhurt through revolutions in which the lives and fortunes of multitudes of his contemporaries have been ineffectually sacrificed.

It must, however, be confessed that many of his stories, particularly of by-gone days, are too marvellous for belief in the present; but let it be remembered that his age brings up a-fresh all the colouring which youth, without the power of discrimination, gave them, and that as the incidents of mature age fade away from the recollection, those of early years assume a brighter glow. Thus Nestor gave superhuman powers to the heroes who flourished in his youth, and old men, given to talk or write of the events of their early days have generally followed his example, although it must be regretted, more in prose than poetry.—In all remote insular countries the progress of civilization is but slow. The passions are to be tamed only by the cultivation of the intellect; but wherever they have the ascendancy, both virtues and vices are of a more striking character. Hence Ireland, whose gentlemen of fortune and education, waste their influence abroad, presents to us scenes which, although difficult for us to realize, may be no less true. The Irish deal much

in hyperbole; and extravagance of expression is as well understood at its true value there as in France: where a common acquaintance is actually *ravished* with delight to see you, and cannot possibly exist a moment longer without your charming society. Sir Jonah has arranged his sketches under appropriate heads, so that the reader is not obliged to read more than may please him, nor to recollect more than is agreeable or convenient. We subjoin, as illustrative of the manners of the seventeenth century, the story of the author's great aunt, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the length of which precludes at this time further comment or extract. The story cannot be curtailed in justice to the author or reader, and its great interest will atone for its length.

"A great aunt of mine, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose husband, Stephen, possessed the castle of Moret, near Bally-Brittis and not very far from Cullenagh, did not fare quite so well as my great-grand father, beforementioned.

"She and her husband held their castle firmly during the troubles. They had forty good warders; their local enemies had no cannon, and but few guns. The warders, protected by the battlements, pelted their adversaries with large stones, when they ventured to approach the walls; and in front of each of that description of castles, there was a hole perpendicularly over the entrance, wherefrom any person, himself unseen, could drop down every species of defensive material upon assailants.

"About the year 1690, when Ireland was in a state of great disorder and no laws were really regarded, numerous factious bodies were formed in every part of the country to claim old rights, and take possession of estates under legal pretences.

"My uncle and aunt, or rather my aunt and uncle (for she was said to be far the most effective of the two,) at one time suffered the enemy (who were of the faction of the O'Cahils, and who claimed my uncle's property, which they said Queen Elizabeth had turned them out of,) to approach the gate in the night-time. There were neither out works nor wet fosse; the assailants, therefore, counting upon victory, brought fire to consume the gate, and so gain admittance. My aunt, aware of their designs, drew all her warders to one spot, large heaps of great stones being ready to their hands at the top of the castle.

"When the O'Cahils had got close to the gate, and were directly under the loop-hole, on a sudden streams of boiling water, heated in the castle coppers, came showering down up-

on the heads of the crowd below: this extinguished their fire, and cruelly scalded many of the besiegers.

“The scene may be conceived which was presented by a multitude of scalded wretches, on a dark night, under the power and within the reach of all offensive missiles. They attempted to fly; but whilst one part of the warders hurled volleys of weighty stones *beyond* them, to deter them from *retreating*, another party dropped stones more ponderous still on the heads of those who, for protection, crouched close under the castle-walls: the lady of the castle herself, meantime, and all her maids, assisting the chief body of the warders in pelting the Jacobites with every kind of destructive missile, till all seemed pretty still; and wherever a groan was heard, a volley quickly ended the troubles of the sufferer.

“The old traditionists of the country often told me, that at day-break there were lying above one hundred of the assailants under the castle walls—some scalded, some battered to pieces, and many lamed so as to have no power of moving off: but my good aunt kindly ordered them all to be put out of their misery, as fast as ropes and a long gallows, erected for their sakes, could perform that piece of humanity.

“After the victory, the warders had a feast on the castle-top, whereat each of them recounted his own feasts. Squire Fitzgerald, who was a quiet easy man, and hated fighting, and who had told my aunt, at the beginning, that they would surely kill him, having seated himself all night peaceably under one of the parapets, was quite delighted when the fray was over. He had walked out into his garden outside the wall to take some tranquil air, when an ambuscade of the hostile survivors surrounded and carried him off. In vain his warders sallied—the squire was gone past all redemption!

“It was supposed he had paid his debts to nature—if any he owed—when, next day, a large body of the O’Cahil faction appeared near the castle. Their force was too great to be attacked by the warders, who durst not sally; and the former assault had been too calamitous to the O’Cahils to warrant them in attempting another. Both were therefore standing at bay, when to the great joy of the garrison, Squire Fitzgerald was produced, and one of the assailants, with a white cloth on a pike, advanced to parley.

“The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. ‘I’m a truce, lady!—Look here (showing the terrified squire,) we have your husband in hault—yee’s have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we’ll change, if you please: we’ll render the squire and you’ll render the keep; and if yees won’t do that

same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour."

"Flag of truce!" said the heroine, with due dignity and without hesitation; "mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle; they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of Truce! I *won't* render my keep; and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet."

"The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt, Elizabeth.

"This magnanimous lady, after Squire Stephen had been duly cut down, waked and deposited in a neighbouring garden, conceived that she might enjoy her castle with tranquillity: but, to guard against every chance, she replenished her stony magazine; had a wide trench dug before the gate of the castle; and pit-falls, covered with green sods, having sharp stakes driven within, scattered round it on every side—the passage through these being only known to the faithful warders. She contrived, besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the *Peccata Hibernia*, or any of the murderous annals of Ireland: it consisted of a heavy beam of wood, well loaded with iron at the bottom, and suspended by a pulley and cord at the top of the castle, and which, on any future assault, she could let down through the projecting hole over the entrance;—alternately, with the aid of a few strong warders above, raising and letting it drop smash among the enemy who attempted to gain admittance below, —thereby pounding them as if with a pestle and mortar, without the power of resistance on their part.

"The castle-vaults were well victualled, and at all events could safely defy any attacks of hunger; and as the enemy had none of those despotic engines called cannon, my aunt's garrison were in all points in tolerable security: Indeed, fortunately for Elizabeth, there was not a single piece of ordnance in the country, except those few which were mounted in the Fort of Dunnally, or travelled with the king's army: and, to speak truth, fire-arms then would have been of little

use, since there was not sufficient gun-powder among the people to hold an hour's hard fighting.

"With these, and some interior defences, Elizabeth imagined herself well armed against all marauders, and quietly awaited a change of times and a period of general security.

Close to the castle there was, and I believe still remains, a dribbling stream of water, in which there is a large stone with a deep indenture on the top. It was always full of limpid water; and called St. Bridget's Well,—that holy woman having been accustomed daily to kneel in prayer on one knee, till she wore a hole in the top of the granite by the cap of her pious joint.

"To this well, old Jug Ogie, the oldest piece of furniture in Moret Castle, (she was an hereditary cook,) daily went for the purpose of drawing the most sacred crystal she could, wherewith to boil her mistress's dinner; and also, as the well was naturally consecrated, it saved the priest a quantity of trouble in preparing holy water for the use of the warders.

"On one of these sallies of old Jug, some fellows (who, as it afterwards appeared, had with a very deep design lain in ambush) seized and were carrying her off, when they were perceived by one of the watchmen from the tower, who instantly gave an alarm, and some warders sallied after them. Jug was rescued and the enemy fled through the swamps; but not before one of them had his head divided into two equal parts by the hatchet of Keeran Karry, who was always at the head of the warders, and the life and soul of the whole garrison.

"The dead man turned out to be a son of Andrew M'Mahon, a faction-man of Reuben; but nobody could then guess the motive for endeavouring to carry off old Jug. However, that matter soon became developed.

"Elizabeth was accounted to be very rich,—the cleverest woman of her day, and she had a large demense into the bargain: and, finding the sweets of independence, she refused matrimonial offers from many quarters: but as her castle was, for those days, a durably safe residence, such as the auctioneers of the present time would denominate a *genuine undeniable mansion*, the country squires determined she *should* marry one of them, since marry willingly she would not—but they nearly fell to loggerheads who should *run away* with her. Almost every one of them had previously put the question to her by *flag of truce*, as they all stood in too much awe of the lady to do it personally, and at length, teased by their importunities, she gave notice of her intention to hang the next flag of truce who brought any such impudent proposals.

"Upon this information, they finally agreed to decide by lot who should be the hero to surprise and carry off Elizabeth, which was considered a matter of danger on account of the warders, who would receive no other commandant.

"Elizabeth got wind of their design and place of meeting, which was to be in the old castle of Reuben, near Athy. Eleven or twelve of the squires privately attended at the appointed hour, and it was determined that whoever should be the lucky winner, was to receive the aid and assistance of the others in bearing away the prize, and gaining her hand. To this effect, a league offensive and defensive was entered into between them—one part of which went to destroy Elizabeth's warders, root and branch: and, to forward their object, it was desirable, if possible, to procure some inmate of the castle, who, by fair or foul means, would inform them of the best mode of entry: this caused the attempt to carry off old Jug Ogie.

"However, they were not long in want of a spy: for Elizabeth, hearing of their plan from the gassoon of Reuben (a nephew of Jug's) determined to take advantage of it. "My lady," said Jug Ogie, "pretend to turn me adrift in a dark night, and give out that my gassoon here was found robbing you—they'll soon get wind of it, and I'll be the very person the squires want—and then you'll hear all."

"The matter was agreed on, and old Jug Ogie and the gassoon were turned out, as thieves, to the great surprise of the warders and the country. But Jug was found and hired, as she expected; and soon comfortably seated in the kitchen at Castle Reuben, with the gassoon, whom she took in as kitchen boy. She gave her tongue its full fling,—told a hundred stories about her "devil of a mistress,"—and undertook to inform the squires of the best way to get to her apartment.

"Elizabeth was now sure to learn every thing so soon as determined on. The faction had arranged all matters for the capture:—the night of its execution approached:—the old cook prepared a good supper for the quality—the squires arrived, and the gassoon had to run only three miles to give the lady the intelligence. Twelve cavaliers attended, each accompanied by one of the ablest of his faction, for they were all afraid of each other, whenever the wine should rise upwards.

"The lots, being formed of straws of different lengths, were held by the host, who was disinterested, and the person of Elizabeth, her fortune, and Moret Castle, fell to the lot of Cromarty O'Moore, one of the Cremorgan squires,

and, according to tradition, as able-bodied, stout a man as any in the whole county: The rest all swore to assist him till death; and one in the morning was the time appointed for the surprise of Elizabeth and her castle—while in the meantime they began to enjoy the good supper of old Jug Ogie.

“Castle Reuben had been one of the strongest places in the county, situated in the midst of a swamp, which rendered it nearly inaccessible. It had belonged to a natural son of one of the Geraldines, who had his throat cut by a game-keeper of his own; and nobody choosing to interfere with the sportsman, he remained peaceably in possession of the castle, and now accommodated the squires with it during their plot against Elizabeth.

“That heroic dame, on her part, was not inactive; she informed her warders of the scheme to force a new master on her and them; and many a round oath she swore (with corresponding gesticulations, the description of which would not be over agreeable to modern readers,) that she never would grant her favours to man, but preserve her castle and her chastity to the last extremity.

“The warders took fire at the attempt of the squires. They always detested the defensive system; and probably to that hatred may be attributed a few of the robberies, burglaries, and burnings, which in those times were little more than occasional pastimes.

“Arrah! lady,” said Keeran Karry, “how many rogues ’ill there be at Reuben, as you larn, to-night?—arrah!”

“I hear only four-and-twenty,” said Elizabeth, “besides the M’Mahons.”

“Right a’nuff,” said Keeran, “the fish in the Barrow must want food this hard weather; and I can’t see why the rump of a rapparee may not make as nice a tit-bit for them as any thing else.”

“All then began to speak together, and join most heartily in the meditated attack.

“Arrah! run for the priest,” says Ned Regan, “may be you’d like a touch of his reverence’s office first, for fear there might be any sin in it.”

“I thought you’d like him with your brandy, warders,” said Elizabeth, with dignity; “I have him below: he’s praying a little, and will be up directly. The whole plan is ready for you, and Jug Ogie has the signal. Here, Keeran,” giving him a green ribbon with a daub of old Squire Fitzgerald, who was hanged, dangling to the ribbon, “If you and

the warders do not bring me their captain's ear, you have neither the courage of a weasel, nor—nor" (striking her breast hard with her able hand) "even the revenge of a woman in you."

'Arrah, be asy, my lady!" said Keeran, "be asy! by my sowl, we'll bring you four-and-twenty pair, if your ladyship have any longing for the ears of such villains."

'Now, warders," said Elizabeth, who was too cautious to leave her castle totally unguarded, as we are going to be just, let us be also generous; there's only twenty-four of them, besides the M'Mahons will be there. Now, it would be an eternal disgrace to Moret, if we went to overpower them by numbers: twenty-four chosen warders, Father Murphy and the corporal, the gassoon and the piper, are all that shall leave the castle to-night; and if Castle Reuben is let to stand till day-break to-morrow, I hope none of you will come back to me again."

"The priest now made his appearance; he certainly seemed rather as if he had not been idle below during the colloquy on the leads; and the deep impressions upon the bottle which he held in his hand, gave grounds to suppose that he had been very busy and earnest in his devotions.

'My flock!" said Father Murphy, rather lispingly.

'Arrah!" said Keeran Karry, "we're not sheep to-night: never mind your flocks just now, Father! give us a couple of glasses a piece!—time enough for mutton-making."

"You are right, my chickens!" bellowed forth Father Murphy, throwing his old black surtout over his shoulder, leaving the empty sleeves dangling at full liberty, and putting a knife and fork in his pocket for ulterior operations:—"I forgive every mother's babe of you every thing you choose to do till sun-rise: but if you commit any sin after that time, as big even as the blacks of my nele, I can't take charge of yeer sows, without a chance of disappointing you."

"All was now in a bustle:—the brandy circulated merrily, and each warden had in his own mind made mince-meat of three or four of the Reuben faction, whose ears they fancied already in their pockets. The priest marked down the "De profundis" in the leaves of his double manual, to have it ready for the burials:—every man took his skeen in his belt—had a thick club, with a strong spike at the end of it, slung with a stout leather thong to his wrist; and under his coat, a sharp broad hatchet with a black blade and a crooked handle. And thus, in silence, the twenty-five Moret warders set out with their priest, the piper, and the gassoon with a cop-

per pot slung over his shoulders, and a piece of poker in his hand, on their expedition to the castle of Reuben.

"Before twelve o'clock, the warders, the priest, Keeran Karry, and the castle piper, had arrived in the utmost silence and secrecy. In that sort of large inhabited castle, the principal entrance was through the farm-yard, which was, indeed, generally the only assailable quarter. In the present instance, the gate was half open, and the house lights appeared to have been collected in the rear, as was judged from their reflection in the water of the Barrow, which ran close under the windows. A noise was heard, but not of drunkenness;—it was a sound as of preparation for battle. Now and then a clash of steel, as if persons were practising at the sword or skeen for the offensive, was going forward in the hall; and a loud laugh was occasionally heard. The warders foresaw it would not be so easy a business as they had contemplated, and almost regretted that they had not brought a less chivalrous numerical force.

"It was concerted that ten men should creep upon their hands and feet to the front entrance, and await there until, by some accident, it might be sufficiently open for the ferocious rush which was to surprise their opponents.

"But Keeran, always discreet, had some forethought that more than usual caution would be requisite. He had counted on dangers which the others had never dreamt of, and his prudence, in all probability, saved the lives of many of the warders. He preceded his men, crawling nearly on his breast; he had suspected that a dog overheard them, and a bark soon confirmed the truth of that suspicion, and announced the possibility of discovery. Keeran, however, was prepared for this circumstance; he had filled his pockets with pieces of bacon, impregnated with a concentrated preparation of *nux vomica*, then, and at a much later period, well known to the clergy and spirituals, I cannot tell for what purpose, nor shall I here inquire. Its effect on dogs was instantaneous; and the savoury bacon having rendered them quite greedy to devour it, it had now an immediate effect on two great mastiffs, and a wolf-dog who roamed about the yard at nights. On taking each a portion, they quickly resigned their share of the contest without further noise.

"Keeran advanced crawling to the door; he found it fast, but having listened, he soon had reason to conjecture that the inmates were too well armed and numerous to make the result of the battle at all certain.—He crept back to the hedge—and having informed the warders of the situation in which

they were placed, they one and all swore they would enter or die. The priest had lain himself down under a hay-stack in the outer hay-yard, and the piper had retired nobody knew where, nor in fact did any body care much about him, as he was but a very indifferent chanter.

"Keeran now desired the warders to handle their hatchets, and he prepared for an attack so soon as they should see the front door open and hear three strokes on the copper kettle. The gassoon had left that machine on a spot which he had described near the gate, and Keeran requested that, in case of any fire, they should not mind it till the kettle sounded. He then crawled away, and they saw no more of him.

"The moments were precious, and seemed to advance too fast. At one o'clock a body armed possibly better than themselves, and probably more numerous, would surely issue from the castle on their road to Moret, well prepared for combat. The result in such a case might be very precarious. The warders by no means felt pleased with their situation; and the absence of their leader, priest, and piper gave no additional ideas of conquest or security. In this state of things near half an hour had elapsed, when of a sudden they perceived, on the side of the hay-yard towards their own position, a small blaze of fire issue from a corn-stack—in a moment another, and another! The conflagration was most impetuous; it appeared to be devouring every thing, but as yet was not perceived by the inmates at the rear of the house. At length volumes of flame illuminated by reflection the waters of the river under the back windows. The warders now expecting the sally rubbed their hands well with bees' wax, and grasped tightly their hatches, yet moved not:—breathless, with a ferocious anxiety, they awaited the event in almost maddening suspense. A loud noise now issued from the interior of the house: the fire was perceived by the garrison—still it might be accidental—the front door was thrown open—and near thirty of the inmates poured out, some fully, others not fully armed. They rushed into the hay-yard—some cried out it was "treachery!" whilst others vociferated "accident!"—All was confusion, and many a stout head afterwards paid for its incredulity.

"At that moment the copper kettle was beaten rapidly and with force: a responsive sound issued from the house—the garrison hesitated, but hesitation was quickly banished; for on the first blow of the kettle, the warders, in a compact body, with hideous yells, rushed on the astonished garrison, who had no conception who their enemies could be. Every hatchet

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found its victim;—limbs, features, hands, were chopped off without mercy—death or dismemberment followed nearly every blow of that brutal weapon, whilst the broad sharp skeens soon searched the bodies of the wounded, and almost half the garrison were annihilated before they were aware of the foe by whom they had been surprised. The survivors, however, soon learned the cause (perhaps merited) of their comrades' slaughter. The war cry of "A Gerald!—a Gerald!"—a Gerald!"—which now accompanied every crash of the murderous hatchet, or every plunge of the broad-bladed skeen, informed them who they were fighting with:—fifteen or sixteen still remained unwounded of the garrison—their case was desperate. Keeran Karry now headed his warders. The gassoon rapidly and fiercely struck the copper, in unison with the sound of the fatal weapons, whilst the old and decrepid Jug Ogie, within the castle, repeated the same sound, thereby leading the garrison to believe that to retreat inside the walls would only be to encounter a fresh enemy.

"The affair, however, was far from being finished;—the survivors rapidly retired, and got in a body to the position first occupied by Keeran's warders. They were desperate—they knew they must die, and determined not to go alone to the other regions. The flames still raged with irresistible fury in the hay-yard. It was Keeran who had set fire to the corn and hay, which materials produced an almost supernatural height of blaze and impetuosity of conflagration. The survivors of the garrison were at once fortified, and concealed from view, by a high holly hedge, and awaited their turn to become assailants:—it soon arrived. From the midst of the burning ricks in the hay-yard a shrill and piercing cry was heard to issue, of "Ough, murther—murther!—the devil—the devil! ough, Holy Virgin, save me! If there is any mercy, save me!" The voice was at once recognised by the warriors of Moret as that of their priest Ned Murphy, who had fallen asleep under a hay-stack, and never awakened till the flames had seized upon his cloak. Bewildered, he knew not how to escape, being met, wherever he ran, by crackling masses. He roared and cursed to the full extent of his voice: and gave himself up for lost, though fortunately, as the materials of his habit did not associate with flame, he was not dangerously burned, although he suffered somewhat in his legs. No sooner did they perceive his situation, than the warders, each man forgetting himself, rushed to save their "clergy," on whom they conceived their own salvation entirely to depend. They now imagined that the

fight was ended, and prepared to enjoy themselves by the plunder of Castle Reuben.

"This was the moment for the defeated garrison:—with a loud yell of "a Moore! a Moore! a Moore!" they fell in their turn upon the entangled warders in the hay-yard, five of whom had been wounded and one killed in the first fray, whilst many had subsequently thrown down their hatchets to receive their pastor, and had only their spikes and skeens wherewith to defend themselves. The battle now became more serious, because more doubtful, than at its commencement. Several of the warders were wounded, and four more lay dead at the entrance to the hay-yard; their spirit was dashed, and their adversaries laid on with the fury of desperation. Keeran Karry had received two sword-thrusts through his shoulder and could fight no more; but he could do better—he could command. He called to the warders to retreat and take possession of the castle, which was now untenanted: this step saved them; they retired thither with all possible rapidity, pursued by the former garrison of the place, who however were not able to enter with them, but killed another man before the doors were fast closed. Keeran directed the thick planks and flag stones to be torn up, thereby leaving the hall open to the cellar beneath, as had been done at Moret. The enemy were at bay at the door, and could not advance, but, on the other hand, many of the warders having, as we before stated, flung away their hatchets, were ill armed. The moment was critical: Keeran, however, was never at a loss for some expedient; he counted his men; five had been killed in the hay-yard, and one just outside the walls; several others were wounded, amongst whom was the piper, who had been asleep. Keeran told the warders that he feared the sun might rise on their destruction, if something were not immediately done. "Are there," said he, "five among ye, who are willing to swap your lives for the victory?" Every man cried out for himself—and I!—I!—I!—echoed through the hall. "Well!" said Keeran, who without delay directed five men and the gassoon with the copper kettle, to steal out at the back of the castle, creep through the hedges, and get round directly into the rear of the foe before they attacked; having succeeded in which, they were immediately to advance beating the vessel strongly.—"They will suppose," said the warlike Keeran, "that it is a reinforcement, and we shall then return the sound from within. If they believe it to be a reinforcement, they will submit to mercy: if not, we'll attack them front and rear—and as our numbers are pretty equal, very few of us

on either side will tell the story to our childer! but we'll have as good a chance as them villains."

"This scheme was carried into immediate execution, and completely succeeded. The enemy, who were now grouped outside the door, hearing the kettle in the rear, supposed that they should be at once attacked by a sally and from behind. Thinking that they had now only to choose between death and submission, the mercy, which was offered, they accepted;—and peep-o'day being arrived, the vanquished agreed to throw their arms into the well—to swear before the priest that they never would disturb, or aid in disturbing, Lady Elizabeth, or the castle of Moret,—that no man on either side should be called upon by law for his fighting that night; and finally, that the person who had succeeded in drawing the lot for Elizabeth, should deliver up the lock of his hair that grew next his ear to testify his submission: this latter clause, however, was stipulated needlessly, as Cromarty O' Moore was discovered in the farm-yard, with nearly all his face cut off, and several skeen wounds in his arms and body. Early in the morning, the dead were buried without noise or disturbance, and both parties breakfasted together in perfect cordiality and good-humour: those who fell were mostly tenants of the squires. The priest, having had his burnt legs and arm dressed with chewed herbs by Jug Ogie, said a full mass, and gave all parties double absolution, as the affair was completed by the rising of the sun. The yard was cleared of blood and havock; the warders and garrison parted in perfect friendship, and the former returned to the castle, bringing back Jug Ogie to her impatient mistress. Of the warders, thirteen returned safe; six remained behind badly wounded, and six were dead. Keeran's wounds were severe, but they soon healed; and Elizabeth afterwards resided at Moret to a very late period in the reign of George the First. Reuben soon changed its occupant, M' Mahon, who was hanged for the murder of his master: and that part of the country has since become one of the most civilized of the whole province.

"I have given the foregoing little history in full, inasmuch as it is but little known, is strictly matter of fact, and exhibits a curious picture of the state of Irish society and manners in or about the year 1690."

For the Port Folio.

ON SILK WORMS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Public attention having been attracted to the subject of Silk Worms and the manufacture of Silk, by a resolution offered in the House of Representatives of the United States, by Mr. Miner, a member from Pennsylvania, I was induced to examine some notes, which I made at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, in 1804. These, with a few general remarks, I now communicate to you; if you consider the communication worthy of an insertion in the Port Folio, it is at your disposal.

Respectfully, E. CUTBUSH.

Washington City, 7th September, 1827.

Silk, in natural history, may be considered the production of the different species of caterpillar; but the article, known in commerce by this name, is produced generally from that species of insect, which has been called *Bombyx Mori*, a moth or *Phalæna*, belonging to Linnæus' Third order of Insects, "Lepidoptera;" an order of insects with four wings, which are covered with imbricated squamulæ, and the mouth spiral. The *Sphinx* and the *Papellii* genera, are of this order.

It is this insect which is most frequently propagated in Europe, Asia, and Africa to obtain silk for the manufacturers. Though the silk of the *Bombyx Mori* excels that of other moths in its abundance, pliability, and brilliancy, as well as in the facility of reeling it, yet the *Phalæna Atlas* of Linnæus, produces, in China, very large cocoons, and their silk is remarkably strong; being, however, difficult to reel, it is commonly *spun*. The genus of moths includes a number of species, divided into assortments by some naturalists, according to their different habits. The natives of the interior of Bengal, breed as great a number of that species called *Phalæna Cynthia* or *Arrindy* silk worm, as they do of the common silk worm. Its caterpillar is very large, and, it is said, feeds voraciously on the leaves of the common *Ricinus*, or *Palma Christi*; on this, probably, the common silk worms would likewise subsist, instead of the white mulberry, which has hitherto been considered their most appropriate nourishment.

The cocoons of the *Phalæna Atlas* are described as being remarkably white and soft, but the filaments, of which they are composed, are so extremely delicate, that it is impracticable to wind them off; they are therefore spun like cotton; a cloth of very great durability is produced from this species of silk, so durable, indeed, that the life of one person is not sufficiently long to wear out a garment of it. It therefore

often descends from a mother to her daughter. It must always, however, be washed in cold water. Another silk worm is likewise found in Bengal, called the "Tussach" or *Phalæna Paphia*; this is found in such abundance over many parts of Bengal and the adjoining provinces, that the natives from time immemorial, have been supplied abundantly with a coarse, dark coloured silk, which is very durable, and is called "Tussach doot'hies," which are much worn by the Bramins, and other sects in India. But, at the present day, the produce of the *phalæna mori* is that which is most highly prized in Europe.

The insect, which produces this important article for the manufacturer, is a whitish moth, with a broad pale-brown bar across each of the upper wings. The larva, or caterpillar, as it is generally called, when it arrives at maturity, is from two to three inches in length, and of a yellowish gray colour, having a horn-like process on the last joint of the body; it usually feeds on the leaves of the white mulberry, but when these cannot be procured, it will subsist on those of the black. I mention this on the authority of Marshall, who states, that there is but one species of the mulberry tree, *native of America*, and, "as the American mulberry has been found, upon trial, to answer well for the purpose of raising silk worms, and as it grows spontaneously and plentifully in many parts of those states, it is presumed that many of the inhabitants might profitably apply their attention to the culture of silk."

It is the opinion of many, that the white mulberry is absolutely necessary for this species of *phalæna* to subsist on; but I have been informed, that they will live on the leaves of *lettuce*, whether the *lactuca virosa*, by some called *elongata*, or the *lactuca sativa*, is the most proper food, I am not prepared to answer definitely.—I obtained the information at Malta. Should it be found that either will answer for nourishment, there will be no difficulty in providing for their wants at all seasons of the year. Or, if by experiment, it should be ascertained that the *ricinus communis* will afford an appropriate nourishment, I see no reason why any difficulties should exist, to prevent this branch of rural economy from flourishing.

The *phalæna bombyx* generally remains in its larva state from five to six weeks, and during that period it casts its skin four times; at each mutation, the constitution of the insect appears to suffer more or less; it loses its appetite, or voluntarily abstains from food. When full grown, it ceases to feed, and commences the formation of an envelopment of silken fibers, and then a closer covering, forming an oval silk-

en case, which is called in Italy "bozzolo," and in other places a "cocoon." In this case, it remains in a chrysalis state, from fifteen to twenty days, and then appears under a new, and more attracting form. Generally, on the same day that the phalæna emerges from the silken cell, the important operation of propagating the species commences; after copulation, it is said that the males die, but the females live to deposit their eggs in a place of security, after which they likewise perish: such is the progress of the worm which contributes so largely to the gratification of luxury.

The imagination of some writers has led them to extol, beyond all grounds of belief, the foresight of silkworms. They have been represented as capable of foreseeing their dissolution, and preparing their funeral shroud; but this is not the case. Every link in the great chain of animated nature, has its fixed period of life, growth, and decay, preordained by the great First Cause. When these insects have attained their full growth, the reservoirs of that fluid, which was destined to cover them, during the last and most important mutation, become so distended, that the stimulus of necessity obliges them to evacuate it, and the cone is the result of that rotatory motion of the insect, which takes place during its ejection. They then, apparently, cease to live, that they may live a more glorious creature: who has not admired that class of insects called moths?

The breed of these useful insects has, for centuries, been propagated in India; and the manufacture of silk, was, for a very long period, confined to that portion of the globe, probably from the remotest ages. In Europe it was scarcely known before the time of Augustus. Silk was brought from China at an enormous expense, manufactured by Phœnicians, and sold for its weight in gold. The conquests by the Scythian tribes, during the reign of Justinian, interrupted this commerce. Europe, however, became indebted to the enterprise of two Persian monks, for the introduction of this important article of trade; they had the address to convey the eggs of the bombyx, from China to Constantinople, concealed in the hollow of a cane, which laid the foundation for the culture of this branch of industry in Europe, in the year 555. Roger, king of Sicily, introduced the manufacture of silk into that island, in the year 1130, by forcibly carrying off weavers from Greece and establishing them in Sicily; where, to the present day, the cultivation of the silk worm is a favourite object of rural economy. From Sicily, the raising of silk worms, and the manufacture of silk, were carried to Italy, thence to France,

and the manufacture of silk in Great Britain followed the edict of Nantz.

Various articles of dress, manufactured from silk, from being ranked among the greatest luxuries, are now worn by almost every class of citizens. The emperor Aurelian resisted the earnest solicitations of his empress for a robe of silk, as being *too costly*.

Henry II, of France, wore silk stockings, for the first time, on the marriage of his sister to the duke of Savoy, in 1559. And in the reign of Henry III, in 1575, silk stockings were considered *too gay*. In 1569, the privy counsellor, Barthold Von Mandelsloh, was rebuked by the Margrave, John of Castrin, for wearing silk stockings on other days, except Sundays and holydays.

On the *hatching*, and the general management of the silk worm, I cannot refer to any authority, in our language, which will supersede an Essay by Robert Lawry, Esq. of Siena, communicated to the American Philosophical Society by Mr. Jefferson. I would, however, remark, that the custom, which prevails in many parts of Italy amongst the females who attend to the silk worms, of forcing the operations of nature by carrying the eggs in their bosoms on woollen cloths, day and night, is not considered by the generality of observers so correct, as to permit the embryo to expand into existence according to the impulse of nature; premature births, furnish a weakly stock.

It appears very necessary to attend to the period when the worm goes to the bosco, a name given to the bundles of sticks or brush, which are placed in the rooms for the worms to attach themselves to, when they commence the formation of the cocoons to prepare for their transmutation. All do not go to the bosco on the same day, consequently it becomes necessary to ascertain the period when the cocoons should be taken from the bosco for their silk or for breeding; if permitted to remain too long, the transmutation will be complete, and the bombyx will eat its way *through* the cocoon, and destroy it for the manufacture of staple silk. Some Italians will inform you that, in these selections, they can decide which cocoon contains the male or female. This only can be determined by close attention, and long experience. It is necessary, however, to attend to it, for the preservation of the breed. Those cocoons which are intended for the manufacturer, should be submitted to the heat of an oven, or the action of a powerful sun, to deprive their inhabitants of life. As to the period, when they are to be removed from the

bosco, this must depend on those circumstances which experience and practice may furnish; if they have been prematurely forced, six days; if not, in nine or ten days. The appearance of the cocoon, with respect to firmness and colour, must be the guide.

The mode of preparing the silk from the cocoons, is a very important part of the business of those who are engaged in this branch of industry. It appeared to me to be attended with so many difficulties, that it could not be carried on profitably in our country. I have no doubt, however, should the manufacture be encouraged, that the genius of my countrymen will soon improve on the modes practised in Italy, Sicily, and France.

Silk, when reeled from the cocoon, is naturally covered with a kind of varnish, or gummy substance, and sometimes tinged of a yellowish colour, which must be removed before it is manufactured or dyed. This colouring matter is not essential to the silk. It may be removed by the action of a weak alkaline ley soap, alkahol, or diluted acids, particularly the muriatic. This, when added to alkahol, forms the composition discovered by Beaume for this purpose. Silk is not soluble in water or alkahol, but strong solutions of alkali decompose it, and ammonia is evolved. It is rendered yellow by nitric acid, and nitrogen gas is disengaged, and according to some experiments of Berthollet, oxalic and prussic acids have been formed. It may be decomposed by heat, and resolved into the usual animal products.

The collection of so great a number of insects in a confined situation, we might naturally conclude, would frequently be attended by disease, which is the case with manufacturers confined in ill ventilated workshops. They are subject to disease and premature death; and why should these insects be exempted, which have been accustomed to a pure air, and confined to no aliment, except that which pleases their palate? It is a fact, that disease sometimes originates and spreads with so much rapidity, as to destroy all the hopes and calculations of the rural economist; therefore in those countries, where silkworms form a principal branch of their agricultural product, much attention is paid to the preservation of their health. In some years, without any foreseen cause, the hopes of the cultivator have been destroyed in a few days. Experience, however, has convinced those who are largely engaged in this business, that the air of the apartments, in which the silk worms are raised, is the most common cause of their diseases, and has consequently led them to pay more attention

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to ventilation and cleanliness, to destroy the deleterious gas which emanates from the refuse leaves and excrementitious matters which collect in their stanze or rooms. In some parts of Italy and Sicily, the cultivators were in the habit of smoking the apartments, and burning various perfumes. They objected to ventilation in consequence of the uniformity of the temperature being destroyed, which is considered of great consequence to the worm in its progress and mutations. This temperature is usually marked on most Italian thermometers at nineteen degrees, or *vermi di seta*, in France, according to Reaumur's scale sixteen degrees, which corresponds with about seventy degrees of Fahrenheit. They have likewise observed that the odour of the greater part of the plants used in fumigation incommodes the worms.

The disease to which these insects are subject, whilst living in communities, generally commences about the *fourth mutation*. They become languid, refuse their subsistence, discharge a large quantity of glutinous liquid excrement, of a yellowish-green colour. Some have red spots on their skins; numbers die, and their bodies become covered with a mould which assumes the appearance of chalk. As the disease advances, the symptoms become more dangerous: those worms which had the red spots on their skins, by degrees lose their natural colour; their bodies become black, and pass quickly to the state of putrefaction. This appears to be the highest grade of the disease. The success, which had been obtained in many cases, by immersing the diseased worm in vinegar, induced signor Paroletti of the Academy of Turin, to employ the gas which had been recommended by Guyton Morveau, for disinfecting air, which was attended with great success; either by destroying the miasmata, generated in the apartments, or by stimulating the vital energy of these little animals. Such was the confidence placed in this remedy, when I was in Sicily in 1804, that it became a common subject of conversation, and it was considered of so much importance to those engaged in this branch of rural economy, that the plan of treating the disease was communicated to the *Agricultural Society* of the Department of Siena. From thence it appeared in the *Biblioteca Italiana*; in the *Giornale Italiano*, and in the *Bullettino della Societa Filomatica*. The communication was entitled "*Sull' uso dei suffumigi d'acido muriatico ossigenato, per disinfettare l'aria delle stanze dove si allevano i bachi da seta.*" The author of this communication being a native of the country where the raising of silk worms forms one of the principal objects of their agricultural

products, and having attended particularly to the study of this part of rural economy, deserves our confidence; and I will therefore detail the mode of using this gas which he adopted. He mixed in a small glass vessel, about six grains of the black oxide of manganese, reduced to powder, and a small portion of the nitro-muriatic acid, which disengaged an oxygenated gas, of a pungent odour. During the extrication of the gas, the vessel containing the ingredients was carried through the various parts of the room, occasionally adding a small quantity of the materials, as the gas diminished. This operation was continued for about a quarter of an hour, taking care to restrain the extrication of the gas within proper limits, according to the delicate nature of the insect. In two days, Paroletti remarks, the disease disappeared, and the worms in the rooms, where he first used it, went "happily" to the bosco. It was likewise remarked, that the quantity of silk was more abundant in proportion to the number of worms remaining. In short, he remarks, that the *cocoons* in other rooms, which were better exposed than that in which he made his first experiment, were found of a dark colour, containing the chrysalis in a state of putrefaction; in these the gas was likewise beneficial.

Another experiment was made in a room which contained some hundreds of silk worms which were attacked with a disease which caused them to become transparent and of a yellowish colour. In this the gas was likewise effectual in removing the malady.

I have heard, that those persons, who are engaged in attending on silk worms, are sometimes attacked with dangerous fevers. Three considerable establishments were abandoned, in consequence of the mortality which prevailed among the people employed, and the proprietors were induced to change the cultivation of the mulberry for other productive articles.

The gas which has been recommended for the treatment of these insects, had been used many years previous, in a more concentrated state, in crowded hospitals, prison ships, and supposed infected places. A difference of opinion, however, existed, as to the propriety of using it, in consequence of the great irritation which it produces in the lungs. It is necessary to state, that this effect depends very much on the quantity of gas permitted to escape in a room; which the French and Italians guard against by having vials properly constructed and secured, so as to permit only a small quantity to be extricated. It is true, that it is a pungent, suffocating gas, being

the chlorine of the present day, which ought always to be cautiously used in confined situations.

In examining the habits of the various tribes of insects, so diversified, and replete with industry, the attentive observer will be furnished with an inexhaustible source of agreeable reflection, and useful instruction. Even the thread of a caterpillar may elevate his mind to the Author of the Universe, and oblige him to confess the wisdom and goodness of that ADORABLE MIND, which has traced out to every insect his little circle, by the same unerring law that he has marked out for each planet its proper orbit. "When, therefore," says the great, and good Bonnet, "I see an insect working on the construction of a nest or cone, or behold a chrysalis, I am seized with respect, because, I am beholding a sight, where the Supreme Artist is concealed behind the scene."

For the Port Folio.

Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence.

IN the Archæologia, vol. xxi, part 2, there is "an Inventory of the Effects of sir John Fastolfe, communicated by Mr. Amyot," which, to the illustrators of Shakspeare, cannot fail to be of interest. It is universally known that Fastolfe was a man of some consequence, but this account of his effects shows that he must have been excessively wealthy.* In gold and silver he left £2,643, 10. The value of his plate was immense, and his wardrobe would throw the most refined modern dandy into despair. As an example of the personal property of a man of rank in the reign of Henry VI. this article is of some importance.

Mr. Gilchrist is about to publish a volume entitled "Unitarianism Abandoned, or reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with the description of religious professors who designate themselves Unitarians!"

Miss Edgeworth has a volume of Dramatic Tales in the press, designed for young people.

General Foy's manuscript History of the War in the Peninsula, with a political and military view of ^{or in the} Europe from 1789 to 1814, is announced for early publication.

A volume of original correspondence between Edmund Burke and his friend, French Lawrence, Esq. LL. D. is announced.

The Hon. Thomas de Roos, R. N. has published a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with

some important remarks on the state of the American maritime resources. This young gentleman availed himself of a month's furlough from his station at Halifax, to pay a visit to this country. He arrived at New York, where he "pushed on" with little delay, through Philadelphia and Baltimore, to the city of Washington. There he remained two days; when he "pushed" back again, with the same celerity: went to Albany, thence to Boston, where he embarked for Eastport, having been less than three weeks on American ground. Of course, the information collected in so rapid a tour could only be vague and superficial. Yet although the book betrays its defects on every page, it has been hailed with rapture by the English critics. It is a tissue of falsehood and ignorance, not surpassed by Faux and Ashe. The author undertakes to speculate on the probable duration of our union, and sets out by informing his readers that in the United States every man has a vote in the election of the president. Such is the "important information" which honest John Bull greedily swallows!

Mr. Cooper's last production—the *Prairie*, seems to have been well received in London. "The scenes of these vigorous and not uninteresting volumes," say the reviewers in the *Monthly Magazine*, "lie far away beyond the limits of civilization, to the west of the American settlements, beyond even the "father of waters," amidst the wild and howling wastes, the world of Æolus, unscreened by the forests and mountains of the north, succession of hill and vale, endless and countless, like the heaving waves of ocean on the first subsidence of a storm—the hunting grounds of hostile tribes—countries yet undescribed—to describe which, is the writer's main object, and one which he successfully accomplishes." After a brief sketch of the story, the review concludes with the following remarks upon the most prominent personage in the tale:—"The favourite character is the old trapper; he is one of nature's master-pieces; untarnished by the vices of society, unenlightened, or rather unobscured by the fancies of speculation, and indebted for his wisdom solely to his sheer experience and a reasoning brain. He is at times exceedingly prosing—associating so long as he has done with Indians, he might have learnt to condense his thoughts a little closer. Though sententious enough, he is very far from laconic. His debates with the naturalist, who is a mere philosopher on system, an atheist, and gambler, though meant to put philosophy to shame, completely fails, and solely from his making the representative of philosophy an ass. The

chiefs of the two tribes are pieces of vigorous painting—the lines are all too broadly marked: but with all the writer's efforts to exhibit, *en beau*, the delights of freedom, and the absence of the shackles of society, the only effect is to make us bless ourselves in our own security."

Our new journal does not fare so well as Mr. Cooper's novel in the hands of the English critics. The *Monthly Review*, one of the oldest and most respectable of the British periodicals, says of the "American Quarterly Review" that "it is as dull a work of the kind as any that we know of. It is heavier even than the 'Westminster,' when burthened by the lucubrations of Jeremy Bentham. The American editor obtained, by some chance, a sight of the two first volumes of sir Walter Scott's forth-coming work on Napoleon, from which he has given copious and very mediocre extracts." This opinion is founded upon the first number, the only one that had reached the hands of the reviewer. The second and third, which have since appeared, will not shake his decision. The anonymous editor of the *American Quarterly*, commenced his career with lofty pretensions—disparaging others, while he modestly asserted *his own* "high literary reputation," and magnified "the talent, erudition, and science" of his auxiliaries; but we think he has accomplished a prodigious failure. As the great poet remarks, though in a different sense, our unknown is "a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note."

C. A. Lesueur has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a work on the Fish of North America, with plates, drawn and coloured from nature. This work will be published at New Harmony, Indiana, in numbers, with four coloured plates in each, and the necessary letter press, containing the descriptions of the species represented. Twelve numbers will constitute a volume. Messrs. Tiebout and other artists from Philadelphia, who were occupied on the "American Entomology" are engaged for the work. Books with coloured plates, are generally beyond the reach of persons of limited means; but it is intended that the present work shall be adapted to the circumstances of all. The price to subscribers will therefore be forty cents each number.

Thomas Gordon, Esq. of Trenton, proposes to publish by subscription, an accurate map of the state of New Jersey, with part of the adjoining states; this map is compiled from original materials, procured from the most authentic sources, and where these failed, they have been supplied by actual surveys, so that no reasonable expense or pains have

been spared to render this map acceptable to the public. It is projected on a scale of three miles to an inch, forming a map of thirty-three by fifty-seven inches, on which is exhibited all the counties and townships in the state, with the waters, canals, roads, cities, towns, churches, mills, mountains, &c. in the most conspicuous manner; this work is now in the hands of a very skilful map engraver, and will be issued in October next.

The following is extracted from a letter from Paris:

"As I predicted, Scott's Napoleon has created a strong sensation, and is attacked by all parties; and the slightest errors in the work are seized with avidity. Some declare that sir Walter has not done justice to the character of Napoleon; others blame him for having, on the authority of Las Cases, given Napoleon credit for a virtue he did not possess. He was, they say, never affected at the sight of a field of battle, and galloped with the most careless indifference over the dead and dying. On the contrary, the sight gave him pleasure, for he merely viewed it in its political results. After the battle of Austerlitz, he rode over the field with one of his marshals; upwards of fifty thousand bodies were lying on the ground; Buonaparte, instead of expressing any sympathy for their fate, gayly exclaimed, *Eh bien! M. le Marechal, il y a eu une grande consommation aujourd'hui*. The documents relative to the 18th Brumaire are, I think, imperfect. The truth is, that the conduct of Bernadotte was noble and spirited in the extreme. When Buonaparte told him he was a prisoner,—“A prisoner!” he exclaimed, with an insulting sneer, “not one amongst you dare attempt to make me a prisoner; and you,” looking sternly at Buonaparte, “dare not even order it!” Buonaparte turned pale, and faltered, “I will take your word of honour;”—“which I will not give you.” Had Bernadotte been seconded, Buonaparte would the next day have been shot as a traitor.”

It is asserted, in the first volume of general Foy's posthumous *History of the Peninsular War*, that, during the administration of Godoy in Spain, England endeavoured to revolutionize Peru by means of colonel Burr.

The “Westminster Review” exhibits a curious instance of minute criticism in the article on Moore's *Life of Sheridan* when it asserts that this work, “on a moderate calculation” contains “2,500 similes, not to mention metaphors and figurative terms.” They are, indeed, profusely strewn; so much so, that the author seems to have been playing with himself the juvenile game of “what is my thought like” in

every sentence of his biography. The following figure is exceedingly ludicrous:—"Such were the arguments by which he affected to support his cause, and it is not difficult to see the eyes of the snake *glistening from under them*." What sort of argument could Mr. Moore invent which would make the eyes of a snake glisten? One of his countrymen, a barrister, once said—"there he stood, gentlemen of the jury, with his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile! Even this, however, has been surpassed in our own country, by a member of the bar of Baltimore, who, in discussing the merits of an assault and battery-case arising out of a dispute between two farmers whether a few trees were embraced by an old survey between their lands—exclaimed—"And what was all this *scrimmage* about, gentlemen? Why, because old Tom Cockey, who comes into court with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth,—wanted to ram his fist into my client's pocket, and wire-draw three live oak trees out of his teeth!" This worthy counsellor yet lives, and we trust, he will not be displeased at seeing himself in print, though it be at the expense of a laugh. Incongruous figures are not always to be avoided in the heat and tempest of an extemporaneous appeal to the passions of a jury, where the orator himself is frequently excited to the tone which he would infuse into his audience; but in a practised writer, addressing the world, from the solitude of his closet, they are unpardonable.

For the Port Folio.

We present our readers this month with a view of *Flat Rock Dam* on the Schuylkill, seven miles above Philadelphia. The name of Doughty is a sufficient voucher for its correctness, and we think it will be recognised as amongst the happiest efforts of the Lithography of the Messrs. Pendleton, of Boston.

A few years ago *Flat Rock Bridge* was the occasional resort of those of our citizens who preferred the romantic scenery of nature to the dusty rides in the neighbourhood of our city. The extensive water power obtained by the erection of a dam, by the Schuylkill Navigation Company, having attracted the attention of capitalists, several manufactories have been erected, and the village of Manyunk has arisen on a spot which, a short time ago, was covered with trees, and melodious with the notes of the feathered tribe.

Another view of the same landscape may be found in our July number, 1826.

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE.

M. DE BOUSSET relates the following extraordinary scene that took place in his presence a short time before the divorce was pronounced between Napoleon and the empress Josephine:—

“ I was on service at the Tuilleries from Monday, November 27th: That day, and the Tuesday and Wednesday following, I was struck with a great change in the looks of the empress, and the embarrassed silence of Napoleon. The only words he spoke during dinner were to ask me a few brief questions, the answers to which he appeared not to hear. On none of these days the dinner lasted more than ten minutes. On Thursday, the 30th, the storm burst. Their majesties sat down to dinner; Josephine wore a large white bonnet tied under the chin, which partly concealed her features; I could, however, perceive that she had been weeping, and with difficulty even then restrained her tears. She appeared to me like the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned during dinner. Napoleon and the empress merely tasted, for form's sake, what was served to them. The only words uttered were those addressed to me by the emperor. “ What kind of weather is it?” and as he pronounced them he rose from table and went into the drawing-room, the empress slowly following him. Coffee was brought in; when Napoleon, contrary to his usual custom, took the cup from the page, and made a sign that he wished to be alone. I immediately quitted the room; but feeling anxious and alarmed, I sat down in the *salon de service* (where their majesties usually dined) on a chair near the door of the emperor's drawing room. I was observing, mechanically, the servants clearing the table, when suddenly I heard the empress shriek in the most violent manner. The usher of the chamber, supposing that she had fallen into a fit, was on the point of opening the door, but I prevented him, saying that the emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary. I was then standing near the door, when Napoleon himself opened it, and perceiving me, said, in a hurried manner, “ Come in Bousset, and shut the door.” I entered, and saw the empress stretched upon the carpet, and uttering the most heart rending cries and moans. ‘ No, I shall never survive it,’ exclaimed the unfortunate woman. Napoleon said to me, ‘ Are you strong enough to take up Josephine, and carry her by the private stair-case, to her room, in order that she may receive the care and assistance that her situation re-

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quires?" I obeyed, and raised up the princess, who I supposed had fallen into a fit of hysterics. Aided by Napoleon, I took her in my arms, and he, taking one of the lights from the table, led the way through a dark passage towards a private staircase. On coming to the staircase, I observed to Napoleon, that it was too narrow to allow me to descend it with the empress in my arms, without the danger of falling. He immediately called the guardian of the portfolio, who was stationed night and day near one of the doors of his closet, which opened upon the landing of the private staircase. Napoleon gave him the light and told him to go on before him: he then took Josephine by the legs, and in this manner aided me to bring her down. At one moment, in consequence of my sword having got between my legs, we were all near tumbling down together. Fortunately, however, we descended without accident, and deposited our precious burden upon an ottoman in the bed-chamber. The emperor immediately rung for the empress's woman. When in the drawing-room above stairs I took the empress in my arms, she ceased her cries, and I supposed that she had fainted away; but at the moment when I became embarrassed by my sword in the middle of the private staircase, I was obliged, to keep us both from falling, to clasp her more closely. I held the empress in my arms, which were thrown round her waist; her back was against my breast, and her head reclining on my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts that I made to keep myself from falling, she said in a very low voice to me, "You squeeze me too much." I then judged there was nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not lost her senses for a single instant. During the whole of this scene I had been exclusively occupied with Josephine, whose situation affected me, and could not observe Napoleon; but when the women of the empress came, he passed into a small saloon contiguous to the bed-chamber, whither I followed him. His agitation and anxiety were extreme. In this moment of trouble he explained to me, in the following words, the cause of what had passed:—"The interest of France and my dynasty has forced my heart to act thus—divorce has become an act of rigorous duty for me. I am the more pained by *la scene que vient de faire* Josephine, as she must have been made acquainted three days ago by Hortense with the unfortunate obligation that compels me to separate myself from her. I pity her with all my heart—I thought her possessed of more character, and I was not prepared for this explosion of her sorrow."—In fact, the emotion that he felt, forced him to leave a long in-

terval between each phrase, in order to take breath. His words escaped him with difficulty and without connexion—his voice was stifled and faltering, and his eyes filled with tears. All this scene occupied from seven to eight minutes. Napoleon immediately after sent for the physician Corvesart, the queen Hortense, Cambaceres, and Fouché; and before going to his own apartment, he returned to that of Josephine, whom he found calmer and more resigned.”—*Bousset's Mémoires Anecdotiques*.

Inscription on the tomb of George Charles Canning, in Kensington Church Yard.—Written by his father the late Mr. Canning.

THOUGH short thy span, yet Heaven's unsearched decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
In chastening, merciful, gave ample scope
For mild redeeming virtues—Faith and Hope,
Meek Resignation, pious Charity;—
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path, removed with partial care,
Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade Earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye.
O! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies!
In youth, with more than Learning's wisdom wise,
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure,
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure;
Pure from all stain, save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away;
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit! to thy destined rest:
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

BEN JONSON AND THE FISH.

It was in *first* King James's days,
For so the story-teller says,
Ben Jonson, that dramatic wight,
Was dining with a jovial Knight:—
Fond of a song, or classick wit,
Ben, to a peg, his fancy hit;

For 'tis not always that we see
Rich men possess ability.
They oft refer to poorer folk
To lend their leaden brains a joke;
Then straight retail it through the town
And swear the wit was all their own.

The board was spread with goodly fare
Enough to make a poet stare:
The bard first made his choice of fish,
The knight soon helped him to his wish.
But scarce had Ben received his plate
Ere he began to scratch his pate,
And rising from his chair upright,
He bit his lips, as 'twere in spite:
Anon, just like a madd'ning elf
He'd inward mutter to himself:
In converse close did next appear,
Holding the Haddock to his ear,
And in a parley seemed to be
About some hidden mystery.
The Knight, on Ben now fix'd his eyes,
And staring on him with surprise,
He thought him frantic grown and wild—
Asked him if old Harry had beguil'd
Him of his wits—"Oh no, Sir!—no,
There is, Sir Knight, if you would know,
A secret 'tween this fish and me?
I asked him when he left the sea?"
The donor, loudly laughing cried,
"Pray tell us what the fish replied—"
"Three weeks, good Sir, his answer goes,
Nay only hold him to your nose,
For I have not the smallest doubt
But you will smell the secret out."

The Knight complied with his request
And found *the force of Jonson's jest.*

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.—No. XI.

To me, no heedless, listless, looker-on,
 The idle fashions of a thoughtless world
 Are pleasant.—Though my feeble voice swell not
 The hum of crowds, nor do I deem it wise
 To mingle in their scenes, I do not yet
 Forget my kind.—Lulled to tranquillity
 By charms which nature in a kindly mood
 Grants in profusion to the lover-breath
 Of youthful spring, I seek the grassy bank
 Of this clear brook.—I deem it not unwise
 To woo seclusion at the morning hour,
 What place along the hedge, the opening rose
 Peeps thro' the trembling dews, while all the wood
 Rings with the varied strains of gratitude
 Which nature's children breathe, as flutt'ring light
 From bough to bough, they make their duty pleasure.
 Driven by a thankless world to seek content
 In rural scenes, I sought and found her there.
 Much it solaces me with her to while
 In musings sweet an idle hour away,
 On gifts which God has lavished on mankind.—
 The last, the sweetest boon he gave to man,
 Was love.—In Eden's bowers the cherub first
 Was found.—What hour uncoffin'd ghosts steal out,
 To sit by new-made graves, or stand behind
 The village matron's chair, to imitate
 The clicking of the clock; or, yet more rude,
 Tap at the window of the dreaming maid,
 Or glide in winding sheet across the room,
 Borrowing the form which late her lover wore.
 Upon a moon-beam, at such silent hour
 The boy descended, and alighting soft,
 Chose for his throne the mild, blue eye of Eve!—
 On either pinion perched a fairy form
 To guide the arrows that in wanton mood
 The boy would hazard.—This, *Romance* was called
 And *Fancy* that—one plucked with busy hand
 Soft down from doves, and, artful, twined it round
 The arrow's head to hide from lovers' eyes
 The scorpion sting which barb'd the weapon's point:
 While that, with syren smile, a mirror showed,
 On whose smooth surface danced in angel robes
Perfection's form.—And ever from that night

The sportive twins attend the train of Love.—
Thus was the garden, first by Adam's voice
Called *Paradise*, and now what spot the boy
His transient visit pays, in wilderness,
Or bower, or palace, or the lowly shed,
Man names it *Paradise*, not erring much
In such a name.

Though oft the side long look,
The heavy sigh which speaks the anxious doubt,
The flitting blush which lights the virgin's cheek,
The mind abstracted from the present scene,
Eyes idly fixed, unconscious, on the hearth,
The trembling lip and melancholy mien,
Though these, no dubious signs, proclaim the boy
The city's visiter, he yet prefers
To hold his court by moon-light in the grove,
Or where the babbling brook winds through the wood,
Or where on shady side of sloping hill
The green vine creeps, or where innum'rous boughs,
Kissing each other's leaves just over head,
Keep the rude sun-beam from the lover's couch
The grassy bank.—Here Love his revels holds,
While every breeze blows health, and every wind
Which sweeps the maiden's locks, and shows new charms,
Makes music sweeter than Apollo's lyre.—
Sweet is the landscape, wild and picturesque
To him, the youth, whose glowing fancy paints
The love-crowned cottage as the seat of bliss.—
Sweet is the forest's twilight gloom, and sweet
The may-morn ramble! Sweet to pace along
The farm boy's path, which, winding through the wood
Leads to variety, within whose bounds
Alone is found the food which never cloy!
But sweeter far than brook, or walk, or wood,
Or may-morn ramble, or the evening stroll,
Far sweeter than imagination's stores,
The stolen interview with her he loves!
Sweet is the voice of nature to his ear
Long pained by list'ning to the tale of vice!
Sweet is the mock-bird's counterfeited note,
And sweet the humming of the busy bee!
Sweet is the distant bell at silent eve
Which guides the cow-boy where the cattle stray!
Sweet is the lengthened, still increasing sound
Of horn, which calls from meadow, wood, or field,

The wearied labourer to his healthful meal!
 The flute may cheat his melancholy mood
 Of many a fancied ill, and as its strains
 Float on the evening breeze, may gather mild
 And mellowing influence to his greedy ear,
 By mingling with the moon-beams, yet to him
 No note so musical, no strain so sweet
 As sighs which tell his fond, his doubting heart
 The love she would, but cannot hide from him!

No. XII.

The mists of Evening gather fast around;
 And, Silence, stealing from the forest's shade,
 Dwells in the village, while the feeble lights
 Successive, stream from every cottage window!
 Contented Villagers, your task is done!
 Sleep, rural inmate, presses on your lids,
 Smooths the straw pillow, and invites to dreams
 That cannot break your slumbers!—Haste ye then,
 And bind your wearied limbs in soft repose,
 While I, in wonted fashion, pace along
 The winding brook, or in the wood's dark depths,
 Seek a brief respite from tumultuous care!
 In vain!—Anticipation flies the mind
 By care depressed, and Mem'ry rushes in
 With all her train, and loves to tell of joys,
 Which once were wont to cheat the infant mind,
 Long since passed by—joys, never to return!—
 Scenes of my early years! there was a time
 I called ye up, successive to my mind,
 And still, with fresh delight, by Memory's aid
 Renewed your joys—It was a pleasure then,
 With Fancy's ear, to listen to the bell
 Releasing me from school, that I might fly,
 Of task regardless, to my infant sports,
 And mingle with my playmates—Or what time
 We rambled, heedless of the summer's sun,
 Or Father's threats, or Mother's anxious fears,
 To bathe in Schuylkill's stream, and turning home
 We loitered on the way, of evening dew
 Unmindful—or what time the summer's heats
 Gave a sweet respite to the Tutor's toil.
 A parent's love, studious at once of health
 And pleasure, wafted me to rural scenes

And rural sports—The shallow murmuring brook
Which skirts the village where a sister dwelt,
Would lure me with delusive windings on,
'Till I would seek the bosom of the wood—
Here, when the sun's last beams had streaked the west,
A sister's love would find me busied still,
And still unwearied by my fruitless toil,
With idle industry, with leaves and earth
Turning the rivulet's stream, and smiling oft
As the rude wall grew up beneath my hands!
There was a time when sweet remembrance brought
These simple scenes of innocence and joy
Before my eyes, and I remember well
With what delight of heart I welcomed them!
It was the pastime of a vacant hour!
And when they calmed my mind with silent joys
I did not hesitate to yield them up.
For I had pleasures in possession, far
Exceeding these—But long these joys have flown,
And recollection of my infant sports
But serves the contrast of the passing hour.
Heedless and gay, I was but yet a youth,
And grief and I were seldom combatants—
Full health, high spirits, and the song of Hope
Were mine, and when the morning of my life
Had passed, I still regretted not its flight—
For it had left my warm, untutored heart
Safe in the guidance of a valued one
Dear to my soul, as to the sea-boy's eye,
Close clinging to the shrouds, is break of morn
Which marks the boat-men hast'ning to his aid
While round the wreck winds howl, and billows dash—
But adverse storms have severed me from this
My warmest friend—long time my only one,
Still dear to me as life, and we may meet
No more on earth—In heaven such friends may join—
Life has its cares—less numerous are its sweets!
But it can number in its keenest pangs
None so afflictive as the cruel stroke
Which severs friends who still must sigh to meet,
And all its sweets are bubbles on the stream,
To one sweet smile whose home is in the heart!

No. XIII.

Who flies the City for the pleasant shades
 Of rural life, and hopes contentment there,
 Must needs bear with him to beguile the hours,
 Else tedious, food to satisfy the heart—
 For rural pleasures suit but rustic minds;
 Nor can Helvetia's landscapes, Tuscan airs,
 Or fabled fairy scenes which poets love
 To throw o'er Arcady, so wed some minds
 To solitude, but they will fondly call
 On recollection to renew the joys
 Of social life—Simplicity may charm
 And quiet tranquillize the sorrowing soul;
 The eye may feast on Nature's richest scenes,
 And nature's music sooth the greedy ear
 Of him whose early steps were taught to tread
 In academic bowers, but soon his heart
 Will sadden, eye be dim, and ear grow dull,
 From books an exile—Touched by thy light wand,
 Whose Attic spirit since unrivalled stands,
 Yorick! grief flies, and all her house of tears
 Dissolves—In frolic mood, when through the veins
 The warm blood hurries, if Le Fevre's tale
 Arrest the sparkling eye, the rising tear
 Rushes, and, trembling, dims the moistened page—
 Cowper! thy honest truths and nervous pen
 Will rouse just indignation on the state
 Where follies flourish and where vice takes root,
 And as thy master-pencil traces out
 The oak-crowned mountain, or the noisy mill,
 Crazy Kate, or thy mild guest, the timorous hare,
 The mind apes each strong text, and bodies forth
 Full in its eye the visions thou hast raised,
 Till fancy mocks reality's vain toil!—
 But most of all, my Shakspeare! greater thou,
 Far greater in my judgment than the Bard
 Whom seven cities claim, thy various page
 Delights—In pathos or in attic wit
 Yorick must yield to thee—To thee must yield
 Even in faithful penciling, and strong
 And deep-incision pen, not thou alone
 My Cowper! and the feeble train, who vain
 In their own fancies, idly grasp thy pen,
 But all of modern or of ancient days.
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The Grecian Orator may thunder down
 On coward heads his bolts of eloquence,
 And with enthusiasm drive them on
 To war with Philip, while thy greater art
 Pours forth from Antony's Hyblæan lips,
 Such words as could the Roman but have owned,
 On Cleopatra's couch he might have sunk,
 Regardless of his rivals, and at times,
 Not frequent, stepping forward, have amused
 The factious citizens and kept his world.
 The Lesbian poetess may sing her love
 In such bewitching notes, that classic tongues
 May praise the rust of time, which saved our youth
 From the perusal of her dangerous page,
 While thy fair Capulet, my Shakspeare, tells
 Her love, in strains, which reaching to the cave
 Of Anchorite, would light his aged eyes,
 Tempt him to leave his crutch, his herbs and scrip,
 And journeying forth to taste of love again.
 Homer may character, to nature true,
 The crafty Ithacan, or Pylian sage,
 And while we wonder, make us still confess
 That nature guides his pencil; but to me,
 An humble judge, Hotspur's impetuous mind,
 His ardent courage, and his traitor sword,
 Are truer yet to Nature;—and the knight,
 Lying and crafty, coward and a wit,
 Mean in adversity, in fortune bold,
 Rank thee as mental painter, high above
 The Grecian Bard,—second to thee alone!
Homer may charm the martial—*Sterne*, the gay,
Cowper the man whom simplest scenes can please,
 Each, as the various humour of the mind
 Prevails, may strike a chord in unison;
 But thou, my Shakspeare! nature's truest child!
 Be this thy chiefest praise—Thy various page
 No man can turn, but views a faithful sketch
 Of his own heart, and owns the pencil true!

No. XIV.

Ye, who have passed the period of youth
 Where, young Romance, the child of fancy, led
 Your idle footsteps in pursuit of love

O'er fields in May, with fresh-blown roses smiling,
Or, to the grassy margin of the brook
Where the young waters, eddying round the trunk
Of fallen oaks, make melancholy music!
Ye who have sought the wanton child in groves,
And built in solitude with fancy's fingers
The cottage for your fair one, while around
The breeze made sweeter rustling through the wood,
And vernal flowrets bloomed with brighter hues,
Tell me the hour extremest bliss was yours!
Or, if inclined to list a lover's tale,
My artless numbers, in seclusion flowing,
May touch a chord which winds around your hearts,
May chase oblivion from her drowsy watch
And wake remembrance into life again!
Then shall ye say, if ever love was yours,
That he the simple sea-boy, needs a storm
To make his home more pleasant—that the rose
Borrows fresh beauties from the rains of spring!
Then shall ye say, love loses half his charms
If short-lived quarrels be unknown to love!
Hard by a village, yet unsung by all
Save him, who first felt transport in its shades,
I found my Mary, dressed by Nature's hands.
The rose-bud bloomed upon her youthful cheeks,
Her blue eye sparkled, as the brilliant gem
Which yet unseen by avarice, lies neglected
By Peru's streams, shining through morning dews!
Her brown hair floated on her waving neck
Fair in itself—yet hiding fairer charms!
She was the idol of the villagers!
When from the field the star-light guided them
Each to his home, they minded not to leave
The nearest path to call at Mary's door—
With sweet civility, which loves to dwell
In hearts untainted by a tainted world,
Each offered to my girl a rustic boon,
Seeking no recompense but Mary's smile!
Yet they were not bewildered by her charms,
For when their lips had uttered her dear name,
Those lips would never tremble, and they gazed
Upon her eyes, heedless who saw them gaze!
And when her smiles proclaimed good-humour's reign
Within her bosom, I have seen them press
Her willing hand, heedless who saw them press!

Ye youthful lovers! say, could this be love?
I knew that Mary loved them not, and yet
I could not but be jealous, if she smiled
On aught but me; and when the flowers they brought
Had withered I have seen her throw them by;
Still while those flowers were fresh, they were not sweet
To me! I wished that every tongue should sing
The charms of Mary, yet their artless praise
Has tortured me, and made me yield one morn
So far to doubts, which love is wont to raise,
That, heedless of the bliss I hazarded
I called her false, capricious, striving e'er
To lure the simple rustic to her chains!
She smiled to see me jealous, but it was
The smile of innocence! she censured not,
But, turning from my tears, she sought the house
And left me firm in pride's delusive strength!
Such moments oft the ardent *lover* knows,
They mock the poet's pencil—else, inspired!—
It was a summer morn, and on I roved
O'er many a field—I strove to banish far
The image of my Mary from my heart—
Rambling, I combated with love and pride.
And while the latter, frowning urged me on
To seek amid the world a prompt relief
For every wound the archer's shafts had made,
I heard the whispers of deceitful love
Steal on my ears, and felt his silken chains
Twine tighter round me, at each step I urged
From Mary! I had wandered far from home!
The forest shades accorded with my mood,
And rushing in, a prey to keenest pangs,
I threw my weary limbs upon the grass—
A thousand feelings warred within my breast,
And restless, as I turned from side to side,
Now cursed my girl—now softly sighed her name!
The busy bee hummed by me, and my eye
Marking his flight, traced him from flower to flower,
And as he rested on a rose his wings
I thought on Mary, and in pain I sighed
“How near the honey is the hidden sting!”
The robin's whistle, which at early morn
My ears have eagerly drunk in, and which,
When Mary smiled, was sweetest music to me,
Had lost its pleasant measures—all its sweetness!—

I could not bear this warfare in my soul,
 But starting upward, pressed with hasty steps
 To cast my bursting heart at her dear feet
 And gaze again—though I should gaze on frowns!
 Where an old oak upon the meadow's bank
 O'erhangs its foliage, while its unclad roots
 Sip the fresh waters of the playful brook,
 I saw her seated—but I saw her there
 Unconscious she had strayed so near my haunt!
 What should I do ye lovers! where was pride?
 Where the firm purpose of a lover's heart?
 Could I but sue forgiveness at her feet?
 Should I have turned my trembling steps to slight
 The bliss which love had thrown upon my path?
 Ye! who have felt the rapture of such hours,
 Attend the question—yet remember too
 That Mary smiled, while I expected frowns!—

No. XV.

To the Memory of Alexander Hamilton.

In solitude, though rumour's aspen tongue
 May ring upon the ear her changing notes,
 Yet oft, like fleeting forms, which fancy calls
 To build the morning dreams which lovers know,
 They pass away, and faithless Memory bears
 But a faint impress of the idle sounds!
 Yet oft, when silence slumbers on the leaves,
 Intrusive rumour wakes me from my dreams
 With tales so mournful and so oft repeated,
 That e'en in solitude I may not choose
 But sorrow, and the heart, responsive still,
 Murmurs the melancholy tale to air!
 Oh! then, to startled fancy's sickened ear
 The morning music of the robin dies,
 The brook's pure waters stagnate in the course
 And the green foliage of the lofty woods
 Assumes a sickly cast—Suspicion then
 Steals to my ear, and whispers me to shun
 The harmless peasant, lurking near my haunts
 Intent on blood!—Contagion too takes wing
 From crowded streets, and flying on the breeze
 Rears many a sod, and rudely sculptured stone
 Within the grave-yard of the village church!—

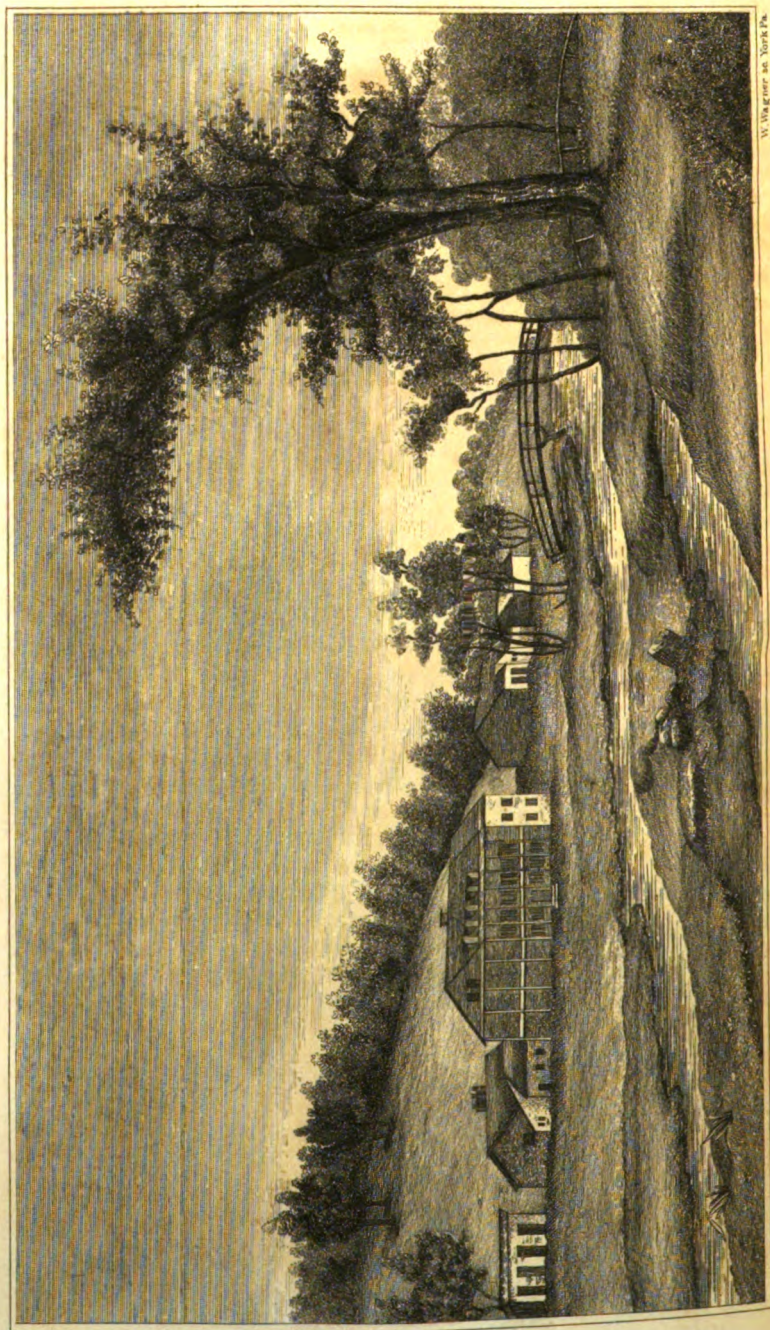
Rumour! with all thy hundred busy tongues
Thou canst not tell a tale so sorrowful
To pierce my country's heart, as that which late
The sighs of millions breathed upon my ear!
Oft may a parent while his orphans mourn
Sleep with his fathers in the quiet tomb;
Yet kind oblivion soon will chase the tear
From swelling lids;—for pleasure's burning beam
Dries sorrow's source, as I have often seen
The vernal brook escape from summer suns!—
Humanity has ceaseless cause to weep
For "*man was made to mourn*—" So sang the bard,
Whom when the Muses left their sacred groves
To claim the mortal who had stolen their lyre,
They found on Scotia's music gifted hills
Warbling a song of sweetest minstrelsy,
While round his plough the wondering peasants flocked!
Athens her *Orator*—her *Cæsar* Rome
Have mourned—o'er noble *Chatham* Albion weeps,
And Sparta's honours gather round the grove
Beneath whose turf *Leonidas* was laid—
These men were great and good, and merited
The fairest honours and the warmest tears!
Thou too, my Country! hast a debt to pay
Of which Peruvian mines were poor to rid thee!
No! let thy lips dwell ceaseless on the name,
Let thy warm tears bedew the yet green grave,
And let the laurels which thy love may plant
Thicken around the fame of *Hamilton*!
For he was thine and only thine, my country!
Thy fields attest his valour in thy cause,
Thy senate hung in rapture on his lips
Which poured as sweet a stream of eloquence
As Athens knew—Full many a sleepless night
His thorny pillow owned the sighs and tears
Which heaved and streamed for thee and thee alone!
And in that deed which laid his bosom bare,
As Honour whispered him, he lent an ear,
And, fancying, heard his Country claim his life!
Spirit of Genius! Oh! had I that glow
Of intellect, which late illumed thy soul,
And proved Promethean fire no fabled song,
I then should muse for friendship's partial ears
Strains not unworthy of thy bright'ning fame!
Yet to thy Country, still that fame is dear,

And *He* who formed thee good as thou wert great,
May prompt some pen to sketch each glorious deed
Which marked thy days—Then shall th' Historic Muse
Record thee as thou wert! Thy val'rous arts
Shall lead the youthful warrior to the field
Who still shall copy thee, and stay his sword
When Mercy sues—In academic bowers
When youth shall dwell upon that eloquence
Which Greece alone has rivalled, he shall feel
Ambition lighting all her glowing fires,
His heart shall throb—his feeble pulses swell,
His bright eye kindle, and with rapid glance
Dart on the page devoted to thy fame,
And as he gazes on the envied height
Which thou hadst early reached, he yet may deem
It well befitting his advent'rous flight
To seat him there—Some youthful *Solon* too,
Whom fate may lead to build an empire up,
Shall gather wisdom from thy luminous mind,
Which saw thy Country, even at its birth
Fast sinking to the tomb where states repose,
And nobly snatching it from Faction's grasp
Pointed the path to Honour and to Fame!
The page of History too with pride shall tell
That when the treasures of thy Country shone
Within thy easy grasp, they could not tempt
Thy noble soul!—Oh! it shall proudly say
“Lo! his gray hairs announced the hour of rest,
Yet poverty still claimed him as her child!”
The simple narrative which Truth shall tell,
Shall prove thy brightest, fairest eulogy!
Time, as he steals along, and ceaseless yields
Fictitious greatness to Oblivion's tomb,
Shall find thy fame superior to his power
And feed the splendour which encircles thee!
The foes of Virtue, Hamilton, were thine,
And thine, her dearest friends! She lessoned thee
When pleasure's syrens wantoned in thy path,
To fix thy steady eye on Honour's form,
And deem the hours misspent, which found thee not
Thy Country's *Mentor*, and she promised thee
The sweetest recompense for all thy toils
Which virtue gives, and souls, like thine desire!
For know, when truth shall dissipate the gloom
Which faction thickened to obscure thy fame,

That thou shalt find, wherever honour lives,
Hearts warm, lips busy, and remembrance prompt
To speak of one, whose bosom knew no guile!

No. XVI.

This is a summer's eye! The mellow wind
Sighs o'er the bosom of the dewy rose
As if to woo it from the sweet repose
In which it slumbers, whilst it bears along
Upon its fragrant pinions, lover-like,
The perfume of its tributary flowers!
The restless humming-bird has ceased his flight,
And, on the honey-suckle's velvet breast,
His nightly couch, amid the trembling dews
Awaits the breaking of the morning dawn.
The quiet brook, whose polished surface bears
The clear impress of over-arching oaks,
Steals by the meadow, fearful, as it were,
To break upon the stillness of the night!
The breath of love is every where abroad!
The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the grass
And softens all the scene, while all around
The gaudy fire-fly streams its meteor light
And now evanishes—now gleams again!
Poor idle insect! canst thou not discover
The wanton school-boy, with extended arms,
Breathless, and wand'ring eye, on tiptoe fixed,
Tracing thy devious flight, till on the leaf
In some unguarded moment, resting thee,
Thou gleamest, and finds't his little hand thy grave!
Alas! the fev'rish dream of passion's hour
Is often thus! and when repose is sought
The light returns, but oh! the heart is wrecked!



W. Wagner del. York Pa.

YORK SPRINGS, PA.

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

THE YORK SPRINGS.

[*With an Engraving.*]

IT has become so fashionable for persons to leave the busy scenes of the cities, during the hot months of the summer, for the purpose of breathing the salubrious air of the mountains or of enjoying the refreshing breezes of the shores of the Atlantic, that few, if any, whose situation will permit the indulgence, deny themselves the pleasure of this temporary relaxation from business. The practice is becoming more general, and it is attended with many advantages to individuals, as well as to the community at large. The merchant who has been devoted to business during the greater part of the year, needs some relief from his perplexing cares; and he finds it in an excursion to Cape May, Saratoga, the Falls of Niagara, or some of the springs among the mountains of Pennsylvania or Virginia; while the professional man returns from an excursion through the country, with his mind as well as his body invigorated by the exercise, and the intercourse which he has had with persons from different sections of the country. Money, as well as useful information, is thus circulated and diffused through different parts of the country. Sectional prejudices and peculiarities are in a great measure destroyed by the frequent and unrestrained intercourse between persons from different parts of the union, who meet at these places; by the citizens of the southern, the middle, and the northern states. Any information, therefore, with regard to the situation and advantages of one of these numerous places of resort, must be acceptable to readers in every part of the union.

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The York Springs, which form the subject of this article, and of which an engraving from a self-taught artist in their vicinity, is inserted in this number of the *Port Folio*, although not the most conspicuous among the watering places in the United States, possess many advantages and attractions which entitle them to notice.

These springs are situated in Adams county, in the state of Pennsylvania, but derive their name from the circumstance of their having been formerly included in the county of York. They are about one hundred and six miles west, or nearly west from Philadelphia, and about fifty-seven north from Baltimore, on the turnpike road from Baltimore to Carlisle, in a hilly though not mountainous country. There is not, perhaps, in the interior of Pennsylvania, a more healthy tract of country than that along the South Mountain or Blue Ridge; being well watered by streams, supplied from never failing springs which issue from the base of this mountain. Among the numerous streams of this description in the neighbourhood of the York Springs, are the Yellow Breeches, the Great and Little Conawaga, Mountain Creek, Latimor, and Bermudian. The Springs are on the east or left side of the Bermudian, and but a few rods from its bank. The water of the principal stream as analyzed by Dr. Cutbush, was found to contain sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and muriate of soda, and in the following proportions, to wit:—sixteen ounces of water contained twenty grains of sulphate of magnesia, six grains of sulphate of lime, and four grains of muriate of soda. The water of these Springs, although it contains but little fixed air, is not disagreeable to the taste, and may be drunk in large quantities, operating as a powerful diuretic, and a gentle cathartic; and when continued for several days, as a copious sudorific. There is, at a little distance from the principal spring, a chalybeate spring, which is found to contain two and one-fourth grains of iron to every pint.

The accommodations for visiters at these springs, though not as extensive as at many of the fashionable watering places in the United States, are very good. The principal house is commodious; the dining room is very large and airy; the chambers numerous, convenient, and very comfortably furnished. A large room used as a drawing-room, and sometimes as a ball-room, adjoins the dining-room, and forms, together with a broad piazza which extends round three sides of the house, a delightful promenade when the weather

is such as to prevent the enjoyment of the numerous romantic walks in the vicinity.

The woods and streams in the neighbourhood furnish an abundance of sport for such as are fond of fishing and fowling. A billiard-room, which is at some distance from the house, furnishes amusement and exercise for such as are addicted to that game; and the reading-room is well supplied with newspapers, periodical publications, and a handsome collection of books.

The York Springs, for many years, was a place of great resort during the summer months, but owing to the indifferent manner in which the house was then kept, the number of visitors became fewer every successive year, until at length they were nearly deserted. During the last two or three years the house has been well kept, by a Mr. M'Cash, from Baltimore, who spares no trouble or expense to make the situation of the visitors agreeable and happy, the reputation of the springs has greatly revived, and the number of visitors has annually increased.

There is not, perhaps, any establishment of the kind in the United States better kept at the present time, than that at the York Springs. It has the advantage over most other watering places of being situated near a most fertile and fruitful part of the country. A very extensive garden on the premises furnishes an abundance of vegetables of the best kind. The facility of procuring articles from Baltimore, is an advantage which it possesses over Bedford, Berkley, and many other watering places in the interior of the country.

There is now an additional inducement for strangers to visit this part of the country. A number of vineyards have within the last few years, been planted in the county of York, which are beginning to flourish and be productive. These vineyards are an object worthy the attention of every traveller. More than one hundred acres have been planted with grapes in the county of York, about thirty of which have come to such maturity as to produce ten barrels of wine to the acre; and it is supposed that when the vines are full grown, they will produce from twenty to thirty barrels to the acre. At the vintage of 1826, a little more than one hundred barrels of wine were made, and it is expected that more than double that quantity will be made in 1827. About twenty different kinds of grapes have been planted, the most of which appear to flourish exceedingly well. Unfortunately for the reputation of the wine made in York county, the first that was made, and the first and only wine that has been sold, or

offered for sale, was made by European "wine-growers," whose only business had been to plant and cultivate the grape. The wine which has been made since, by persons who have acquired some knowledge of the business, is of a superior kind, and wants but age to make it equal to the wines of Europe.

The turnpike road leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg passes through the fertile and wealthy counties of Lancaster and York, and crosses the Baltimore and Carlisle turnpike only seven miles from the York Springs. The accommodations on this road are equal if not superior to those on any road in Pennsylvania; and persons travelling from Philadelphia to the Bedford or Berkley springs, may take the York springs in their way, without any additional inconvenience or expense.

M.

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1. *Memoire sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de J. H. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.* Par L. Aimé-Martin, Accompagné des Lettres, &c. 8vo. pp. 497. Paris, 1826. London: Treuttel & Würtz.
 2. *Correspondance de J. H. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, précédée d'un Supplément aux Memoirs de sa Vie.* Par L. Aimé-Martin. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826. London: Treuttell & Würtz.

From the Monthly Review.

THE laborious object of these four volumes, which are published together, is to do honour to the memory of the author of the "Studies of Nature," and of "Paul and Virginia." The whole work has been composed and edited by the pious care of friendship; and M. Aimé-Martin is avowedly the eulogist and advocate of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Impartiality in his account of his hero is, therefore, neither pretended, nor to be expected; and, in forming an estimate of the personal character and genius of Saint-Pierre, the cautious reader will, of course, judge him rather by the recorded facts of his life, and the contents of his writings, than by the animated panegyrics and the partial criticisms of his biographer.

The single volume, containing the life of Saint-Pierre, which we have put first at the head of this article, appears to have been originally written and published by M. Aimé-Martin about six years ago; and it is now, by the rather whimsical transposition from which we have rescued it, converted into a fourth volume, to follow the correspondence;

and thus to stand *after* the supplement which had been written expressly to complete it. The fortunes of Saint-Pierre were singular; his career was adventurous and remarkable; and the story of its vicissitudes is sufficiently chequered with variety of incident. The memoir on his life, therefore, is a narrative of romantic interest, as well as of some literary curiosity; and we are surprised that this volume has not already been translated into English. There is, indeed, an evident disposition in the writer to heighten the dramatic effect of every situation into which his hero was thrown; his descriptions are always ambitiously drawn. His language is florid, and aims at poetical imagery; and his whole cast of opinion is by far too much overstrained, and too affectedly sentimental. A tone of exaggeration, in short, prevails through the whole memoir, both in the relation of facts and the expression of feelings; and we should hesitate to pledge our judgment, either upon the authenticity or soundness of all that is advanced in it. But the book is so written, as abundantly to produce that sympathy for the personal fate of the hero, which constitutes the lighter charm of all biography; and the narrative of his adventures is, perhaps, the more amusing, by reason of its having borrowed something of the vivid colouring and imaginative spirit of fiction. We are convinced, that if the volume, with some modifications, were clothed in an English dress, it would possess considerable attraction as a tale of human life, and that it would at least be read, as people read the common class of novels, for the excitement to be found in its story.

Whatever curiosity or interest may be ascribed to the memoir on the life of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the single volume with which it is occupied is assuredly the only part of M. Aimé-Martin's huge compilation, that possesses any particle of value. The letters have no intrinsic merit; and their contents have been robbed of all novelty, for they have been used or anticipated in the composition of the memoir. They relate little more than the circumstances of the writer's life, which his biographer has detailed with scrupulous minuteness. They display none of those graces of style, and beauties of description and imagery, for which Saint-Pierre's works are so remarkable. Still less do they, like his *Studies of Nature*, give us a pleasing insight into the enthusiastic temperament of his mind: they are for the most part confined to the description of his pecuniary grievances, and to the indulgence of the discontent provoked by the ill success of his affairs.

The motive or excuse of M. Aimé-Martin for offering to the world these three volumes of uninteresting letters, is explained in a long and tedious prefatory discourse, or 'Refutation,' as it is entitled. It appears that, since the original publication of Saint-Pierre's *Memoirs*, by M. Aimé Martin, a writer named Durosoir has contributed to the "*Biographie Universelle*," an article on the same subject, in which the character of Bernardin is studiously depreciated and vilified. Fired with violent and probably just indignation at this attack upon the memory of a revered friend, M. Aimé here undertakes to expose the malicious falsehoods of his slanderers; but instead of simply republishing his first work, with a refutation of the article in the *Biographie*, as the most natural course of proceeding, he has thought it necessary to print all the letters of Saint-Pierre which he could succeed in accumulating. We can warmly sympathise with that laudable anxiety for the fame of departed excellence, which it is the last duty of friendship to cherish: but we know that such zeal is too often injudicious and apt to defeat its own purpose; and, in the instance before us, we really cannot discover the service which the publication of this interminable correspondence can render to the memory of Saint-Pierre. The letters will never be read; or if even they should be, there is nothing in them to illustrate, as the partial biographer would fain persuade us, "the simplicity of the sage, and the virtues of the father of a family." M. Aimé would have done better to have suffered the personal character of his hero to rest upon the memoir which he had previously rendered of his life.

In that memoir, the biographer has, very naturally, been led by affectionate admiration, much to overrate the qualities of his idol. He would require us to believe him an example of the most exalted genius, and to number him, as a moralist, among the greatest benefactors of humanity. This pretension, it is needless to say, is only ridiculous. As a charming writer, of tender and glowing sentiment, his beautiful, though extravagant, tale of Paul and Virginia, will long cause him to be remembered; and his *Etudes de la Nature* offer higher indications of originality, both in elegant fancy and philosophical reflection. But the circumstances of his life did not develop, as the characteristic qualities of his mind, either sound judgment or the capability of forming practicable views of human improvement; and we allot to him the highest praise to which either his writings or his conduct can entitle him, when we distinguish him as an amiable enthusiast. But such

a sketch of his fortunes, as we can extract from M. Aimé's memoir, after making a proper allowance for the spirit of rhapsody in which it is composed, will perhaps give a better idea of the man than whole pages of criticisms on his writings.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was born at Havre, in Normandy, of respectable parents, in the year 1737. Even in early boyhood, he showed the warmth of imagination and love of ideal abstraction, as well as the passion for contemplating the works of nature, which marked his mental character throughout life. The piety of disposition, which was shown in the bent of his early tastes, was elevated, says his biographer, by the perusal of various religious works in his father's library; and the Lives of the Saints in particular, excited him to such a pitch of exaltation, that, when only nine years old, he left his father's house with the notable purpose of turning hermit, and consecrating a solitary life, like the anchorites of old, to the service of God. He was of course brought back to his home; and soon after this childish adventure, some volumes of voyages and travels gave a new current to his ideas. Robinson Crusoe was put into his hands; its pages were eagerly devoured, and its story haunted his thoughts and his fancy, by day and night. He identified himself—as what boy of imagination does not?—with the hero: he was transported, in delicious day-dreams, to the desert island, and lived himself through the same adventures, as the solitary. He went further in his reveries: he civilized the savages around him; and perhaps to the influence which that delightful fiction exercised upon his young mind, might be traced both the chimerical projects of his riper years, and the peculiar tone of his later writings.

In this romantic temper of his boyhood, his passionate impetuosity induced his parents to allow him to make a voyage to Martinique, with an uncle, who was master of a vessel; and the realities of a sailor's life, for a time, cooled his enthusiasm. On his return, he was placed in the Jesuit's college at Caen, where he distinguished himself by his successful application to study: but here again he was seized with another fit of romance, and was with difficulty dissuaded from professing himself a Jesuit, that he might embark as a missionary for India. Being weaned from this inclination, he entered the university of Rouen, gained its highest mathematical honours, and was, in consequence, induced, at the age of twenty, to become a candidate for appointment, first as a civil, and afterwards as a military engineer.

In this last capacity his public life began. During the Seven Years' War, he served in the engineer department with the French armies in Germany, where he deported himself gallantly, and was wounded. He was afterwards sent to Malta, with other engineers, to assist its knighthood in an apprehended siege by the Turks; but returning, after this false alarm, to France, he found himself thrown out of employment, and almost without the means of subsistence. In this discouraging state of his own affairs, he began to interest himself in the general welfare of his species; and about the year 1762, having succeeded in borrowing a small sum of money, he set off for Russia, with the rational ambition of seeking permission from the empress Catherine to found a republic upon the shores of the Black Sea! In this mad expedition, he encountered many adventures, and without money or letters of introduction, succeeded wonderfully in effecting his journey to Petersburg and Moscow. His simplicity of character, his pleasing address, and many able qualities, seem to have won him friends wherever he appeared:—and his imprudence or restless zeal, as regularly prevented him from deriving lasting profit from his good fortune. The moral atmosphere of Russia was any thing but the climate for his hopeful scheme of founding a republic; but Catherine distinguished him by her notice, and received him into her military service. This, however, he soon quitted in disgust, and was precipitated, by his enthusiasm for liberty, into new perils. Escaping to Poland, he offered himself a volunteer in the cause of her independence;—engaged in the civil war which aided foreign oppression, in desolating that unhappy kingdom;—fell desperately in love with a Polish princess, who first encouraged, and then dismissed him;—and finally returned to his native land, bankrupt in projects, and pennyless as he had quitted it, some four years before.

Saint-Pierre was now about thirty years of age, and had seen as much of the world as should have sufficed to dispel his Utopian dreams of becoming the founder of new states, and dictating the universal happiness of his species. Yet he was as pure a visionary as ever. His patrons, wearied by his perpetual solicitation of employment, at length procured him an appointment as engineer to the colony, which the French government were labouring to re-establish in Madagascar. Full of this new enterprise, he sold the little patrimony to which he had now succeeded by the death of his father, and expended the whole of it in preparation for his grand undertaking of civilizing the Eastern world. Books on legislation,

policy, natural history, navigation, mathematics, scientific instruments of various kinds, all were purchased, until he had no more to give. "But while," says his biographer, "he exhausted his purse for the wants of the new colonial republic, and prepared to teach so many nations to live in abundance, he found that he was himself without shirts;" and even the necessary linen for his own voyage, was with difficulty procured upon credit. He had scarcely quitted the shores of France, before he found, to his horror, that the chief of the expedition, the governor-elect of Madagascar, was bent,—not upon the philanthropic object of civilizing the natives of the island, but—upon making them the victims of the slave trade. Quitting the expedition in disgust and indignation, at the Isle of France, he remained there in his quality of military engineer; and thus commenced his residence of two years in the island, which he afterwards converted into the scene of his most popular tale.

This disappointment of his hopeful scheme of civilizing Madagascar, seems at length to have calmed the activity of Saint-Pierre's enthusiasm. He now perceived that he had been all his life the dupe of his ambition; and convinced of the futility of his sanguine projects for promoting the happiness of the world, he thenceforth determined, as he afterwards humorously confessed, to legislate only for imaginary nations. He was true to his resolution. On his last return to his native country, he withdrew from the busy world, and traced in solitude the plan of his Utopia. And it is more honourable to his philosophy that when, many years afterwards, during the storms of the revolution, he saw all minds agitated with the speculative follies which had misled his own youth and manhood, he studiously avoided mingling in the political madness and crimes of his age, either as deputy of the people, senator, or statesman.

Thus, throughout the last half of his protracted life, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre appears to us only in the most attractive light which the literary character can present: passing his days in retirement and study, supporting poverty and prosperity alike with philosophical serenity, cultivating the best affections of our nature, and, above all, with incorruptible integrity, disdaining, in the most perilous times, either to conceal or to modify his opinions. While he shunned public life and abstained from plunging into the vortex of the revolution, he was at no pains to elude observation; and considering the capriciousness and sanguinary temper of the times, and his own unbending consistency, it is wonderful how he

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escaped with existence through all the bloody scenes of the revolution, from the reign of terror to the settlement of the imperial despotism.

It was in the summer of 1771, that he returned to France, and began his career as a man of letters. His first published work was his well known 'Voyage to the Isle of France;' and his exposure of the iniquities of the slave trade, immediately drew down upon him the enmity of the whole class of persons who were interested in the commerce of the colonies. His Voyage, however, was universally read and admired; and the reputation of this work introduced its author into all the literary circles of Paris. But in that society he appears to have found far more to loath than to love; and he never mingled in its intrigues and cabals. He had sufficient virtue to resist the advances of a beautiful woman, because her husband was his benefactor. The lady proclaimed her own infamy for the revenge of covering him with ridicule; and his forbearance from the commission of enormous ingratitude and treachery, made Saint-Pierre the laughing-stock of the Parisian coteries. Again, a bankrupt bookseller loaded him with abuse; and because the placable man of letters did not take the life of the miserable offender on the spot, the philosopher d'Alembert marvelled at his want of spirit, and a Jansenist bishop proclaimed with a sneer, that M. de Saint-Pierre had *l'ame très chrétienne*. Whether the luckless observer of the commonest dictates of gratitude subsequently contrived to rid himself of his offensive reputation for continence, his biographer does not inform us; but to recover the respect of Parisian society for his courage, he was compelled to court two duels, and grievously to wound his antagonists in both. But this was the last sacrifice which Saint-Pierre offered to the prejudices of the worthless society in which he moved; and the philosopher, ever afterwards, reproached himself for having dreaded this violation of the laws of God, less than the endurance of ridicule. In the first emotions of disgust at the corruption which surrounded him, and in bitter resentment at the petty obloquy with which he had been pursued, for venturing 'to keep a conscience,' it was natural, for a mind so easily excited as that of Saint-Pierre, to rush into the most absurd extremes, from universal benevolence of feeling, to misanthropy and hatred. He secluded himself for some time from all mixture with the world, and determined to commune only with his own heart.

In the composition of his "Etudes de la Nature," he now found a cure for these morbid feelings. This, his most elabo-

rate work, appeared in 1784; and its favourable reception, above his sanguine hopes, recompensed him for all that he had suffered. Four years later, the publication of 'Paul and Virginia,' completed the measure of his reputation; and thenceforth he ranked in France among the most successful and popular writers of his age. In 1792, one of the last acts of power of the unfortunate Louis XVI, was to nominate him the successor of Buffon, in the charge of the Jardin des Plantes, and Museum of Natural History. This office he had held but a few months, when, in the anarchy of the period, it was suppressed; and our philosopher gladly withdrew to a rural retreat which he now possessed at Essone. Here he remained during the worst horrors of the revolution, cultivating his garden and farm, endeavouring to abstract himself from the dreadful scenes which were in daily agitation, and scrupulously avoiding the perusal of all newspapers and political works, which would have compelled him to contemplate the progress of events. Just before this epoch, and at the sufficiently mature age of fifty-five, he had married the daughter of his publisher, a young woman, who numbered fewer years than himself by one-half. There was nothing remarkable in this marriage, except that it was one of mutual affection, too often embittered by pecuniary distresses. It is not unworthy of note, that Saint-Pierre gave the names of Paul and Virginia to the only two children which the union produced. In his sixty-third year he was left a widower; but his engaging qualities, even in old age, very soon obtained for him a second youthful bride of amiable character, who, captivated by the graces of his mind, was contented to forget all disparity of time. She performed the duties of a mother to his children with exemplary care, and solaced his declining years with cheerful society and affectionate attention.

From his retirement at Essone, Saint-Pierre was reluctantly dragged forth in 1794, to a public employment, which, though unsolicited, he was not permitted to refuse; and an escort of gens d'armes conducted him by force to his chair of moral philosophy in the national Norman school. Here, in his inaugural discourse, he electrified his auditors by daring, after all the frightful impieties of the revolution, once more to proclaim the existence of a God, and the necessity of religion! On the formation of the institute, in the following year, he was openly insulted by his atheistical colleagues, for maintaining the same obnoxious doctrines: by more than one of these wretched maniacs he was challenged to the proof, sword in hand, that there was no God; and Cabanis put it to

the vote that there was no Supreme Being, and that the name of the Almighty should be interdicted in their assembly!

But we turn with a shudder from this picture of the most terrific variety of human madness. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had already survived the epoch of his extreme danger. The Buonaparte family, who now began to appear above the political horizon, chanced to be partial to his writings. Louis and Joseph, who, in all the strange vicissitudes of their fortune, have exhibited some estimable qualities, eagerly sought the acquaintance and personal friendship of the author of *Paul and Virginia*. Louis, when a mere youth, had been so charmed by that tale, as to introduce himself to Saint-Pierre by a letter, which is a curious memorial of enthusiasm; and Joseph, at a later epoch, in mere admiration of his genius, settled a pension on him, unshackled by any conditions of patronage: an act worthy of record, as a trait of generous friendship, alike honourable to the donor and the object of his respect. Napoleon himself, too, both before he was first consul, and after his elevation to absolute power, paid sedulous and less disinterested court to Saint-Pierre; and we have, in M. Aimé's Supplement to his *Memoirs*, some curious particulars of the intercourse which, for a time, subsisted between Bernardin and the young conqueror of Italy. From this part of M. Aimé's work only shall we offer an extract.

'After his brothers Joseph and Louis, Napoleon, in his turn, came to visit M. de Saint-Pierre: but this was not the first advance which the warrior had made to the philosopher. In the course of the campaigns of Italy, he had written to him a charming letter: "Your pen is a pencil," said he; "whatever you paint is present to our eyes; your works delight and console us; you will be, at Paris, one of the men whom I shall see most frequently, and with most pleasure." The flattering partiality thus shown for him by an illustrious captain, the fame of his victories, the friendship of Louis, the visit of Joseph, had all predisposed Saint-Pierre in favour of Buonaparte. The general had just been elected by the class of sciences in the Institute: he spoke much of his plans of learned industry and retirement; he mentioned his wish to purchase a little country-house, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and said he should only visit the capital to be present at the sittings of the Institute. M. de Saint-Pierre, in the sincerity of his heart, applauded this project, which, to his feelings appeared quite a natural one; and he even went so far as to offer his little place at Essone to the conqueror of Italy, who only smiled with a slight air of embarrassment,

and muttered a few words about servants, equipage, &c. M. de Saint-Pierre, then, at once saw that this young man, with his straight hair, sallow complexion, and severe deportment, was any thing but a Cincinnatus; and thenceforth he put himself upon his guard; for he said, "This is a man of ambition; he flatters me only to gain the ascendancy over my will;" and this reflection redoubled his reserve. Buonaparte, however, prolonged his visit, and ended by pressing Saint-Pierre to dine with him. The latter excused himself, on account of the illness of his wife. "It is only a friendly party," said Buonaparte; "we shall have Ducis, Collin d'Harleville, Lemerrier, Arnault, &c. Saint-Pierre persisted in his refusal, and the general gave another turn to the conversation, spoke of the disorder of the finances, the delay of payments, and bluntly asked him whether he suffered any inconvenience from these matters. He then rose, and took his leave.

'Two days afterwards, Buonaparte called again: he was received by Madame de Saint-Pierre; she alone was at home. "See," said he, placing a purse of money on the mantle-piece, "here is a little sum which I have just succeeded in touching for you at the Institute. Having obtained the minister's order, I was resolved to get it executed myself: in future we shall have no more delays. Then," he added, on taking his leave, "M. de Saint-Pierre can sign the entry for the amount at the next sitting."

'Touched by the kindness of this conduct, Saint-Pierre thought he should take the occasion to offer the general a copy of his *Studies of Nature*; and on the morrow he called at his hotel. Buonaparte then lived in the Rue de la Victoire: the porter seeing M. de Saint-Pierre pass with a packet of books, told him it was forbidden to offer the general any present, and showed him some magnificent vases of gold and silver, which were displayed in his lodge. These were presents from the contractors of the army; and the general had not suffered them even to be brought into his anti-chamber. M. de Saint-Pierre, however, persisted; and the porter, foretelling that he would have the same fate as the contractors, suffered him to pass. The general's anti-chamber was full of strangers of distinction, among whom were a diplomatic body: M. de Saint-Pierre passed through the crowd, gave his name, and was admitted. Buonaparte received his thanks with modesty, and his book with the best grace in the world. "See," said he, drawing from his shelves a copy of the same work, which bore the marks of having been very much used, "in what good time your present comes: really this is a happy

day for me!" He pronounced these words with the most amiable manner; and, showing some medals which had just been struck, of his Italian campaigns, he offered one of them to Saint-Pierre, and begged him to keep it as a memorial of his first visit. M. de Saint-Pierre would then have withdrawn: Buonaparte detained him. "But," said the other, "there are strangers waiting to see you." "Well," replied Buonaparte, in a rude tone, "let them wait: it is their vocation;" adding, with a contemptuous smile, "They are some of the worthless agents of that modern system of politics, which teaches only how to deceive, to lie, and to plot, without ever arriving at an object." As he thus spoke, his hand was mechanically pointing to a little cannon which stood upon the table. "General," said Saint-Pierre, putting his finger on the gun, "here is a plaything, which, in the hands of a hero, settles more matters in a day than all the courts of Europe in ten years." Buonaparte raised a pale and thoughtful countenance, but a smile was upon his mouth, and his look was penetrating. He fixed it upon Saint-Pierre, as though he would pierce his inmost thoughts, and finding his gaze encountered by that of a man who could also read the secret of hearts, he turned away his eyes, and the smile vanished. In the exchange of this single glance, the man of ambition and the philosopher had read each other, and discovered they were not made for congeniality.

'A short time afterwards, Saint-Pierre went to dine with Buonaparte on the renewal of his invitation. Every thing was then modest, and without pretension, in the establishment of the man who was, soon, to subjugate Europe, and inhabit the palaces of monarchs. His table was frugal; but a woman, full of graceful charms, did its honours; and he was himself anxious to please. He had eulogies for all the varieties of talent which were assembled at his board, and every compliment was heightened by some appropriate reflection.'—Tome i, pp. 123–129.

After interesting his party in some lively anecdotes of his Italian campaigns,

'..... Buonaparte spoke of his taste for retirement, of his intention to live in the country; and then, all at once, becoming animated against the journalists who accused him of ambition, he gave vent to his indignation at their servility and their falsehoods, recalled several stinging instances of the satire which they had directed against the writings and persons of all the individuals who were listening to him, and ended by proposing that all his friends should unite with him

in establishing a journal which should be consecrated to truth, and might give a direction to the public opinion. The address of the hero did not succeed; and whether the proposal alarmed the indolence of his auditors, or provoked suspicion of his projects, some of them excused themselves, by alleging the contempt which such miserable antagonists should inspire; and others by quoting the example of Boileau, that criticism, however unjust, serves only to double the powers of genius. But an unexpected sally decided the question. "General," said a poet of sonorous voice, and imposing stature, "you wish us to assume a power which tolerates no master: if we were to turn journalists, you would dread us, you would crush us!" If the event may guide our judgment, this foresight could not be displeasing to Buonaparte: it taught him, at least, the extent of the danger which he was courting. . . . He became lost in thought, absent, and took no further part in the conversation; and his guests understood that it was time to withdraw.—Tome i, pp. 131–133.

This friendly intercourse with Buonaparte was suspended by the failure of Saint-Pierre to appear at the Thuilleries after Napoleon became First Consul, and still more by his rejection of a solicitation, on the part of the conqueror, that he would become the historian of his campaigns in Italy. Saint-Pierre excused himself, with the remark, that he had studied only the laws of nature, and was ignorant of those of politics and war; and Napoleon then, for some time, descended to show his resentment against him by bitter sarcasms and paltry persecutions in the Institute; but he never seriously carried his hostility farther, and Bernardin passed his declining years in the quiet enjoyment of the independence, for which he was principally indebted to the friendship of Joseph Buonaparte. He did not live to witness the dissolution of his benefactor's ephemeral dream of royalty; but peacefully closed his life in January, 1814, and at the great age of seventy-seven years, with the tranquillity of a true philosopher, and the piety of a sincere christian.

REVERSES.

A Tale of the Past Season.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent.

I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky light of the stair case; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of ‘*Judy O’ Flannegan*,’—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. It may be questioned whether there are any hours in this life, of such unmixed enjoyment as the few, the very few, which a young bachelor is allowed to rescue from the pressing invitations of those dear friends who want another talking man at the dinner table, or from those many and wilily-devised engagements which are woven round him by the hands of inevitable mothers, and preserve entirely to himself. Talk of the pleasure of repose! What repose can possibly be so sweet, as that which is enjoyed on a disengaged day during the laborious dissipations of a London life?—Talk of the delights of solitude! Spirit of Zimmerman! What a solitude is the imagination capable of conceiving so entirely delightful as that which a young unmarried man possesses in his quiet lodging, with his easy chair and his dressing gown, his beefsteak and his whiskey and water, his nap over an old poem or a new novel, and the intervening despatch of a world of little neglected matters, which, from time to time, occur to recollection between the break of the stanzas or the incidents of the story? Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles, but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic

discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements, we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; we are welcomed with all the plate, the glittering dinner service, and the wine, that is produced, on rare occasions, from recondite binns, and are most mercifully delivered from the infliction of the ordinary Wedgwood dishes, and the familiar port and sherry; we are presented to the lady when her smiles never fail to radiate, and are made acquainted with the children when adorned with their smooth hair and shining faces, in their embroidered frocks and their gentlest behaviour; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. It is certainly a most desirable thing, that all those persons who are blest with large houses and good cooks, should marry; for I do not understand how they can otherwise hope to achieve any very good balls, or even any tolerable dinners. If houses are to be opened with effect, there must be a mistress; and it is therefore absolutely incumbent on all public spirited persons who have the real good of society at heart, to provide their establishment with so essential a member. But marriage is an act of generous self devotion for the benefit of the circle among whom we move,—a sacrifice of personal advantage made to attain the power of being gracefully hospitable to our friends; for it is established beyond a doubt, that we single persons enjoy the cream and quintessence of matrimonial felicity, and that wives and husbands possess a painful monopoly of its tumults and its distractions, its anxieties and its restraints.—Then again with regard to home:—I don't believe that any individual in existence knows what a really comfortable home is—the quiet—the consideration—the uninterruptedness—the easy chair drawn parallel with the fire place—the undisputed right of sitting with a foot on either nob—the lamp arranged to suit the level of his own eye—the careless luxury resulting from an exclusive appropriation of all the convenience of an apartment—No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fire side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

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In the other case, if he attempt to put himself at his ease, his conscience upbraids him of selfishness: he can't draw a footstool near him, without feeling his sensibility disturbed by the apprehension of interfering with the comforts of another. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him. I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "*my unhoused, free condition.*" Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness. True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

Such were the reflections that hastily passed along my mind, on the afternoon of Thursday the 15th of February, 1827, as I sat with a volume of the *Tor-Hill* in my hand, in the back drawing room of my lodgings in Conduit street. It was about ten o'clock in the afternoon. My dinner was just removed. It had left me with that gay complacency of disposition, and irrepressible propensity to elocation, which result from a satisfied appetite, and an undisturbed digestion. My sense of contentment became more and more vigorous and confirmed, as I cast my eye around my apartment, and contemplated my well-filled book case, and the many articles of convenience with which I had contrived to accommodate my nest; till, at length, the emotions of satisfaction became too strong to be restrained within the bonds of silence, and announced themselves in the following soliloquy:—

"What capital coals these are!—There's nothing in the world so cheering—so enlivening—as a good, hot, blazing sea coal fire."—I broke a large lump into fragments with the poker, as I spoke.—"It's all mighty fine," I continued, "for us travellers to harangue the ignorant on the beauty of foreign cities, on their buildings without dust, and their skies without a cloud; but, for my own part, I like to see a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere, hanging over a town. It forewarns the traveller of his approach to the habitations, the business, and the comforts of his civilized fellow creatures. It gives an air of grandeur, and importance, and mystery, to the scene:

It conciliates our respect: We know that there must be some fire where there is so much smother; while, in those bright, shining, smokeless cities, whenever the sun shines upon them, one's eyes are put out by the glare of their white walls; and when it does not shine!—why, in the winter, there's no resource left for a man but hopeless and shivering resignation, with their wide, windy chimneys, and their damp, crackling, hissing, sputtering, tantalizing faggots." I confirmed my argument in favour of our metropolitan obscurity by another stroke of the poker against the largest fragment of the broken coal; and then, letting fall my weapon, and turning my back to the fire, I exclaimed, "Certainly—there's no kind of furniture like books:—nothing else can afford one an equal air of comfort and habitability. Such a resource too!—A man never feels alone in a library. He lives surrounded by companions, who stand ever obedient to his call, coinciding with every caprice of temper, and harmonizing with every turn and disposition of the mind. Yes, I love my books: they are my friends—my counsellors—my companions. Yes, I have a real personal attachment, a very tender regard for my books."

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold holly-hocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich deep Pompadour coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued, "There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again, John Fraser, my old schoolfellow! I don't believe there's any thing in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except perhaps his old uncle Simon and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested: 'And you, too, my old Neptune, an't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?'

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from

his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

‘Ay, to be sure you are—and a capital swimmer too?’

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand and then to the left.

‘And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?’

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by sinking into repose.

‘That dog’s a philosopher,’ I said: ‘He never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father’s, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutt’s—mighty honest people, and all that: but faith no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It’s a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people’s hands—in any body’s hands—and I’ll write about it at once.’

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutt’s; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night by my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling past twelve o’clock, beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams.—The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt that it was daybreak on my wedding morning; that I was drest in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breast of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *Pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent street, as we returned in procession from St. James’s; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst

of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked 80,000*l.* ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bed-side and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my 80,000*l.* and 500*l.* of his partner's!

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—What was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, all his arrangements discomposed.

'Oh, Mr. Luttrell!' he exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!'

'Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!'

'Sir, when they told me that Mr. Drayton was gone, I could not believe it to be a fact, it seemed a circumstance that no evidence could establish. Sir, he always opened that door, precisely at ten o'clock every day, Sundays excepted, for these last five-and-twenty years; and I felt satisfied that when ten o'clock came, he would certainly arrive.'

‘Very probably, sir; but your expectations were deceived; and what am I to do, to recover my money?’

‘If you’ll believe me, as a man of business, Mr. Lionell Luttrell, I could not persuade myself to give him up as lost, till the Lincoln’s Inn clock had struck the quarter——’

‘But, Mr. Drax, my eighty thousand pounds!—if they are not regained, I’m ruined for ever.’

‘Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!’

‘You’ll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what’s to be done about my money?’

‘Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell—here has the same party taken off 500*l.* of the common property of the house,—all the loose cash we had in the banker’s hands—drew a draft for the whole amount, appropriated it to himself, and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!’

‘Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me—Sir,—sir,—I’m ruined, and I’m going to be married!’

‘A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business——’

‘Your’s! Oh, sir, my eighty thousand pounds;—my whole fortune!—Think what my condition is.’

‘Here am I left entirely alone, unsupported, in the very middle of term time, and with such an accumulation of business on my hands, as it is quite perplexing to think of. Why, Mr. Lionel, there’s more to be got through than any two ordinary men could accomplish, and how is it possible that I should work my way through it by myself. So inconsiderate of Mr. Drayton!’

Tortured beyond bearing; incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

‘I’ll go to John Fraser,’ I exclaimed, ‘he’s always sensible, always right, always kind. He’ll feel for me, at all events: He’ll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency.’

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act.

and hastened towards Regent-st. with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—‘Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop.—I want to congratulate you.’

‘Congratulate me!—Upon what?’

‘On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann’s Soho;—Of course you’re he—none but personages of such elevated stations could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers.’

‘Nonsense!—Don’t stop me! I’ve just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped. Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune.’

‘Oh! indeed! So you’re one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! a complete failure!—Don’t be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure: And so now the attorney man—what’s his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculation in hops.’

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a *professed Exclusive* ever dares to laugh. It had made what it believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible unless they contain a pun. Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them—‘It will not be so with you, John Fraser!’ I muttered to myself, and in a few seconds I tapt at the door of his lodgings in Regent street.

They detained me an age in the street!—I rapt and rapt again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow haired, steamy maid servant, in a dirty lace cap, issued from the scullery, wrapping her crimson arms in her check apron, to answer her summons.

‘Is Mr. Fraser at home?’ I demanded in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

'Mr. Fraser at home?'—No, sir, he an't.'

'Where's he gone to?'

'Where's he gone to?' rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice—'I'm sure sir, I can't tell, not I.'

'Is his servant in the way?'

'Is his servant in the way?' No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too.'

'His servant gone with him?'—Why, how did they go?'

'How did they go?'—Why, in a post chaise and four, to be sure—they set for him from Newman's.'

'Heavens! how provoking:—Did they start early?'—

'Start early? no, to be sure they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square.'

'Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square!—How very distressing!'

'Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly.'

'Indeed! What can possibly have happened?'

'What has happened?' Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened, says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man is run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, that 'master and I am going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'

"Merciful God! and can such cold hearted treachery really be!"

'And so,' continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, 'and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or any thing of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle in their concerns.'

The girl was a perfect Philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment,

Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, 'My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me!—But Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself.' I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there.—I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. Had the post gone by?—"Yes, many an hour ago."—It was too true then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. This I could not have anticipated. My heart was full, brim full of sorrow before; and this addition of disappointment made it overflow. Any man who has a keen susceptibility of madness and injury—I need not have written a keen susceptibility of madness, for the sense of wrong is always proportioned to the sense of benefit. Gratitude and resentment are always, I believe, commensurate in the character, and he who is easily touched by the attentions of those he loves, will be as readily affected by their neglect;—but, however, any man who is keenly sensible of unkindness, will comprehend the effect produced upon my mind by the absence of my expected, my accustomed letter. The cause of my distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown.—Oh! how weak—how childish—how foolish are we, even the wisest of us all, in moments such as these! I clenched my teeth, I stamp'd upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master.—I saw an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, every thing on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"—I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid suggestion of painful events, bewildered in

mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!—There was no place in my thoughts for the future; I was absorbed wholly in the present: I was careless of the loss of my patrimony—It was gone; and I willingly resigned it. My distracted fancy began to view the robbery rather as a benefit than an injury. It had revealed to me in time the baseness of the world, the fallacy of human attachments, the inconstancy of woman, the treachery of man. I had, in one morning, learnt that the world is a lie; and love a name; and friendship a cheat. The lesson had indeed been dearly bought by the exchange of affluence for poverty; but in the despair and bitterness of my abandonment, I should have scorned to purchase it at an inferior price.—It was worth all, and more than I had given for it.—I felt grateful to Drayton for the act of fraud which had in a moment rendered me thus indigent and wise: I would not attempt the recovery of the wealth he had purloined.—That wealth, as I looked down upon it from the heights of my passion, seemed to dwindle into an inconsiderable speck, and was disdained as a mere noxious bait for falsehood and duplicity. “Let him,” I ejaculated, “let him keep my money!—let it attract towards him, as it did towards myself, lying smiles and artificial tenderness; let him, as I have done, fix his heart upon the beautiful deceptions which his affluence shall conjure up around him; let him be robbed, as I have been; let him, as I have done, detect the error of the illusions that had delighted him; and then let him curse the perfidious, the ungrateful wretches that had deceived him, as I now do curse those that have injured me.” How inconsistent are the thoughts and actions, the words and the sentiments of man! Never was I conscious of so deep a feeling of tenderness as that which flowed from my soul towards the beings I was denouncing, at the very moment these expressions of passionate indignation were issuing from my lips.

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced towards my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John; and I took the pistols with me, mut-

tering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool!—Idiot that I was to trust them!—Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at a moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. 'Right—right!' I exclaimed, 'my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which

my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted.' I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and—in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-indulged, self-corrected, and self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life, at the moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in my own opinion, my own indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cold hearted, their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching

the landing place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit street.

On arriving at my apartment, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

“Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas’s Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton’s—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a happier home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not at dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkley square some time this evening.—My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

“MARIA.”

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment.

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria’s note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening,

pale with watching and fatigue and travel and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition before my eyes. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, 'Well, Lionel, I was in time—I thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses, too, or we never should beat them.'

'What do you mean? Beat whom?'

'The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?'

'No, indeed, John, they never told me that.'

'Well, never mind. I overtook him within nine miles of Canterbury, and horse-whipped him within an inch of his life.'

'And—and—the money?'

'Oh, I've lodged that at Coutt's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe.'

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicion on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Frazer's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, 'By and by John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkley square.—You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—the friends are all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and stanch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deceived by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake.'

'I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at.'

‘ You will presently,’ I replied; and in the course of half an hour,—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet, I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and had concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day’s REVERSES.

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

IT is not without considerable reluctance, my dear North, that I sit down to comply with your frequently repeated request. The details of the late war in the southern states of North America have been so vividly and correctly given by your friend the subaltern, that he who ventures to tread upon the same ground, must make up his mind to endure the reproach of rashness, if not of presumption. Nevertheless, as my journal professes not to enter in any degree into the plans of the different campaigns, farther than as these plans affected my own individual person; and as, in point of fact, I cannot pretend to give any thing more than a relation of the accidents and occurrences which befel myself, from the commencement of our military operations in the bay of Chesapeake, down to the period of their final close in the Dauphine Island; I am willing to be guided by your wishes; not in the spirit of a rival or adversary towards my brother subaltern, heaven knows, but as an humble imitator, whose lighter sketches and more private narration may, perhaps, give an additional interest to those grave and scientific details with which he has already favoured the public.

In the “*Narative of the Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans.*” * you will find a sufficiently elaborate account of the embarkation of the troops in the Garonne, and the passage from thence to the mouth of the Patuxent. Of that account I shall say no more, than that to the minutest tittle, (as far at least as I am a judge) it is correctly given. All went on as the subaltern has told us; St. Michaels and Bermuda were both visited, the Chesapeake was entered on the fifteenth of August, 1814, and on the eighteenth the fleet began to ascend the Patuxent. It was my fortune, during the progress of this voyage, to be em-

* Murray, London, 1826.

barked on board of a light, though very comfortable transport. The consequence was, that when the ships of war, and other heavy vessels took the ground, we continued to hold our course, till, having approached within eight miles of St. Benedicts, our master deemed it prudent to cast anchor. We had, however, got so far a-head of the rest, that but a very short space of time elapsed, ere boat after boat, loaded with troops, drew up alongside of us; and in a couple of hours our deck, cabin, and hold, were literally jammed with men and officers, making a sort of half-way house of number three hundred and seventy-five between their own vessels and the shore.

Day had barely dawned on the nineteenth, when the report of a cannon from one of the frigates lower down, gave notice that all the boats should be hoisted out, and the troops conveyed to land. How it came about I know not, but in my eagerness to reach *terra firma*, I sprang, with five dozen men and one brother officer into a broad-bowed punt, which, being supplied with no more than a couple of oars, moved against the stream, at the rate of half a-mile per hour. The point of rendezvous had, however, been named; it was St. Benedicts, a village distant, as I have already stated, eight long miles from our place of anchorage. We had, therefore, but a gloomy prospect before us,—that of a sixteen hours' voyage under a broiling sun; and the prospect, at one period, seemed not unlikely to be realized. Boat after boat, and barge after barge, passed us by, without bestowing upon us any other notice than a volley of jokes, or repeated peals of laughter; till at last a worthy midshipman took pity upon us, and threw us a line. Under his towage we made way at a tolerably rapid rate, and having quitted the ship at six o'clock, found ourselves snugly on shore, and in full march towards the bivouac, about half an hour before noon.

St. Benedicts, like most of the villages on the banks of the Chesapeake river, is a small straggling place; the houses of which stand far apart from each other, and are surrounded by neat gardens, and apparently productive orchards. When we landed it was totally deserted by its inhabitants. The furniture, however, had not been removed,—at least not wholly,—from any of the houses, and not a few of the dairies were garnished with dishes of exquisite milk, and delicate new cheeses. I state this fact, because I perfectly recollect the degree of hesitation which was generally experienced, before any one would venture to partake of these luxuries. In order, I presume, to deter the men from plundering, and to

keep them from being guilty of those acts of insubordination which the habit of plundering never fails to produce, a report had been industriously circulated through the fleet, that the Americans had poisoned both wines and provisions, which were purposely left in our way. Though I was never much disposed to place reliance in this report, it must be confessed, that the idea hindered, not only a few privates, who followed me into a dairy, but myself also, for several minutes, from applying our lips to a pig of delicious cream, which occupied one of the shelves. Inclination, however, at length prevailed over apprehension. I drank freely of the perilous liquor; my men followed my example; and none of us suffered the slightest inconvenience from this act of temerity of which we had been guilty.

I have said, that the little detachment of which I was in charge, made good its landing about an hour before noon. Nothing could exceed the degree of exhilaration which was exhibited by persons of all ranks on the present occasion. Of the privates, few had planted foot on firm ground for the space of three months, and of the officers there were several, the low state of whose finances had not permitted them to indulge very frequently in visits to the towns or ports at which we had touched during our passage. To them, the prospect of a few days' sojourn upon their own element, was in the highest degree animating and delightful. For my own part, I had omitted no opportunity of breathing the land-breezes, or taking part in such amusements and recreations as our temporary sojourn at St. Michael's and Bermuda afforded; yet I firmly believe, that not an individual among them all enjoyed the change more heartily than myself. Once more I felt that the business of my profession was to be carried on. Widely different, indeed, was the style of conducting that business here from that which had attended our campaigning in the peninsula. We had no tents now to pitch and to repose in; no baggage-train, loaded with portmanteaus and canteens, attended us; nor were our saddle horses ready at a call. Each officer, on the contrary, like the soldiers, carried his baggage on his back, and all had the firmament of heaven to look to as their canopy. It may, perhaps, amuse some of your readers to be told in what plight we, on this occasion, took the field; and, as a fair specimen of the plight of officers in general, I will inform them how I myself was accoutred when I stepped for the first time upon the soil of America.

In the first place, then, I carried, as is usual on such occasions, a perfect equipment of military accoutrements; that

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is to say, sabre, sash, belt, pistols, and telescope. Strapped across my shoulders was a good cloak, which on many previous occasions had done the duty of a bed, and which I confidently anticipated would be called upon to discharge a similar duty in times that were yet before me. On my right flank, that is to say, slung over my left shoulder, lay a black leathern haversack, containing a spare shirt, a pair of stockings, dressing utensils, a foraging cap, three pounds of boiled pork, and two pounds and a-half of sea biscuit. On my left breast, again, rested a horn, filled with rum, such as pursers usually serve out, whilst a wooden keg, for the conveyance of water, hung over my neck, on the very middle of my back. All these things, the reader will be pleased to observe, were necessary; yet they by no means added to the agreeable nature of our feelings in the mean time; whilst they certainly took away very largely from the personal elegance of such as were laid under the necessity of carrying them. On the present occasion, however, no one regarded appearances. We looked only to such arrangements as might promise to add a little to our comforts; and as all were equally loaded, no man had an opportunity of quizzing or deriding his comrade.

We reached our ground, as I have already informed you, about half an hour before noon; and seldom have I looked upon a more spirit-stirring spectacle than the position presented. Just under the ridge of a gentle eminence, extending, perhaps, about three or four hundred yards from one extremity to the other, were piled in order of open columns the arms of the different regiments, whilst the men to whom these arms belonged were scattered here and there in groups of twenty, thirty, and fifty, over the whole slope. Some were lying at full length upon the grass, basking in the beams of a sultry sun, and apparently made happy by the very feeling of the green sod under them. Others were running and leaping about, giving exercise to the limbs which had so long been cramped and confined on board of ship. Whilst, in the immediate rear of the muskets, numerous fires were blazing, upon which camp kettles and other culinary utensils were placed, and beside which the cooks of the different companies were moving in all the dignity of office. A little apart from the men again, and surrounding each coterie its own small fire, sat many of the officers in parties of two, three, or four; whilst others were strolling about with the careless step and merry countenances of men, who looked forward to danger as a pastime, and confidently anticipated success.

The very summit of the hill, again, was empty, except that three pieces of cannon crowned it, the muzzles of which were pointed towards the distant country, and a few sentries walked their solitary rounds beside them. Such was the general appearance of our bivouac, as it was first established on the banks of the Patuxent.

The subaltern has informed you, that officers employed upon active service lay aside all idea of a general mess, and live together as the ties of friendship, or a sense of mutual convenience, may dictate. Like your correspondent, I too, had a friend, and one whom I sincerely valued. As he is still in the service, and has risen, as his merits deserved that he should rise, to an elevated rank, you will excuse me, if instead of giving you his real name, I call him, for distinction's sake, Charlton. He was, and is, as good a soldier as any in the army, and at the period to which I now allude, commanded the company to which I was attached as a lieutenant. My first inquiry on reaching the corps was naturally for him, nor did it require a very minute search in order to discover him. I found him sitting under a tree, on a spot of ground considerably removed from all neighbours. A fire was burning hard by, beside which his servant and my Portuguese boy were resting—not idly, but in the act of watching a potful of greens and potatoes, which they had carried off from one of the gardens near. A couple of cheeses, with some pork and biscuit, were spread upon the grass; and a horn drinking-cup stood beside them. This was our dinner, which had been prepared for some time, and was kept waiting only for me. We had breakfasted at five in the morning, and were therefore quite ready for it, even thus early; and we addressed ourselves to it with the promptitude of men, whose appetites were neither sickly nor fastidious.

Having performed this most necessary of all duties, our next business was to take a survey, as far as it might be practicable and safe so to do, of the nature of the ground on which we were posted, and of the country beyond it. With this view we ascended to the top of the height. The view from that height was extensive; but it introduced to our notice little besides one immense, and apparently impervious forest. Immediately beneath us, indeed, that is, along the descent, and just where the descent ended, the fields had been cleared. One solitary cottage, too, was visible, about musket-shot from the base, which was surrounded, as almost all the houses in Virginia are surrounded, by an extensive orchard; but even it stood in a nook of the thicket, giant trees

in full foliage closing it in on every side. There were two roads discernible, one leading away from the right of the position, the other running close beside the left. The road on the right was narrow and broken; it presented the appearance of nothing more than a by-path to some hamlet or farm-house near; that on the left was of a tolerable width, and, though deep and sandy, exhibited symptoms of greater care and labour having been bestowed upon it. But of these, neither could be traced above a mile, because both were lost at that distance in the wood.

We descended the hill, with the intention of pursuing the track on the right, after we should have examined, as prudence required us to examine, the cottage and its out-buildings. It was occupied by a picquet of our own troops, and, as might be expected, was already in a state of dilapidation. Of a couple of pigs, which had occupied a sty on one side of the little domicile, nothing remained now except the hind legs of one, and the half of the other, the rest having been long ago divided among the messes of the corps which furnished the guard. The hen-roost, too, was plundered, at least a quantity of feathers scattered here and there gave proof that some of the fowl-kind had suffered a violent death not long ago. In other respects the cottage was circumstanced as most cottages are which have the bad fortune to fall in with the line of an invading army's outposts,—that is to say, its shell stood uninjured, but its interior was in ruins.

Having satisfied our curiosity here, and ascertained the direction in which the advanced sentinels extended, we were proposing to accomplish our original design, and to pursue the path on the right, when the arrival of a brother officer out of breath, and in great haste, deterred us. He had ventured along that road, and having penetrated about a couple of miles, arrived at a farm-house of some size. Taking it for granted that this, like the houses in St. Benedicts, must be deserted, he had rashly entered, and escaped being made prisoner by three or four stout yankees, only through their apprehension that he was not alone. He *purchased* a fowl from these worthies, and, being permitted to retire, lost no time, as soon as the trees concealed him from observation, in hurrying to the camp. With the account which he gave of matters, we were, at least for the present, perfectly satisfied; so, returning to our place of abode under the tree, we passed the rest of the day in quiet.

As the evening closed in, all the arrangements, customary in bivouacs, were effected. The troops, assembling near their

arms, trimmed and enlarged their fires, and sat down by companies and sections on the ground beside them. Their great coats were all put on, and their accoutrements buckled over them. The knapsacks, likewise, packed and strapped up, were so arranged as that each might be slung across its owner's shoulders at a moment's warning; or, should no alarm occur, supply him with a comfortable pillow for the night. Arrangements not dissimilar were also gone into by the officers. Charlton and myself, for example, having suspended our sabres from a branch, laid our haversacks and pistols within reach, and, wrapping our cloaks round us, seated ourselves, with our feet towards the fire, and addressed ourselves, *con amore*, to the fragments which remained from our noon-day repast. We were neither of us much disposed to sleep; nor, indeed, had the case been otherwise, should we have found it an easy matter to drop at once into a state of forgetfulness. The sun had hardly set, when every leaf of our tree became alive with insects, which sent forth a ceaseless chattering, not perhaps loud enough to break the repose of a sound sleeper, but sufficiently audible to drive sleep from the eyes of persons totally unaccustomed to it, and neither infirm nor weary. It was, however, upon the whole, an extremely pleasant sound; and it was not the only sound which gave us pleasure. Stores continued to be carried from the ships to the shore long after night-fall, and the cry of the seamen on the decks, the splash of oars in the water, and the heavy noise of casks and carriages, as they were rolled into the bivouac, all had an effect in keeping alive the excitement, which men ever experience on first taking the field, after a long interval of quiet. Then there was the hum of conversation from the bivouac itself; a song, or part of a song, heard from time to time; and, as these died away, the murmur of the river, rolling its large and sluggish body of water towards the sea, and breaking as well upon its own banks as upon the bows of the ships, now at anchor in its tide. Each and all of these made a music to the ear, which the ear could not refuse to take in; whilst, for the sense of sight, the fire-flies furnished ample occupation, as in numerous clusters they pitched upon the boughs overhead, and shed a soft light through the foliage, such as legends tell once illuminated the hall of Oberon, or Titania's bower. To be grave and serious, these sights and sounds, some of them perfectly novel, and all so different from those to which we had of late been accustomed, long hindered us from making so much as an effort to close our eyes. But the enthusiasm even of soldiers

will not resist the encroachments of drowsiness for ever. The sounds of human labour and human voices gradually died away,—those produced by insects and the stream became confused and blended together,—the splendour of the fire-fly became more and more indistinct, and was at last seen no more. Above all, our grog was drunk out, and our segars expended; so, laying ourselves at length upon the grass, we were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

It was still dark, when the well-known bustle of troops standing to their arms, broke in upon our slumber. The fires, as a matter of course, had all burned low; ours, indeed, was totally extinguished; and though the extreme mildness of the climate hindered us from experiencing any inconvenience from cold, it cannot be said that we awoke in absolute comfort. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, which, if it hardly penetrated the thick folds of our cloaks and blankets, hung about our hair, neck, and faces, producing a sensation which I cannot easily describe, though I perfectly recollect that it was the reverse of agreeable. Nevertheless we rose in excellent spirits and high good humour, and took post beside our men, in confident expectation that an immediate advance would occur as soon as there should be light enough to direct our steps.

We had waited thus above half an hour, the soldiers standing with ordered arms in close columns of companies, and the officers lounging about near them, before the dawn began to exhibit itself in the eastern horizon. A pale yellow light rushed up, as it were, into the sky, which increasing in brilliancy every moment, brought the objects around us gradually into notice. The houses in St. Benedicts rose first like rocks upon our view, then the vessels in the river were seen like trees and towers, as the feeble light fell upon them; whilst the forests beyond continued obscure and dark long after, till the sun's redder rays began to strike them. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, as the approach of daylight is, under all circumstances, and in all situations. But the object which most strongly attracted our attention, was a dense—I had almost said an impenetrable fog, which was now seen to hang over the position of our bivouac. The reader has perhaps stood beside a salt-pan,—whilst the process of evaporating the sea-water was carried on,—if so, he can form a pretty accurate notion of the kind of mist by which we were now surrounded, and which very satisfactorily accounted for

those stiffened joints and aching bones which had affected most of us when we awaked. As the sun rose, however, the fog quickly cleared away; and when the order to dismiss and prepare our breakfasts was given, it had entirely disappeared.

Our morning meal being consumed, we began, not unnaturally, to indulge in surmises and speculations touching our future proceedings. Contrary to the expectations which had been formed, no hint was dropped about moving, and as we all knew general Ross sufficiently to be aware, that there could be no disinclination on his part to carry on the war with vigour, we looked now for some other cause of a delay, which, on every account, we united in deploring. Long previous to the disembarkation,—as early, indeed, as the entrance of the fleet into the bay,—the several regiments had received instructions as to their order; and to each of the three brigades into which the army was divided, a commandant had been appointed. It could not, therefore, be for the purpose of organizing his troops that our leader abstained from advancing. But there were stores to be landed, a medical and commissariat to be arranged, and dispositions to be made for a speedy and safe reshipment, in case of any reverse or check in our operations. Besides, it was not quite certain that the end of the debarkation had as yet been determined on. The most prevalent rumour, indeed, spoke of a flotilla of gunboats on the river; and of the necessity of a co-operation between the fleet and the army, to secure its capture; but whether even now, the general or admiral were not calculating their means for the attainment of a higher object, is, to say the least of it, doubtful. Be this, however, as it may, one thing appeared very certain, namely, that there was but a slender chance of our effecting any thing, or making any progress, during the day.

Having remained in the neighbourhood of the position till noon, I determined, in company, with a friend, my brother subaltern, whose name was Williams, to proceed upon a foraging excursion up the country. With this view we took the right-hand road, of which I have already spoken, and arrived, after a walk of about a couple of miles, at a farm-house. It was the same which another officer had visited during the previous day; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, he really found it uninjured,—marauders had been busy enough between the period of his ramble and ours. It was now thoroughly ransacked. Scarcely an article of furniture remained entire; and as to living creatures, there was not one to be seen in its vicinity. We left it behind, and went forward. A

further walk, of perhaps half a-mile, brought us to a poor cottage, situated about a stone's throw from the road, the general style and architecture of which bespoke it as being the residence of some new settler. Even it had not escaped the rapacity of stragglers. Its hog sty was torn down, its poultry-house broken open, and its little garden robbed of almost every cabbage and potatoe that grew in it. There was a wretched old woman here, who began to weep bitterly as soon as she beheld us. With some difficulty we managed to convince her that from us she had nothing to apprehend; and having informed her of what we were in quest, she produced, as she declared, her last fowl; for which she was astonished at being paid by a quarter dollar piece. This act of barter on our parts restored her to herself, and we were not less gratified than surprised to learn, that she had suffered no injury from the British troops; but that her son, with whom she lived, had himself driven off the hogs, and let the poultry loose into the woods. We likewise learned that there were neither villages nor farm-houses within six miles of her cabin, a space of country which we did not deem it prudent to traverse. So wishing her good morning, we directed our steps backwards, and reached the bivouac unmolested.

On returning to our home under the tree, we found that Charlton and the servants had been far more actively, or rather successfully employed, than ourselves. A pig, a goose, and a barn-door fowl, bore testimony to the zeal and diligence with which they had conducted themselves; and these being all in an advanced state of preparation, we looked forward with satisfaction to the enjoyment of a substantial and delicate repast. But as the poet expresses himself—

“The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft awry;”

an aphorism for the truth of which we could this day painfully vouch. Our messes were just laid upon the grass, and we had taken our seats beside them, when the bugles suddenly sounded. Mortified, as it was but natural that we should be, at an occurrence so ill-timed, there remained for us only one course to pursue. We took each in his hand as much meat and bread as he believed that he should be able to consume whilst on the march, and the rest was unceremoniously bestowed in our own and our men's haversacks; we buckled on our accoutrements, and slung our baggage on our backs, and hurried off to our stations.

A few minutes only elapsed, before the whole army, con-

sisting of near four thousand men, and divided, as I have already stated, into three brigades, drew up in the order in which it was designed to move. It was my fortune to be attached to the light brigade; which, as forming the advance, took post at the head of the column. This force, which was composed of the 85th regiment, the light companies of the 4th, 21st, and 44th, one company of marines, and a hundred armed negroes, might muster about twelve hundred bayonets, and was commanded by colonel Thornton. The second brigade again, at the head of which was colonel Brook, comprised the 4th and 44th regiments; whilst the 3d, led on by colonel Patterson, was made up of the 21st regiment, and a battalion of marines. The park of artillery, again, amounted to no more than three pieces, one six, and two three pounders; and it was rendered doubly inefficient from the total absence of horses. The guns, with their tumbrils and ammunition-wagons, were dragged by seamen; the gunners and drivers followed on foot, and the progress which they made was as tardy as the deep and sandy nature of the roads authorised us to expect.

The different corps had already taken their stations, and were in anxious expectation of the word to march, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, general Ross, accompanied by his aids-de-camp and staff, rode up. No preconcerted plan had been arranged, nor had the slightest wish been expressed on the part of the officers; but his appearance amongst them was hailed by loud and reiterated shouts from the men. The thing was wholly involuntary, and it failed not to cause the gratification which it was calculated to produce. The general pulled off his hat, smiled, and bowed to his soldiers; and then addressing himself to the officer in command, desired that he would lead on. Another hearty cheer followed the delivery of this order, and the march began.

The order in which this inroad was effected has been so accurately described elsewhere, that I deem it quite unnecessary to enter here at any length into the detail. The advanced guard, under the command of major Brown of the 85th regiment, led the way. It consisted of three companies of light infantry; two of which moved in column along the road, whilst the third extended itself in files both in front and on the flanks. After this body, at a certain interval, came the light brigade, which also furnished a company or two, to scour the woods. Upon the heels of the light followed the second brigade; next came the artillery; and last of all the third brigade, which furnished the rear-guard. Such

were the arrangements made by our general, at once to hinder surprise, and guard against ambuscades, for a happy application of which the nature of the country afforded every facility. The reader must bear in mind that we were now about to penetrate through immense forests, scantily chequered here and there with spots of cultivated ground. Though to us these forests seemed pathless, it was hardly to be expected, that there were not many lanes and roads cut here and there by the inhabitants, along which, if any enterprise or talent guided their counsels, bodies of regular troops might be moved; whilst the well-known confidence of the Americans in their rifles, and their overweening estimation of their own skill as marksmen, led to the supposition that we should not proceed far without falling in with one or more parties of volunteers, anxious to give us a sample of their mode of bush-fighting. To-day, however, nothing of the kind occurred. Neither the leading files nor the flank patrols saw an enemy, and the column pressed forward, not only unmolested, but without having its spirits once elevated by the sound of firing.

And, in truth, it was well for us that we were not, on the present occasion, either brought into action, or harassed by any needless formations. For never, perhaps, did an army exhibit such symptoms of deficiency, not in courage, but in bodily strength, as we all exhibited this day. Nor is that a circumstance hard to be accounted for. In the first place, the soldiers, unaccustomed during three months to the weight of their arms and baggage, found the burden, at present imposed upon them, too great for their enervated condition to endure. Even the oldest and best of our veterans complained; whilst the younger men, and those who had lately joined from England, soon sank under it. In the next place, we, unfortunately, began our journey at the very hour when, in a climate like that of Virginia, the ordinary traveller thinks of resting. The heat was more intolerable than I have any language to describe. There was not a breath of air in motion; the sun was bright, and the sky perfectly cloudless; whilst the deep fine sand, of which the road was composed, not only gave way beneath our tread, but rose in masses about us, filling our eyes, and even obstructing our respiration. It so happened that to-day I was not employed with either the advanced guard or the flankers. My station was with the column: and it was really painful to see those whom I knew to be among the bravest and best soldiers in the army, dropping, one after another, upon the banks by the way side.

We passed, in our march, more than one stream of water. As may be imagined, there was no keeping the men in their ranks on these occasions: and, indeed, to speak the truth, I became myself, at last, so completely overpowered, that I not only ceased to forbid their halting to drink, but joined in the act of insubordination, and drank also.

The sun had set, and, as is the case in this quarter of the world, darkness was fast following his departure, when, to the inexpressible satisfaction of every officer and man in the army, the halt was sounded. We had reached a space of ground more open than usual, and just sufficiently elevated to give to us, in case of an attack, the advantage of a rising ground. On the slope of this, and among a few stubble-fields, the different corps drew up. The guns were then, as usual, dragged to the summit, the arms were piled, fires were lighted, and the ordinary preparations for a bivouac gone through: but in these, and in the rest which was to follow them, it fell not to the lot of my friend or myself to take part. As soon as the column halted, we were called upon to muster our company, and moved off towards the front, where the charge of one of the out-picquets were committed to us.

The post in question was distant about a quarter of a mile from the camp. It was a farm-house, situated near the high road, surrounded by numerous barns and buildings, and which, strange to say, had not been deserted by its inmates. Of these, however,—at least of the females,—we saw nothing; the father, an old, weather-beaten, rough spoken personage, alone making his appearance. He was a keen democrat, a thorough yankee, and abhorred the English with all his heart; a feeling which he took no care to conceal, and which we, of course, resented only by turning it into ridicule. He spoke much of the iniquity of our invasion; but comforted himself by anticipating the utter destruction of those engaged in it, who would, as he asserted, be opposed by the bravest men, and the most expert shots, which the whole world could produce. His two sons, he informed us, had gone off only this morning to join the army, and his principal source of regret appeared to be, that his own age and infirmities hindered him from joining in it also. The reader will easily believe, that we enjoyed the old man's conversation a great deal more, than if he had pretended to sentiments which he could hardly experience, or put on a manner which was not natural to him. Nor, to say the truth, was he more hostile in his language, than he proved himself friendly in his behaviour as a landlord. He produced his bread, and cheese, and peach-whiskey,

liberally and freely; and though he drank to our speedy defeat, we willingly joined him, if not in his sentiment, at all events in his potations.

The greater part of our time was, however, spent out of doors. Though there was no enemy in sight, nor, as far as we could learn, any force collected within a day's march of us, we were not on that account the less careful to see that the sentries occupied proper posts, and were attentive to their duty. On the contrary, the circumstance that we knew not where to look for danger, induced us the more cautiously to guard against it; and as it might come upon us from either flank, or from the rear, just as readily as from the front, the whole encampment was girdled in by a circle of watchmen. These took their ground at the distance of perhaps half musket shot from the different picquets which furnished them. They stood not more than forty or fifty yards apart from one another, and except upon the great road, they stood singly. On the road, again, there were a couple planted together, in order that one might from time to time patrol onwards to ascertain whether all was safe, whilst the other remained stationary. It was our business to see that these respectively fulfilled the trusts reposed in them; and the business was one which could not be otherwise accomplished except by constantly traversing from one extremity of the chain to the other.

For several hours, no other inconvenience attended these perambulations, besides a feeling of considerable fatigue, for which the toilsome march of the day had amply prepared us; but towards midnight the case was different. A mass of black clouds suddenly collected together, and the stars, which but a moment ago shone out brightly in a clear blue sky, were completely obscured. A tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain ensued. There was not a breath of wind, it is true, hardly so much as to move the leaves upon the trees, but the thunder was terrific, and the rain rushed down like a cataract in perpendicular streams. The effect of such a storm, echoed back as it was from the thick woods around, was awful in no ordinary degree; whilst every flash of lightning gave to the eye a momentary glimpse of scenery, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. The pathless forests, which on every side formed the back-ground, the few cultivated fields which intervened between them and the house, the very palings and hedges which intersected them, with the curved line of sentinels, standing motionless at their posts—all these, as well as the sweep of the road, were seen

for an instant as distinctly as at noonday; and then a darkness, thicker and more impenetrable than before, enshrouded them. No doubt there was much to admire in all this, perhaps sufficient, or more than sufficient, to compensate for the inconvenience of a sound ducking, where a change of habiliments was to be procured; but, on the present occasion, it must be confessed, that we would have willingly dispensed with all that was sublime in the occurrence, in exchange for a little dry weather, no matter how tame or monotonous.

It was not, however, for us to choose. The storm took its course, and having continued with unabated violence during two hours, gradually died away. The rain ceased to fall, the clouds dispersed themselves, and the little stars shone forth again, like the eyes of a beauty whose tears have ceased to flow; and the rest of the night, accordingly, was spent in as much of quiet and comfort as it usually falls to the lot of soldiers upon an outpost duty to enjoy.

CHAPTER III.

IN obedience to the customs of war in like cases, our picket got under arms, and was drawn up in front of the house, two hours before sunrise. No enemy, however, made his appearance, nor did any rumour of an enemy come in to put us more than previously on the alert; but we continued to preserve our ranks as if an army were in our front, till directions reached us from rear how we were to act. The column, it appeared, was in readiness, and would set out on the first blink of dawn; and as our company already occupied the road by which it was to move, we were ordered to perform the duty of the leading division of the advanced guard.

It was yet but the gray of the morning, when major Brown made his appearance, and we began our march. The road, like that of yesterday, was deep and sandy; but our men appeared refreshed to a degree which could have hardly been expected, and kept up, as they had been accustomed to keep up, when marches were to them events of every day's occurrence. All, too, both officers and privates, seemed to catch additional energy from the recollection that there was nothing friendly in front of them. It was truly a journey of adventure and discovery; but as the reader may not be aware of the kind of order which the advanced companies of an army preserve, and the species of feeling which animates the individuals who compose these companies may be strange to him, I shall not, perhaps, run any hazard of wearying his pa-

tience, if I endeavour to make him acquainted here with both the one and the other.

Charlton's company, that to which I was attached, consisted of a captain, two subalterns, three sergeants, and fifty rank and file. It was thus distributed:—Along the high road moved first of all two files of men and a sergeant, one file about twenty paces ahead of the other. Parallel with the most forward file, twenty men spread themselves, by pairs, or files, each pair or file keeping about ten paces apart from the others, on each side of the way; by which means the woods or fields were swept on both flanks to the extent of two hundred paces. In rear of the last of the two files, but full twenty paces behind, moved the remainder of the company. About twenty paces, again, behind that small section, the two remaining companies advanced, coming on in compact array, unless, indeed, some alarm chanced to be given, when they, too, instantly extended through the fields. Thus our movements resembled rather that of sportsmen, when, in large bodies, they surround a wood or draw a preserve, than that of soldiers, at least soldiers upon a parade; and perhaps, if the truth be spoken, our feelings were as much akin to those of the first named class of persons as to those of the last. For myself, I freely confess, that I brushed through the under-wood, and traversed the inclosures, more in the spirit of one beating for game than looking out for opponents; and if any judgment may be formed from the merry chat and rude repartees of those about, a similar spirit animated the men.

But though our occupation was productive of much merriment and very considerable excitement, it must be confessed, that the fatigue which accompanied it began, before many hours had expired, to counterbalance in no slight degree both the one and the other of these advantages. The woods, be it remembered, were thick and tangled, and the grass that grew under the taller trees seldom reached lower than our hips, and often passed our middles. Besides, no enemy appeared to interrupt our progress; and there was a sameness in searching continually to no purpose, and in expecting for ever, without having the expectation gratified. Under these circumstances, we were by no means displeased, when, towards noon, our bugles sounded the halt. At this particular moment, I and my section were extended on the right of the road, and occupied part of a wood, which presented every appearance of having continued unmolested since the days of Noah. But as the blast did not call us in, we were at no loss to discover that the halt was merely temporary, and that

the ground of encampment for the night could not yet be in view. We lay down, however, where we were, well pleased that an opportunity of resting our weary limbs was afforded, and, unbuckling our haversacks, addressed ourselves with extreme good will to the remnants of such provisions as could still be found there.

It chanced, that in scouring these forests, we had put up, among other animals, a leveret, which a poodle dog, the property of my friend Charlton, chased and caught. The reader will easily believe that poor puss was not a little baffled and confused by the shouts and cries with which our men animated the pursuer, and that nothing like fair play was granted to her in her efforts to escape. Taking advantage of this pause, a few of the soldiers set to work, skinned and cut up the hare, lighted a fire, and were preparing to dress it, when a circumstance occurred, which in an instant called off our attention to other and more important matters. "What is that?" said a corporal, who stood beside me, whilst I was watching the progress of dissecting the leveret. "Do you not see something, sir, moving through those bushes to the right?" I looked instantly in the direction towards which the soldier pointed, and beheld plainly enough a flash, like that which the sudden falling of a sun beam on bright arms produces. There was no room to doubt from what source that flash proceeded. My bugle sounded the alarm, the men stood to their arms, and we dashed forward to the copse. It was as I anticipated. A body of the enemy, perhaps an hundred and fifty in number, were there. Perceiving by our movement that they were discovered, they instantly opened their fire, and a very pretty and interesting skirmish began. It was not, however, of long continuance. We rushed on, the men firing as an opportunity offered, and covering themselves all the while, as they easily might, by the trees; whilst the Americans, not waiting for our approach, retreated with all haste through a country manifestly well known to them, and were beyond our reach in ten minutes. In this trifling affair not a single British soldier was scratched, whilst of the enemy, but one solitary dead body was discovered.

Trifling as the skirmish was, it served, as the sound of the bugles in all directions told us, to put the whole army on the alert. Advance was again the order of the day, and advance we did, in higher spirits and better humour than had distinguished us from the beginning. The enemy, we trusted, would sooner or later hazard a battle; and as he had begun the system of disputing his territories with us, we doubted

not that he would henceforth act up to it. But the prospect of being every moment hurried into action, even though it be accompanied in the bravest heart with sensations—not perhaps of alarm, but of something remotely akin to it,—is, upon the whole, to a soldier in full march, and surrounded by gallant comrades, one of the most animating and exquisite sensations of which human nature is susceptible. It is not then with him, as it is in the stillness of his tent or bivouac, when he knows that to-morrow's sun must light him to a field of carnage and death. Then, indeed, there is time to think; and no man can think of an impending dissolution, without at least a degree of seriousness which no other thought is capable of producing. But when he is scouring the woods, or advancing through fields and inclosures,—his men all about him, and eager and animated, like huntsmen about a fox-covey,—the officer must be phlegmatic indeed, whose energies are not wrought up to a degree of enthusiasm which causes all apprehension of personal risk to be forgotten, and directs his whole thoughts into one channel,—namely, how he is most successfully to discharge his duty when the moment of trial shall arrive. I am not one of those who, writing in my own study, pretend to say, that I should prefer a bloody battle to a snug dinner with my friends, and a social glass of wine after it; but I confess, that during the remainder of our progress, one wish, and one only, rose into my mind; and that was, that the Americans would afford me an opportunity, with the twenty brave men whom I commanded, to make what impression I could upon any of their ambuscades, however numerous, or however judiciously disposed.

All my eager aspirations after renown were, however, doomed to suffer disappointment. The Americans would not make a stand. We saw them, indeed, again, just as we reached the skirt of the forest, and, falling in once more with the river, wheeled up towards the open country around Nottingham; but it was in full flight, and already at the farther extremity of the town. We saw, likewise, that a few of our mounted officers, colonel Thornton, major Brown, and, if I mistake not, the general himself, attempted, in the most dashing and gallant style, to charge their rear, and cut off their stragglers; but the charge of three or four horsemen was easily repulsed, and the stragglers, striking off towards the plantations on either flank, were soon safe from farther molestation. Somewhat vexed that they should have thus escaped us, we were accordingly obliged to halt, where we had been ordered to halt, in the village; and here the rest of the army

joining us, dispositions were made to pass the night. The picquets were planted without delay; the different brigades took up their respective grounds; and Charlton, Williams, and I, not a little weary with our excursion, ensconced ourselves under the shade of a large barn, plentifully stored with tobacco.

The reader must be already well aware, that if the purport of the present debarkation really was to seize commodore Barney's flotilla of gun-boats, it completely failed of success. The boats were all gone. They set sail, as one of the few remaining inhabitants informed us, at an early hour this morning, and were now many miles nearer to the source of the Patuxent than we. But this circumstance, whatever effect it might have upon the minds of those at the head of affairs, was the cause of no annoyance whatever to us. We were, on the whole, very well pleased with all which had yet befallen us. We were particularly satisfied in finding ourselves so snugly housed for the night, and it added not a little to our gratification, when we discovered that our Portuguese servants had not been remiss in providing the requisites for a sumptuous evening repast. Turkeys and geese had by some chance or another flown into their hands as they proceeded; and these they now made ready, for their own, and their masters' suppers. And then, with respect to tobacco, that principal delicacy of soldiers upon active service, there was no reasonable cause either for scarcity or complaint. The house which sheltered us was full of it; and though the broad arrow had been impressed upon the doors, we scrupled not to appropriate to our own use, not only as much as we required at the moment, but a stock sufficient, as we guessed, to supply our wants for several days to come. To sum up all, the quarter-master arriving soon after the halt, with stores of bread and rum, an additional allowance of both was served out, as well to the men as to the officers. On the whole, therefore, a thousand situations may be conceived many degrees less enviable than ours; when, with a fire blazing before us, and the remains of our supper taken away, we reclined, pipe in hand, and drinking cup hard by, within the porch of the hospitable barn, chatting over the occurrences of the morning, and calculating what might be the issue of tomorrow's operations.

Of the disposition of the army in general, it falls not in with the plan of my present story to say much. Let it suffice to observe, that Nottingham, a small town, or rather an overgrown village upon the Patuxent, was occupied by the light

and second brigades; the third brigade taking post among the out-buildings of a few farm-houses on the left of the road. The picquets, again, extended across the whole front, round the left flank, and so back to the rear; whilst on the right the river, already covered with lanches and boats from the fleet, was considered protection enough. Thus were we amply secured against all attempts at surprisal, had it accorded with the military policy of the United States to make them; and as no man thought of undressing, or even laying aside his accoutrements, we needed only to be warned of the approach of an enemy, in order to be in readiness to meet and repel him.

In the short course of this narrative, I have more than once had occasion to mention the name of my brother subaltern, Williams. There are circumstances connected with his destiny which induce me here to let my reader a little more into the history of his military life than I might perhaps have been otherwise disposed to do. Williams was the son of an officer; of a veteran officer, who, by dint of long and arduous service, rose to the rank of a major. He was not, I believe, his father's only son; but if it were fair to draw an inference from the boy's conversation, he was at all events the favourite. Williams was gazetted into the — regiment of foot, when he had barely completed his sixteenth year; and he joined us in the south of France, too late to take part in the war, before he had attained to his seventeenth. He was a fine, spirited, generous-hearted youth, ignorant, of course, of what a soldier's duty in the field really is, but anxious, if ever young man was anxious, to become practically acquainted with his profession. Being appointed to our company, he chose to attach himself very warmly to me; and seeing a great deal in the lad worthy of any man's affections, I readily and willingly met his advances. We were together during the morning, and his gallant and cool bearing throughout the trifling affair in which we had been engaged, certainly tended to strengthen the tie of personal regard by which I already felt myself bound to him. To-night he appeared to be in peculiarly high spirits; indeed I have never seen a lad exhibit more striking symptoms of happiness than when I mentioned his conduct in the terms which I felt it to merit, to our common friend Charlton. So gratified was the youth by my praises, that he actually shed tears, though, as he himself assured us, they were the sweetest tears that ever wet his cheeks. "Oh, my poor father!" said he to me, as we were arranging our cloaks, and preparing to lie down, "how

delighted would he be to have heard you say what you said to-night!" I could not answer the boy; his little speech affected me so deeply; but I loved him from my heart for his fine feelings, and I determined to be his friend during the remainder of his military life.

The night could not be farther advanced than eight or nine o'clock, when a consciousness of bodily languor overcoming every other sensation, we made ready to resign ourselves to sleep. As the smell of the tobacco was not offensive, and the plant itself was made up into large sheaves, we unrolled a few of these, and scattered them upon the floor of the barn for our bed. Upon the mattress thus formed, we spread one of our cloaks, and reserving the other two to supply the place of blankets, we lay down, all three together. A little more of the tobacco, raised into a heap, served us for a pillow. Our sabres were within reach, our haversacks and pistols at our heads; the only articles of dress which we laid aside were our boots, and our sashes we untied. Then directing the servants to heap up the fire, so as that it should continue to blaze till the morning, we bade each other good night, and slept, as men generally sleep, whose minds and bodies have been in full exercise for four-and-twenty hours on a stretch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE reader may be informed here, once for all, that general Ross's army, like all other armies in the immediate presence of an enemy, drew up in close columns of battalions, every morning an hour before dawn. In this position we remained, on the morning of the twenty-second, till daylight had fully broken, when, instead of filing off towards the road, and prosecuting our journey, we were permitted to quit our ranks and return to our lairs. Ignorant of any reasonable cause for this measure, and anxious, as British troops ever are, to press on, we betook ourselves to our respective resting-places a little out of humour; but we soon acquired philosophy enough to believe that all must be for the best, and comforted ourselves with the expectation that the much-desired advance, though delayed for some purpose or another, could not but take place before long. Nor were we disappointed.

We had just time enough allowed to ascertain that Nottingham consisted of four streets, running at right angles through one another, and that it presented every appearance

of having been abandoned by its inhabitants only a few moments previous to the arrival of our army, when the well-known bugle-call summoned us to our ranks, and in five minutes after we were in marching order. The same dispositions which had covered our advance on the previous day, were again made. The flankers swept the woods and fields, whilst the leading files marched cautiously along the high road; but it fell not to our lot to occupy one or other of these important posts. We formed part to-day of the columns, and like our comrades moved on; ready, indeed, to act, should an opportunity be afforded, but less sanguine than we should have been, had the office of protecting the movement been intrusted to us.

The country through which we travelled presented fewer traces of cultivation than any which we had hitherto traversed. The road, indeed, diverging from the river, struck inwards, so as to cut off an angle formed by its course; and, as every body knows, it is entirely upon the banks of its navigable streams that America can, even now, be said to be inhabited. A few fields there doubtless were, with a house or two here and there, throughout the whole line of march; but after leaving Nottingham decidedly behind, they were rare indeed. One mighty forest was before us and around us, which, if it served no other purpose, at all events screened us from the rays of a sultry sun, which would have otherwise proved in the highest degree inconvenient.

We quitted our ground at seven o'clock, and went on for about a couple of hours, without any circumstance occurring calculated to attract attention, or deserving of notice. A few pigs and turkeys, indeed, which happened to be at large near a farm-house by the way-side, suffered, it is true, the fate incident to mortality; and much laughter was heard from front to rear of the column, as dogs and men either failed or succeeded in the chase. But of the enemy no traces were discovered, though our guide assured us that several numerous bodies had passed the night in this neighbourhood. About noon, however, we were put a little upon our mettle, and an adventure took place which I record, chiefly for the purpose of showing the temper and disposition of the men with whom we were now embroiled.

The advanced parties having arrived at the more open country which surrounds Marlborough, found themselves suddenly in the presence of two squadrons of well-mounted, and handsomely-appointed cavalry. They were composed, as we afterwards learned, of gentlemen volunteers in the ser-

vice of their country. To do them justice, the troopers no sooner saw our men, than they made a spirited effort to cut down one or two files, which appeared to be separated from their companions, and at a distance from the wood. But a single discharge from another party which they had not observed, instantly checked them, and they galloped off.

Almost at the same moment when this little affair was going on, some eight or ten riflemen being discovered in the wood on the right of the road, were pursued by colonel Thornton, and one of them overtaken. When I say that the fellow was overtaken, I mean that he halted of his own accord, and made signs that he gave himself up. The colonel, satisfied with this, was directing a file of his men to go forward and secure the prisoner, when the American, with the utmost deliberation, levelled his piece and fired. Happily he missed his mark; but that circumstance would have availed him little had he fallen into the hands of our people. Fleet of foot, however, and well acquainted with the country, he soon managed to baffle his pursuers, who, after having wasted a few rounds at him, were compelled to abandon the chase and return to their ranks.

It has been already stated, that our corps experienced very great inconvenience, and was sorely crippled in one of its most important arms, through the want of horses. We had no artillery; three of the smallest pieces ever used, hardly deserve to be termed such; we were without cavalry, and even our staff was miserably provided. The general felt this, and he did his best to remedy the evil, by causing every horse which was found in the field, or stables near, to be seized and brought in. By this means we were enabled to muster, at the close of the third day, a troop of about forty horsemen; but such horsemen! The men, indeed, were like other British soldiers; they were artillery drivers, and they were commanded by an officer of artillery; but the horses were, for the most part, indifferent enough, whilst the appointments of the troopers proved, in many instances, a source of merriment, not only to us but to themselves. It was not always that saddles could be found for the horses; and when such were totally wanting, recourse was had to blankets, doubled repeatedly, and strapped on the animals' backs. On other occasions, the absence of a bridle was compensated by a halter; very many of the men made stirrups for themselves out of pieces of rope, and a few rode bare-backed. Nor were their weapons more uniform or more graceful than their horse equipage. A few only carried their own sabres; the rest were supplied

with the cutlasses which belonged to the seamen who dragged the guns. Yet this irregular and wretchedly-equipped cavalry proved repeatedly of the most essential service to the expedition.

It was one o'clock, when the neat houses, and pretty gardens of Marlborough, presented themselves to our view. I know not whether the scene would strike me now, as it struck me then, were I again to visit it; but at that moment I imagined that I had never looked upon a landscape more pleasing, or more beautiful. The gentle green hills which on either hand inclosed the village, tufted here and there with magnificent trees,—the village itself, straggling and wide, each cottage being far apart from its neighbours, and each ornamented with flower-beds, and shrubberies; these, with a lovely stream that wound through the valley, formed, as far as my memory may be trusted, one of the most exquisite panoramas, on which it has ever been my good fortune to gaze. Though no lover of the American character and nation then, (whatever may be the case now,) I could not behold this peaceful scene without experiencing sincere regret that it should suffer profanation from the presence of a hostile force; and I determined that no exertion on my own part should be wanting to hinder the orders already issued against plunder and rapine, from being neglected. To say the truth, however, it was an easy matter to keep our men within the bounds of tolerable subordination and discipline. The attacks which they from time to time made upon farm-yards and pig-sties, were, to a certain degree at least, allowable enough. It would have been unreasonable to expect, that hungry soldiers, in an enemy's country, would sit down to digest their hunger, whilst flocks of poultry and herds of swine were within their reach. But not a single act of wanton mischief was perpetrated; and when we marched out on the following day, we left Marlborough, not perhaps so rich in live stock, but quite as picturesque and rural, as when we entered it.

In this place we learned, that commodore Barney, aware of our design, and unable any longer to elude it, had blown up the gun-boats of which we were in pursuit. This piece of intelligence sufficiently accounted for the many explosions which we had heard whilst on the march; but though it might have caused some disappointment to the heads of departments, by us it was treated as a very dull and uninteresting piece of news.

The first matter about which soldiers interest themselves on arriving at the ground where they are to halt for the night,

is to secure as comfortable a sleeping-place as circumstances will allow, and then to provide materials for their supper. Leaving Charlton to select a dormitory, Williams and I, as soon as we had seen to the comforts of our men, sallied forth upon the old quest, in search of provisions. We entered several houses, but found them all unoccupied; and what was far less satisfactory, very many of them already lightened of their viands. By the help of my Portuguese boy, however, (one of the ablest foragers by the way, that ever followed a camp,) we succeeded at last in making ourselves masters of five fowls; with which, and a loaf of bread, a sack of flour, and a bottle of peach-whiskey, we prepared to rejoin our friend. We found him very snugly settled; not in a house, for the position of the corps was in advance of the village, but under a clump of leafy trees, which furnished a tolerable shelter against the sun, and promised to be equally serviceable against the dews. There our dinner was dressed and eaten; and here, upon a few trusses of hay, brought from a neighbouring barn-yard for the purpose, we slept soundly and contentedly.

Fresh, and in excellent spirits, we rose next morning; and having stood the usual time with our men, began to consider how we should most profitably and agreeably spend the day. Of farther movements, nothing was said; the troops, indeed, had been dismissed as soon as dawn appeared,—we were therefore prepared to treat this as a day of leisure and repose. Nevertheless, as we were quite ignorant of the situation of the enemy, we deemed it by no means prudent to venture far from the camp; but contented ourselves with strolling back into the village, and instituting a renewed and more accurate search after people, and other living creatures.

The only inhabitant whom we found abiding in his house was a doctor Bean, a medical practitioner, and the proprietor of a valuable farm in the neighbourhood. The doctor was, in point of fact, a Scotchman; that is to say, he had migrated about twenty years ago from some district of North Britain, and still retained his native dialect in all its doric richness. He professed, moreover, to retain the feelings as well as the language of his boyish days. He was a federalist—in other words, he was hostile to the war with England, which he still persisted in regarding as his mother country. Such, at least, were the statements with which he favoured us, and we believed him the more readily, that he seemed really disposed to treat us as friends. There was nothing about his house or farm to which he made us not heartily welcome; and the wily

emigrant was no loser by his civility. We took, indeed, whatever we stood in need of, provisions, forage, and even horses; but our commissary paid this man of professions the full value of his commodities. From doctor Bean, I however scrupled not to accept a present. He offered me all that his house contained; I took only a little tea, some sugar, and a bottle of milk; and did not insult him by alluding to a remuneration.

We were thus situated, when towards noon the general suddenly appeared in the bivouac, and the troops were ordered to fall in. The scruples which had, for a time, affected him, were now overcome, and a push, it was understood, was about to be made against the city of Washington. From various quarters we had learned of the excesses committed by the American army upon the frontier towns of Canada, and the general and admiral determined, by insulting the capital itself, to convince the government of the United States that such proceedings were not more barbarous than impolitic. This, at least, was the rumour of the moment; but concerning the causes of their movements, the inferior officers and soldiers of an army seldom trouble themselves by inquiring. It was sufficient for us to know that an enterprise was before us, worthy of our leaders and our own reputation; we cared not from what motive it sprung,—our only thought was to effect it.

In less than a quarter of an hour from the first alarm, the column was in motion. Charlton's company had again the good fortune to form the advance; and it was not long before my young friend Williams was again enabled to exhibit his coolness and courage under fire. We had proceeded about four miles, sweeping and scouring the country as before, when, on arriving at the base of a low green hill, we were saluted by a volley of musketry, from a body of troops which filled a wood upon its summit. It happened that the general was at this moment among us. He had seen the rising ground from a distance, and, anxious to take a survey of the surrounding country, had ridden forward, with the intention of ascending it. It will be easily imagined, that the presence of our leader acted as no clog upon our courage or resolution. We rushed up the height at double-quick time, and, receiving one other volley just as we gained the ridge, dashed into the thicket. Three of our men were wounded, and as yet we saw not the hands which struck the blow; but now they were visible enough. It was the rear-guard of a corps of observation which had bivouacked last night within gun-

shot of our picquets, and which, finding that we were in full march towards them, were retreating. We drove their skirmishers through the wood in gallant style, scarcely allowing them time to load as they retreated; till at last they fairly took to their heels and escaped.

In the meanwhile the rest of the advanced guard pushing steadily along the road, caused the section which was meant to support the skirmishers with whom we were engaged, to disperse and fly in all directions. To the fugitives, it is true, the country was familiar; they therefore easily escaped; but by their flight they enabled us to obtain a view of the column, which it was their business to have masked, and we were consequently made aware that about twelve or fifteen hundred infantry, with several pieces of cannon, were in full retreat before us. The enemy observed us, probably at the same moment that we beheld them, for on our approach they halted, and drew up upon some heights about a mile distant. Of this matter the general was soon informed, and one hundred and fifty additional men arriving to our assistance, we made ready, about two hundred in all, to dislodge them.

With this design one company extended itself in skirmishing array, whilst the rest advanced in column; but Jonathan was too timorous, or too wary, to abide this shock. Their artillery, indeed, opened as soon as we arrived within point-blank range; and to say the truth, the shots were well directed; but we were yet a great way off from the bottom of the rising ground which they occupied, when the infantry broke once more into marching order, and retired. Notwithstanding this, we continued to press on, till we had crowned the heights, when major Brown, who directed the movement, informed us, that it was not intended that we should advance any farther in this direction.

A halt being accordingly commanded, we lay down upon the grass, and looked about, for the purpose of ascertaining how far we had outstripped the column, and in what manner the column was occupied. Our surprise may be guessed at, when not a soldier appeared in view. A cloud of dust rising at the back of a copse, which ran parallel with the heights above, served to point out the direction which the army had taken; and even that was so wavering and uncertain in its aspect, as to create some doubts in our minds, whether a retreat were not begun. A short time, however, sufficed to set our minds at rest on this important subject. We had kept our ground perhaps something less than an hour, when lieutenant Evans, assistant-quarter-master-general, arrived with

an order, that we should abandon the post, and keeping so far under the ridge as to screen the movement, to defile to our right. The army, it seemed, had taken the road to Alexandria; we were to follow it; and if we did not overtake it before, we should certainly find it bivouacked at a place called Wood-yard, about four miles distant. Such were the directions given to us, and these we prepared to follow.

The evening was closing in when we began to descend the hill, and it was something more than dusk ere we regained the road; but even then, our only guide was the track of those who had preceded us, for Mr. Evans could not, and did not wait to conduct us. Nevertheless, we were not afraid to trust to it, and it did not deceive us. Darkness came on, indeed, whilst we were yet far from the camp, and we could not but feel that had the enemy been as enterprising and active as he ought to have been, perhaps we might not have reached it at all. But we did reach it in safety; though, as far as Charlton and myself were concerned, it was only to be employed upon a duty as harrassing and disagreeable for the time, as any I recollect ever to have performed.

About a mile, or a mile and a-half from the situation of the camp, and considerably out of the line even of the picquets, stood a large house, built after the fashion of a chateau. It was the residence of a gentleman of extensive fortune, who, probably not anticipating that he ran any risk of a visit from the invaders, had not removed either his family or effects from his house; and now intreated that general Ross would station an officer's guard there, for the purpose of protecting him and them from violence. The general readily acceded to his wishes; and it fell to the lot of my friend and myself to be appointed to this service. As the events arising out of our leader's generosity were to us, at least at the moment, replete with interest, it may be well, instead of entering upon them imperfectly here, to reserve my relation of them for a fresh chapter.

THE MONKEY.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

I dinna think that in a' nature there 's a mair curiouser cratur than a monkey. I mak this observe frae being witness to an extraordinar event that took place in Hamilton, three or four days after my never-to-be forgotten battle of the Brecks. Some even gaed the length to say that it was to the

full mair curiouser than that affair, in sae far as the principal performer in the ae case was a rational man, whereas in the ither he was only a bit ape. But folk may talk as they like about monkeys, and cry them down for being stupid and mischievous, I fae ane will no gang that length. Whatever they may be on the score of mischief, there can be nae doubt, that, sae far as gumption is concerned, they are just uncommon; and for wit and fun they would beat ony man black and blue. In fact, I didna think that monkeys are beasts ava. I hae a half notion that they were just wee hairy men that canna or rather that winna speak, in case they be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness.

But to the point: I ance had a monkey, ane of the drollest looking deevils ye ever saw. He was gay an big for a monkey, and was hairy a' ower, except his face and his bit huries, which had a degree of bareness about them, and were nearly as saft as a lady's loof. Weel, what think ye that I did wi' the beastie? Odds, man, I dressed him like a Heeland man, and put a kilt upon him, and a lang-tailed red-coat, and a blue bannet, which for security's sake, I tied, woman-like, below his chin, wi' twa bits of yellow ribbon. I not only did this, but I learnt him to walk upon his twa hinder legs, and to carry a stick in his right hand when he gaed out, the better to support him in his peregrinations. He was for a' the world like a wee man in kilts—sae much sae that when Glengarry the great Heeland chieftain, wha happened to be at Hamilton on a visit to the duke, saw him by chance, he swore by the powers, that he was like ane of the Celtic Society, and that if I likit he would endeavour to get him admitted a member of that body. I thocht at the time Glengarry was jokin, but I hae since had gude reason for thinking that he was in real earnest, as Andrew Brand says that he and the Celts hae been like to cut ane anither's throats, and that he micht mean this as an affront upon them. Hoosomever, I maun do Glengarry the justice to say, that had he got my Nosey (that was his name) made a member, he wadna hae pruv'd the least witty or courageous of the society, and would hae dune nae disgrace to the chief's recommendation.

But I am fleeing awa like a shuttle frae the subject on hand. Weel, it turned out in this manner, as ye shall hear. Ae afternoon towards the glomin, I was oblegated to tak' a stap down to the cross, wi' a web under my arm, which I had finished for Mr. West, the muslin manufacturer. By way of frolic, a gay an foolish ane I allow, I brocht Nosey along wi'

me. He had on, as for ordinar' his Heeland dress, and walkit behint me, wi the bit stick in his hand, and his tail sticking out frae below his kilt, as if he had been my flunky. It was after a', a queer sicht, and, as may be supposed, I drew a haill crowd of bairns after me, bawling out, "Here 's Willy M'Gee's monkey," and ga'eing him nits and gingerbread, and makin' as muckle of the cratur as could be; for Nosey was a great favourite in the town, and every body likit him for his droll tricks, and the way he used to grin, and dance, and tumble over his head, to amuse them.

On entering Mr. Weft's shop, I found it empty; there wasna a leeving soul within. I supposed he had gane out for licht; and being gayan familiar with him, I took a stap ben to the back shop, leaving Nosey in the fore ane. I sat down for twa or three minutes, but naebody made his appearance. At last the front door, which I had ta'en care to shut after me, opened, and I look't to see wha it could be, thinking that, nae doubt, it was Mr. Weft, or his apprentice. It was neither the ane nor the ither, but a strong, middle-aged, red faced Heelandmen, wi' specks on, and wi' a kilt and a bannet, by a' the world like my monkey's. Now, what think ye, Nosey was about a' this time? He was sittin' behind the counter upon the lang three-liggit stool that stood forment Mr. Weft's desk, and was turning over the leaves of his leger wi' a look which, for auld fashioned sagaciousness, was wonderfu' to behold. I was sae tickled at the sight that I paid na sort of attention to the Heelandman, but continued looking frae the back shop at Nosey, lauching a' the time in my sleeve—for I jealousyed that some queer scene would take place between the twa. And I wasna far wrang, for the stranger, taking out a pound frae his spleuchan, handed it ower to the monkey, and speered at him, in his droll norian decalect, if he could change a note. When I heard this I thoct I would hae lauched outright: and nothing but sheer curiosity to see how the thing would end made me keep my gravity. It was plain that Donald had ta'en Nosey for ane of his ain countrymen—and the thing after a' wasna greatly to be wondered at, and that for three reasons:

Firstly, the shop was rather darkish.

Secondly, the Heelandman had on specks, as I hae just said; and it was likely on this account that he was rather short-sighted; and

Thirdly, Nosey, wi' his kilt, and bannet, and red coat, was to a' intents and purposes, as like a human creatur as a monkey could weel be.

Nae sooner, then, had he got the note, than he opened it out, and lookit at wi' his wee glowrin' restless een, as if to see that it wasna a forgery. He then shook his head like a doctor, when he's no very sure what's wrang wi' a person, but wants to mak' it appear that he kens a' about it—and continued in this style till the Heelandman's patience began to get exhausted.

"Can ye no shange the note, old shentleman?" quo' Donald. Nosey gi'ed his head another shake, and lookit uncommon wise.

"Is the note no goot, sir? spak the Heelandman, a second time; but the cratur, instead of answering him, only gi'ed anither of his wise shakes, as much as to say, "I'm no very sure about it." At this Donald lost temper. "If the note doesna please ye, sir," quo' he, "I'll thank ye to gie me it back again, and I'll gang to some ither place." And he stretchit out his hand to tak haud o't, when my frien' wi' the tail, lifting up his stick, lent him sic a whack ower the fingers as made him pu' back in the twinkling of an ee.

"Got tamn ye, ye auld scounrel," said the man; "do ye mean to tak my money frae me?" And he lifted up a rung big enuch to fell a stot, and let flee at the monkey; but Nosey was ower quick for him, and jumping aside, he lichted on a shelf before ane could say Jock Robinson. Here he rowed up the note like a baw in his hand, and put into his coat pouch like ony rational cratur. Not only this, but he mockit the Heelandman by a' manner of means, shooting out his tongue at him, spitting at him, and girning at him, wi' his queer and outlandish physiognomy. Then he would tak his tail in his twa hands, and wag it at Donald, and steeking his nieves, he would seem to threaten him wi' a leatherin'. A'thegither he was desperate impudent, and enuch to try the patience of a saunt, no to speak o' a het-bluided Heelandman. It was gude for sair een to see how Donald behavit on this occasion.—He raged like ane demented, misca'ing the monkey beyond measure, and swearing as mony Gaelic aiths as micht hae sair'd an ordinar man for a twalmonth. During this time, I never steer'd a foot, but keepit keeking frae the back shop upon a' that was ganging on. I was highly delighted; and jealousying that Nosey was ower supple to be easily caught, I had nae apprehension for the event, and remained snug in my birth to see the upshot.

In a short time in comes Mr. Weft, wi' a piece of lowing paper in his hand, that he had got frae the next door to licht

the shop; and nae sooner did Donald see him than he ax'd him for his note.

"What note, honest man?" said Mr. West.

"Got tamn," quo' Donald, "the note the auld scoundrel, your grandfather, stole frae me."

"My grandfather!" answered the ither wi' amazement. "I am thinking, honest man, ye ha' had a glass ower muckle. My grandfather has been dead for sixteen years, and I ne'er heard tell till now that he was a thief."

"Weel, weel, then," quo' the Heelandman, "I don't care naething about it. If he's no your grandfaither, he'll be your faither, or your brither, or your cousin."

"My faither, or my brither, or my cousin!" repeated Mr. West, "I maun tell ye plainly, frien, that I hae neither faither, nor brither, nor cousin of ony description on this side of the grave. I dinna understand ye honest man, but I reckon that ye hae sat ower lang at the whiskey, and my advice to ye is to stap awa hame and sleep it aff."

At this speech the Heelandman lost a' patience, and lookit so awfully fairce, that ance or twice I was on the nick of coming forrit, and explaining how matters really stood; but curiosity keepit me chained to the back shop and I just thocht I would bide awee, and see how the affair was like to end.

"Pray, wha are you sir?" said Donald, putting his hands in his sides, and looking through his specks upon Mr. West, like a deevil incarnit. "Wha are you, sir, that daur speak to me in this manner?"

"Wha am I?" said the ither, drapping the remnant of the paper which was buruin' close to his fingers, "I am Saunders West, manufacturer in Hamilton, that's what I am."

"And I am Tonal'd Campbell, piper's sister's son to his grace the great grand tuke of Argyle," thundered out the Heelandman, wi' a voice that was fearsome to hear.

"And what about that?" quo' Mr. West, rather snappishly, as I thocht. "If ye were the great grand duke of Argyle himsell' as ye ca' him, I'll not permit you to kick up a dust in my shop."

"Ye scoundrel," said Donald, seizing Mr. West by the throat, and shaking him till he tottered like an aspen leaf, "div ye mean to speak ill of his grace the duke of Argyle?" And he gied him anither shake—then, laying haud of his nose, he swore that he would pu't as lang as a cow's tail, if he didna that instant restore him his lost property. At this sicht I began to grew a' ower, and now saw the needcessity of stapping ben, and saving my employer frae further damage,

bodily and itherwise. Nae sooner had I made my appearance than Donald let go his grip of Mr. West's nose, and the latter, in a great passion, cried out, "William M'Gee, I tak ye to witness what I hae sufferit frae this bluid thirsty Heelandman. It's no to be endured in a Christian country. I'll hae the law of him, that I will. I'll be whuppit but I'll hae amends, although it costs me twenty pounds!"

"What's the matter?" quo' I, pretending ignorance of the haill concern. "What in the name of Nebuchadnezzar, has set ye thegither by the lugs?" Then Mr. West began his tale, how he had been collared and weel nigh thrappled in his ain shop;—then the ither tauld how in the first place Mr. West's grandfather, as he ca'ed Nosey, had stolen his note, and how, in the second place, Mr. West himself had insulted the great grand tuke of Argyle. In a word, there was a desperate kick up between them, the ane threeping that he would tak the law of the ither immediately. Na, in this respect Donald gaed the greatest lengths, for he swore that, rather than be defeat, he wad carry his cause to the house of lords, although it cost him thretty pounds sterling. I now saw it was time to put in a word

"Houts-touts, gentlemen," quo' I, "what's the use of a' this clishmaclaver? Ye've baith gotten the wrang sow by the lug, or my name's no William M'Gee. I'll wager ye a penny-piece, that my monkey Nosey is at the bottom of the business."

Nae sooner had I spoken the word, than the twa, looking round the shop, spied the beastie sitting upon the shelf, girling at them, and putting out his tongue, and wiggle-wagging his walking stick over his left elbow, as if he had been playing upon the fiddle. Mr. West at this apparition set up a loud lauch; his passion left him in a moment, when he saw the ridiculous mistake that the Heelandman had fa'en into, and I thocht he would hae bursted his sides wi' evendown merriment. At first Donald lookit desperate angry, and, juding frae the way he was twisting about his mouth and rowing his een, I opined that he intended some deadly skaith to the monkey. But his gude sense, of which Heelandmen are no a'thegither destitute, got the better of his anger, and he roared and lauched like the very mischief. Nor was this a', for nae sooner had he began to lauch, than the monkey did the same thing, and held its sides in precisely the same manner, imitating his actions in the most amusin' way imaginable. This only set Donald a lauching mair than ever, and when he lifted up his nieve, and shook it at Nosey in a good humour-

ed way, what think ye that the cratur did? Odds man, he took the note frae his pouch, where it lay rowed up like a bow, and papping it at Donald, hit him as fairly upon the nose, as if it had been shot out of a weel aimed musket. There was nae resisting this. The haill three, or rather the haill four, for Nosey joined us, set up a loud lauch, and the Heelandman's was the loudest of a', showing that he was really a man of sense, and could take a joke as weel as his neighbours.

When the lauchin' had a wee subsided, Mr. Campbell, in order to show that he had nae ill wull to Mr. West, ax'd his pardon for the rough way he had treated him, but the worthy manufacturer wadna hear o't. "Houts, man," quo' he, "dinna say a word about it. It's a mistak a' thegither, and Soleman himsell, ye ken whiles gaed wrang." Whereupon the Heelandman bought a Kilmarnock nightcap, price eleven pence happeny, frae Mr. West, and paid him part of the very note that brocht on the ferly I hae just been relating. But his gude wull didna end here, for he insisted on takin us a'—Nosey among the lave—to the nearest public, where he gi'ed us a friendly glass, and we keepit tawking about monkeys, and what not, in a manner at ance edifying and amusing to hear.

Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant-General and Chef de Brigade in the service of the French and Batavian Republics. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 volumes, 8vo. Washington, Gales & Seaton. 1826.

From the Monthly Review.

THESE volumes consist of several memoirs of different periods of his life, written by Tone himself; of diaries, containing the most minute details of his proceedings on the most important occasions of his career; of some supplementary memoirs, as well as of a brief outline of his own education, and services in the French army by his son; and, finally, of a short and very beautiful memoir written by Mrs. Tone, in which she effectually exposes the falsehood and exaggeration of some tales concerning herself and her family, which have been published in the *New Monthly Magazine*. It must be admitted, however, as an excuse for those inventions, that there are few families in any country, whose history affords so many materials for romantic fiction as that of Theobald

Wolfe Tone. No imagination would have dared to contrive such adventures as those which befel himself and his brothers, and even his wife and his only surviving son. Fortune would seem to have marked them all out as the special objects of her caprice and her severity: we have at present, however, to do with Theobald alone, and it will be seen that, even at the commencement of his life, it promised to be sufficiently diversified.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1763, and was the eldest of three brothers. In consequence of some Chancery litigations, the pecuniary circumstances of his family were by no means prosperous; nevertheless they mustered sufficient means to provide him with an excellent education, which was finished at the university of Dublin. He acknowledges that he did not profit much from the opportunities thus afforded him, that he was abominably idle, and that instead of attending to his classics, he found his chief delight in attending the parades, field-days and reviews, of the garrison of Dublin, in the Phœnix Park. To this circumstance he traces the untameable desire by which he was ever after actuated to become a soldier; although he reluctantly submitted to try his fortune first at the bar. Before he quitted college he was engaged as a second in a duel, which terminated in the death of one of the parties, none of them being at the time above twenty years of age: a pretty good proof of the discipline that prevailed at that period in the university of Dublin. The manner in which he became acquainted with the admirable lady, who afterwards became his wife, is characteristic of the man.

‘At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived, at that time, in Grafton street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning: I was then a scholar of the house in the university, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow-students; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and it was necessary, for my admission to the family, that I should be first acquainted with him; I soon contrived to be introduced

to him, and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew passionately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning, in the month of July, we ran off together, and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first *eclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather.'—Vol. i, p. 21.

It is but justice to Mrs. Tone to observe, that throughout these volumes, wherever she is spoken of by her husband, and mention is made of her in almost every second page, it is uniformly in terms of the most ardent affection. It is the most engaging trait in our hero's character, that through all his wild and extravagant proceedings, whether at home or abroad, she still held her place in his heart, as the first object of his feelings and his thoughts; and that her happiness, and possibly her aggrandizement, was one of the most lively incentives to his ambition. Two years after his romantic marriage, Tone was obliged to leave her with his friends, while he came to London for the purpose of serving his terms at the Temple. His fondness for the profession may be inferred from his acknowledgment, that 'after the first month he never opened a law book, nor was he ever three times in Westminster hall in his life.' This disinclination to study must, of course, have been increased by the extreme uncertainty of his circumstances, which kept him in much uneasiness of mind. 'However,' he says, 'one way or another I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple, (No 4, Hare Court, on the first floor,) and whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, I contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow students, if I can call myself a student.' One of his resources was the European Magazine, for which he wrote several articles, mostly critical reviews of new publications, for which, in the course of two years, he received about 50*l*. He attempted, also, in conjunction with a friend, a burlesque novel, intending to ridicule the trash of the circulating libraries; but, unfortunately, none of the booksellers would risk the printing of it, though it was offered to them '*gratis*.' It

was afterwards published in Dublin, where it was read only by the authors and their friends.

A singular project which engrossed the mind of our law student, for some time, was a proposal to the minister, Mr. Pitt, for the establishment of a colony in one of Cook's then newly discovered islands in the North Sea, on a military plan, with a view 'to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously from that quarter in time of war.' The scheme, of course, met with no attention from Mr. Pitt. He did not even acknowledge the receipt of the memorial in which it was set forth. We mention this omission, as, though apparently a slight circumstance in itself, it gave birth to a lasting resentment in the mind of Tone against that minister, and, no doubt, materially swelled the tide of angry feeling which afterwards showed itself in his exertions for the independence of Ireland. His resentment was the more bitter, as, at the same time, his pecuniary affairs were in a state of great embarrassment. Such was his distress, that he went down to the India-house, to offer his services to the company, as a volunteer soldier, and the accident only of his having applied at the wrong season of the year, seems to have prevented his offer from having been accepted.

Fortune, however, smiled once more upon him. His wife's grandfather gave her a portion of 500*l*, which enabled him to return to Dublin, and to enter upon his profession in Trinity term, 1789. From the sort of preparation, however, which he had made for it, it would have been miraculous if he had succeeded. He devoted his attention chiefly to politics, and wrote a pamphlet, which, though 'it was barely above mediocrity,' obtained for him the notice of the whig party in Ireland, and eventually led to a connexion with them, from which he at first expected great advantages. The only material result of it, however, was, that it gave him a decided turn for politics; and in the course of his inquiries into the state of Ireland, to whose interests he was unquestionably most ardently attached, he arrived at a conclusion, or rather, as he calls it, a theory upon which he ever afterwards acted. This theory was, that 'the influence of England was the radical vice of the Irish government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable, whilst the connexion with England existed.'

Having once formed his opinions, his next proceeding was to give publicity to them; accordingly, on the first appearance of a rupture with Spain, he wrote a pamphlet, for the

purpose of showing that Ireland would not be bound by any declaration of war that might be issued by England. This was a tolerably strong step towards the demonstration of his theory. The pamphlet, however, fell still-born from the press, as the public mind was not yet quite prepared for so decisive a doctrine. Having by this time run far beyond the utmost boundary of the whig principles, he already looked down upon that party with contempt. Such was the state of his progress towards extreme measures, when he became acquainted with Tom Russell, one of the most celebrated anti-Anglicans which Ireland has produced: we shall give Tone's account of the origin of his acquaintance with this person, and also of the manner of life which he led at the period we speak of.

'My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the gallery of the house of commons. He was, at that time, enamoured of the whigs, but I knew these gentlemen better than he, and, indeed, he did not long remain under the delusion. We were struck with each other, notwithstanding the difference of our opinions, and we agreed to dine together the next day, in order to discuss the question. We liked each other better the second day than the first, and every day since has increased and confirmed our mutual esteem.

'My wife's health continued still delicate, she was ordered by her physician to bathe in the salt water. I hired, in consequence, a little box of a house on the sea-side, at Irishtown, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions, to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period; the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which, my wife, Russell, and myself, were all engaged; the afternoon walks, the discussions we had, as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful! Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of near seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a *fete*. My wife doted on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. I will not attempt, because I am unable, to express the veneration and regard I had for him, and I am sure that, next to his own sons, and scarcely below them, he loved and esteemed me. Russell's brother John, too, used to visit us, a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and incontesti-

bly, of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humour, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation, he excelled him and all the world. Sometimes too, my brother William joined us for a week, from the county Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton manufactory at Prosperous, in that county. I have already mentioned the convivial talents he possessed. In short, when the two Russells, my brother and I, were assembled, it is impossible to conceive of a happier society. I know not whether our wit was perfectly classical or not, nor does it signify. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current among ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland; for three of us I can answer, they possessed it in an eminent degree; add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses; so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner, and as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry or indecency, my wife and sister never left the table. These were delicious days. The rich and great, who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her best; her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for our children, rendered her the object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives, and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined.’—
Vol. i, pp. 34–36.

The French revolution, which had, at its commencement, produced a serious impression in this country, was viewed in Ireland with the most cordial sympathy and approbation. The Catholics began to feel the humility and servitude to which they had been reduced by the penal laws, and, for the first time, took measures for obtaining the entire removal of their grievances. Tone, who was a Dissenter, anxiously participated in their views, and although, at the time, he did not reckon a single Roman Catholic among his acquaintances, he wrote a pamphlet in their behalf, which met with distin-

guished success; it was the immediate cause of making him known to the gentlemen by whom the affairs of the Catholics were managed, and to the volunteers of Belfast, by whom he was invited to assist in the formation of the club of United Irishmen, which commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. A similar club was established in Dublin, composed of Archibald H. Rowan, James Napper Tandy, Dr. Drennan, the Hon. Simon Butler, and other distinguished persons. Of this club, Tone was also elected a member, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Richard Burke (son of Edmund,) from the agency of the Catholics of Ireland, our author was elected (1792,) secretary to their general committee, with a salary of 200*l.* a year. This situation he appears to have filled for nearly two years, with great advantage to the body with which he was thus honourably connected: a transaction, however, which took place in 1794, rendered his removal from Ireland a matter of necessity. A gentleman of the name of Jackson had been sent, by the French republican government, to Ireland, in order to sound the people of that country as to their willingness to join the French against England. Jackson was unquestionably faithful to the cause which he had espoused, but he was one of the most indiscreet emissaries ever employed on so delicate a mission. On his arrival in England he communicated the purport of his mission to an attorney, of the name of Cockayne, who lost no time in conveying the intelligence to government. Cockayne was accordingly instructed to accompany Jackson to Ireland, and to watch and betray all his proceedings. Tone was one of the first persons to whom Jackson opened himself in Ireland, and he eagerly entered into the business: but, before any effectual step was taken, Jackson was arrested, tried, and executed. The safety of Tone was, of course, compromised; but, through the exertions of his friends, he obtained permission to quit Ireland, and to take up his residence in America, whither he proceeded in the month of May, 1795.

He had scarcely arrived in Philadelphia when he resumed his plans for the liberation of Ireland. His first step was to wait on the French minister, Adet, from whom, however, he received but little encouragement. He purchased a plantation near Princetown, and was quietly preparing to settle himself as an American farmer, when he received letters from his friends in Ireland, entreating him "to move heaven and earth to force his way to the French government, in order to supplicate their assistance," and informing him that the public mind of Ireland was fast advancing towards re-

publicanism. Means were, at the same time, placed in his hands for enabling him to make the best of his way to France. He lost no time in obeying this call, and he arrived at Havre de Grace on the first of February, 1796.

At this period commence the journals of his proceedings during his mission in France; they are written in a careless manner, but as they were intended chiefly for the gratification of his family, they exhibit a genuine and artless account of his life from day to day. They are often exceedingly droll, and animated with the finest touches of native Irish wit. The author had a ludicrous trick of dragging into his memoranda, favourite quotations, sometimes from old plays, sometimes from old ballads, and other similar sources, which, besides that they have little merit in themselves, have nothing in the world to do with the subject in hand. The effect is of course often merely nonsensical; but generally it is so ridiculous that one cannot help being amused with it. We shall give an example or two, premising, that after Tone's arrival in Paris, he found no difficulty in obtaining access to the directory and ministers of France, who all promised to give their best assistance to the purpose which he had in view.

'*March 21.* Went by appointment (this being the first Germinal,) to the Luxembourg, to general Clarke; "*damn it and rot it for me*"—he has not yet got my memorials; only think how provoking. I told him I would make him a fair copy, as I had the rough draft by me. He answered it was unnecessary, as he had given in a memorandum in writing, to Carnot, to send for the originals; and would certainly have them before I could make the copy. We then went into the subject as before, but nothing new occurred. He dwelt a little on the nobles and clergy, and I replied as I had done in the former conversation; he said he was satisfied that nothing was to be expected from either, and I answered that he might expect all the opposition they could give, if they had the power to give any, but that, happily, if the landing were once effected, their opinion would be of little consequence. He then asked me, as before, what form of government I thought would be likely to take place in Ireland, in case of the separation being effected? adding that, as to France, though she would certainly prefer a republic, yet her great object was the independence of Ireland, under any form. I answered, I had no doubt whatever, that if we succeeded, we would establish a republic, adding that it was my own wish, as well as that of *all* the men with whom I co-operated. He then talked of the necessity of sending some person to Ireland, to examine into the state of things there, adding, "you would

not go yourself?" I answered, certainly not; that, in the first place, I had already given all the information I was possessed of; and, for me to add any thing to that, would be, in fact, only supporting my credit by my own declaration; that he would find, even in the English papers, and I was sure much more in the Irish, if he had them, sufficient evidence of the state of the country to support every word I had advanced; and evidence of the most unexceptionable nature, as it came out of the mouths of those who were interested to conceal it, and would conceal it, if they could; that, for me to be found in Ireland now, would be a certain sacrifice of my life to no purpose; that, if the expedition was undertaken, I would go in any station; that I was not only ready and willing, but should most earnestly supplicate and entreat the French government to permit me to take a part, even as a private volunteer, with a firelock on my shoulder, and that I thought I could be of use to both countries. He answered, "As to that, there could be no difficulty or doubt on the part of the French government." He then expressed his regret at the delay of the memorials, and assured me he would use all diligence in procuring them, and would not lose a moment after they came to his hands. I entreated him to consider that the season was now advancing fast when the channel fleet would be at sea, and the camps in Ireland formed, and, of course, that every hour was precious, which he admitted. I then took my leave, having fixed to return in five days, on the 6th Terminal. I apologised for pressing him thus, which I assured him I should not do in a business of my own private concern, and so we parted. And now is it not extremely provoking that, in a business of such magnitude, seven days have been lost? The papers are lying in the minister's hands, ready and finished, and nothing to do but to send for them, yet they are not got. Well! if ever I get to be a Citizen Director, or a Citizen Minister, I hope I shall do better than that: I am in a rage; hell! hell! *Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation, tear my swoln breast, whilst passions, like the winds, rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.*" As I have nothing to add more outrageous, I will here change the subject.—Vol. ii, pp. 57, 58.

One of the first things which his French friends required Tone to do, was to draw up a manifesto on the state of Ireland. This document seems to have given our hero infinite trouble. The following passages in his diary particularly refer to it.

'*March 25. At work in the morning at my manifesto. I think it begins to clear up a little. I find a strong disposition*

to be scurrilous against the English government, which I will not check. I will write on, pell-mell, and correct it in cool blood, if my blood will ever cool on that subject. Went, at one o'clock, to Clarke—damn it, he has had my memorials, and never looked at them. Well! this is my first mortification: God knows I do not care if the memorials were sent to the devil, provided the business be once undertaken. It is not for the glory of general Clarke's admiration of my compositions that I am anxious. He apologized for the delay, by alleging the multiplicity of other business, and perhaps he had reason, yet I think there are few affairs of more consequence than those of Ireland, if well understood. But how can they be understood, if they will not read the information that is offered them? Well, "*'Tis but vain*," &c. Clarke fixed with me to call on him the day but one after, at two o'clock. The delay, to be sure, is not great; nevertheless I do not like it. There was something, too, in his manner, which was not quite to my taste, not but that he was extremely civil. Perhaps it is all fancy, or that I was out of humour. Well, the 27th I hope we shall see, and till then, let me work at my manifesto. Heigho! I have no great stomach for that business to-day; but it must be, and so *allons*. But first I will go gingerly, and dine alone in the Elysian fields. It is inconceivable the solitude I live in here. Sometimes I am most dreadfully out of spirits, and it is no wonder. Losing the society of a family that I doat upon, and that loves me so dearly, and living in Paris, amongst utter strangers, like an absolute *Chartreux*. Well! "*Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering?*" I will go to my dinner. Evening; did no good—"I cannot write this self-same manifesto, said I, despairingly." No opera. Went to bed at eight o'clock.

'*March 26.* At work at the manifesto like a vicious mule, kicking all the way. However, I am getting on, but I declare I know no more than my lord mayor, whether what I am writing is good, bad, or indifferent: "*Fair and softly and goes far in a day.*" I am going fair and softly, but I cannot say I go far in a day. I have been writing now five hours without intermission, and I am surprised to find how little I have done; but I write two lines and blot out three, so it is easy to see how I get on. Well! now I think it is time to go to my dinner. I am to dine with my friend Dupetit Thouars, who has, I am heartily glad to find, re-entered the service. He has at present the rank of commodore, and if the war continues some time longer, may probably become an admiral. I hope and believe he will do his duty, though he is a damned *aristocrat*; but then he hates the English cordially, and that covers a

multitude of sins. Evening: Dupetit Thouars prevented by business; but, to make amends, left a very troublesome French boy, to keep me from being low spirited, I suppose. Got rid of him as well as I could. At night sent for a bottle of Burgundy, intending to drink just one glass. Began to read (having opened my bottle,) *Memoirs of the reign of Lewis XIV.* After reading some time, found my passion at a particular circumstance kindled rather more than seemed necessary, as I flung the book from me with great indignation. Turned to my bottle, to take a glass to cool me—found, to my great astonishment, that it was empty—Oh, ho!—Got up and put every thing in its place, exactly—examined all my locks—saw that my door was fast, as there may be rogues in the hotel—peeped under my bed, lest the enemy should surprise me there. It is the part of a wise man to be cautious, and I found myself, just then, inclined to be extremely prudent. Having satisfied myself that all was safe, “*I mounted the wall of my castle, as I called it, and having pulled the ladder up after me, I lay down in my hammock and slept contentedly.*” This is vilely misquoted, but no matter for that; it is just like one of P. P.’s quotations. Slept like a top all night.’—Vol. ii, pp. 66, 67.

Anxious as the leading members of the French government were, at the time, to rescue Ireland from the domination of England, it is very remarkable that they were as ignorant of the condition, and of the tone of feeling then prevailing in the former country, as if it had been one of the islands of the South Sea. Clarke, who afterwards became duke of Feltre, and who was himself an Irishman, seems to have known as little on the subject as Carnot. The conversation recorded in the following extract, is quite laughable for the gross stupidity which it betrays on the part of the republican statesman.

‘*July 18.* Rose early this morning, and wrote a threatening letter to citizen Carnot, telling him “*If he did not put five pounds in a sartin place——!!*” It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the minister at war. It is for the rank of chef de brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor, (June 19.) It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Lagarde, which will be done to-day, and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. “*To-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock, I shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.*” Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so

did Fleury, and my heart was so full I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast? I would have thought it, and I did think it. That is manly and decided, as P. P. used to say. I now write myself Chef de Brigade, "*in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation—Armigero*. Huzza! huzza! Let me have done with my nonsense and huzzaing, and mind my business. Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our government? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the Stadtholder. I answered, that, undoubtedly, the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our government, in case we succeeded; but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference; adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be, to appear not to desire it. I added, that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department, would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend on his address. Clarke replied, "*We intend to send nobody but you.*" That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French republic in Ireland, instead of representing the Irish republic in France? "*I am puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors.*" I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say, they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion, that we would establish a republic. He objected, that we might establish an aristocratic republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people, that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a king; that there was no security against that but information; and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a king? He said, "May be the duke of York?" I assured him that he, or his aid-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better, chance than his royal highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our king, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our pea-

santry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism; but I could answer for the information of the dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened, and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy? I replied, "Not one." He asked, "Would the duke of Leinster, for example?" I replied, "No; that every body loved and liked the duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland; but that he by no means possessed that kind of character, or talents, which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me again, "Could I think of nobody?" I replied, "I could not; that lord Moira was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France; and, after him, there was nobody." "Well," said Clarke, "may be, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders; who knows but it may be *yourself*?" I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high.'—Vol. ii, pp. 159–161.

The plan proposed by Tone was, that a body of French troops should be landed in Ireland, with a general at their head, of established reputation; the troops to consist of at least twenty thousand men, fifteen thousand of which should land as near the capital as circumstances would permit, and five thousand in the North of Ireland, near Belfast. If, however, the republic found it impossible to spare so large a body of men, he mentioned five thousand as the very lowest number with which the attempt could be made. He might as well have mentioned five hundred. The bare idea of subduing the English force in Ireland by means of five thousand men, and such auxiliaries as they might receive on their landing, was supremely absurd.

After many promises and delays, the famous Botany Bay expedition was fixed upon, and actually put to sea from Brest, on the fifteenth of December, 1796. The force on board the different frigates was estimated at fifteen thousand one hundred men, well provided with arms, artillery, and ammunition, under the command of Hoche. The result of this enterprise is well known. The fleet were separated by the elements; Grouchy, who might have landed at his destination, with five or six thousand men, hesitated until the vessels in company

with him were rendered scarcely sea-worthy by the inclemency of the weather, when he thought right to return to Brest as quickly as he could. Tone was with this expedition. He speaks in indignant terms of Grouchy's* hesitation. It is remarkable, that in their voyage to Botany Bay, and their return to Brest, they did not meet a single English ship of war

We pass over the period during which our hero served in the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and also the ineffectual armament of the Texel, in order to come to the third and last expedition in which Tone was engaged for the invasion of Ireland. We give the editor's account of it.

'At length, about the twentieth of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Cameret. It consisted of the *Hoche*, seventy-four; *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante*, frigates; and *Biche* schooner, and *Aviso*. To avoid the British fleets, *Bombart*, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the tenth of October, after twenty days cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day, next morning, eleventh of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line,* one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. *Bombart* gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country, and liberty, by a desperate, but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the *Biche* for his last orders. 'That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed, "we will be prisoners of war, but what will become of you." "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape, and I see it men-

* This was the Grouchy, to whose hesitation, Napoleon, at a later period, imputed his defeat of Waterloo.

tioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect, not one of them would have done so; and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the *Hoche*.

‘The British admiral despatched two men of war, the *razee*, and a frigate, after the *Loire* and the *Resolue*, and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cockpit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismantled batteries, to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The *Resolue* and *Loire* were soon reached by the English fleet; the former was in a sinking condition, she made, however, an honourable defence; the *Loire* sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the *Anson razee* of sixty guns, she struck, after an action of three hours, entirely dismantled. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the *Bellone*, *Immortalité*, *Coquille*, and *Embuscade*, were taken, and the *Romaine* and *Semillante*, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

‘During the action my father commanded one of the batteries, and according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction; nor was it till some days later, that the *Hoche* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in the county Derry, as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity college, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is

known that in Spain, grantees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undistinguished amongst them, when sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tone I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George I am happy to see you; how are lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him; it was filled with military; and one general Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland, to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, "These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."—Vol. ii, pp. 523-525.

The result need not be told. Tone was tried by a court martial, and ordered to be hanged. He anticipated his fate, by the aid of a penknife; and after lingering some days in prison, died as he had lived,—faithful to the cause which he had espoused.

We have no room to notice the many interesting and important documents which will be found in the Appendix to these volumes. Among them, is that matronly and affecting narrative of Mrs. Tone, to which we have already alluded. We cannot refrain from indulging the reader with one extract from this paper, in which she describes her parting with her only son, when setting out to join his regiment.

'At the close of January, 1813, my son was appointed sub-lieutenant in that regiment, and ordered to its depot, or head quarters, at Gray, in Franche Comté, to instruct recruits; another, and a very good practical school; but the account of this I shall leave to himself. Before going off, he had leave of absence for a month. We removed again my little esta-

blishment to Paris, and took lodging in the Rue de Lille, now Rue de Bourbon. It will be believed this month was a most interesting period to me. I had lived with great economy at St. Germain's, and was able to make considerable additions to the government allowance for equipment. We got an excellent little horse, of Arabian breed, called Solyman, with whom I made acquaintance: it used to eat bread out of my hand, and was as gentle as a little dog. At length the day of departure arrived, and I accompanied him as far as Brie Comté Robert, the first day's journey, to see how Solyman went on. Horse and rider frolicked on before me, and now and then returned to the coach-window to receive a caress, Solyman always putting in for his share. We passed the night there.

'Next morning we walked from the town together, out of human ken; (Solyman, with his little portmanteau, making one,) and there I blessed my boy, and parted with him. Oh! people talk much of the pain of parting; but, in the variety of painful feelings which have passed through my heart, it is not the worst. The feelings are then, at least mine always were, of a very mixed and active nature; some of them delightful. Besides, parting is not *parted*: the object is there, but—parted—gone. Even now I must not think of it.

'Hitherto I had not allowed myself even to feel that my William was my own and my only child. I considered only that Tone's son was confided to me; but in that moment, nature resumed her rights. I sat in a field: the road was long and white before me, and no object on it, but my child; nor did I leave "*to after-eye him till he had melted from the smallness of a gnat to air.*" But then, I thought my task was finished; my business in life was over. I could not think; but all I had ever suffered seemed before and around me at that moment, and I wished so intensely to close my eyes for ever, that I wonder it did not happen. The transitions of the mind are very extraordinary. As I sat in that state, unable even to think of the necessity of returning home, a little lark rushed up from the grass beside me; it whirled over my head and hovered in the air, singing such a beautiful, cheering, and, as it sounded to me, approving note, that it roused me. I felt on my heart as if Tone had sent it to me. I returned to my solitary home.'—Vol. ii, pp. 586, 587.

We have, also, in the Appendix, a very curious account of this young soldier's adventures in the campaigns of Napoleon in Germany. But we must refer the reader for them to the volumes themselves, which he will find in every respect entitled to his best attention.

THE EXILE OF SCIO.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

The sun was slowly sinking behind the range of Hymettus and the hills of Attica, as we weighed anchor from Cape Colonna, and steered for the narrow strait between Zea and Cythnos. The morning we had passed in wandering through the groves of laurel and mastic, which cover the promontory of Sunium, and in lingering among the fast decaying ruins of the temple of Minerva. Around its base the *debris* of its fallen fragments have almost obliterated the outline of the platform on which it was erected on the very verge of the cliff, and the overthrow of a number of its columns a short time previous to our visit, not only added to the heap of decay, but must soon weaken the tottering foundation of the remainder. The destructive effects of the Sirocco wind were here most singularly displayed: the sides of the column fronting the south east were eaten away and corroded, from base to capital, for the depth of two or three inches, whilst on the other portions of the shaft the fluting was as sharp and perfect as at the first hour of its erection.

The town and temple of Sunium were built during the brightest days of Greece—the age of Pericles; of the one not a vestige is left, and all that remains of the other are a few shattered columns supporting a frieze which fronts the “island-gemm’d Ægean.”

I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece, but none, not even Athens itself, is calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of them are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd; Sunium stands alone, its heavy columns look but on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean; all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the sea-bird round its summit, or the waving of the olive groves at its base, and the only sound that awakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it. Far removed from every human habitation, it is seldom visited, except by the caique of the Mainote corsair, the passing traveller, or the fowler in search of the wild doves which frequent it. Its prospects are the most extensive and interesting in Greece; from its brow the eye wanders over the mountains of Argolis, and the hills that circle Athens; to the east, the purple plains of Helena and Eubœa; and to the south the endless mazes of the Cyclades, separated by narrow channels, whose glittering and intricate passages form the labyrinths of the Archipelago,

the navigation of which is known almost exclusively to the pilots of Milo and Argentiers. It is seldom the view of the *Ægean* presents any thing but a picture of calm repose, its blue unruffled waters sleeping undisturbed beneath the equally unvaried sky, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams, and flash them back in mimic splendour. Sometimes a group of the white sails of the *Levant* are seen gliding from isle to isle, "like wild swans in their flight," or lagging lazily on the breathless tide to await the breeze of evening; earth, air, and sky are all in unison, and their calm still repose belongs alone to the clime of the East.

We descended the cliff, and regained our vessel as the line of the ruined temple was thrown into fine relief against a sky now crimsoned with the dyes of sunset.—There was no filmy cloud to break the softness of the west, where the sun sank like a globe of molten gold, his rays spreading gently over the heavens, not flashed and caught from cloud to cloud, but blending in one massy sheet over the vast and glowing concave.

The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature; sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness: at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty, but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

The succeeding day was calm, and we lay almost motionless in the narrow strait which separated the islands of *Zea* and *Cythnos*. The former contains now no objects of attraction amidst its sun-burnt hills and barren valleys, except the snowy walls of its villages, and the vestiges of a temple once dedicated to *Minerva*, and built, as our pilot said, by *Nestor*, on his return from *Troy*. *Cythnos* is a hilly, fertile mound, rising gently from the sea, and remarkable for nothing but warm springs, from which it takes the modern name of *Thermia*: we slowly passed the strait, born along solely by the current, and about mid-day lay totally becalmed in a little bay formed by the islands we had left, and those of *Gyarus* and *Syra*.

It was Sunday, and if that day be possessed of peculiar

stillness and repose on land, it must be doubly more so at sea, and among the Cyclades. The day was an oriental one; not a wandering vapour to stain the deep blue heaven, and not a breath to warp the mirror of the sea: no passing bark gave life or motion to the scene, the sails hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and not a sound disturbed the ocean's silence. The crew were assembled on the quarter deck, and I never listened to the liturgy with such interest and attention,—every sound was solemn, and every line awoke some recollection of home and of England. It was a new feeling, in such a situation, to listen to the same accents we had so long heard only in the village church, repeated amid scenes rich in all the sublimities of nature, and hallowed by the brightest associations of history and time: to hearken to the precepts of christianity almost amidst the very scene where it first arose, and to trace the wanderings of its apostles on the very waves their barks had traversed.

There is no spot, not even the very sea of Greece, that wants its peculiar attractions; every valley has its ruin, every hill its history, and every wave is associated with the naval enterprizes and martial spirit of the mighty dead. Even those spots unmarked by earlier memorials of the fame of Greece, are rendered interesting by after-recollections of her fall. Age has succeeded age, but to leave the impress of its events on the shore where true greatness first burst to light. The same soil once trod by the bard and the warrior, was again pressed by the feet of those who bore over the earth the pure precepts of the gospel and of christianity, and where even these have left no traces of their path, the immortalizing hand of liberty is now raising on every hill a trophy, and inscribing on every rock a triumph.

In the evening, as there was still no appearance of wind, a few of the officers landed at Syra, within a very short distance of which we were floating on an almost breathless sea. The town is by no means so well built as some of the other islands less equivocally Greek. Its streets are irregular but strikingly clean, and its little harbour is crowded with vessels of various flags from Hydra, Malta, and Marseilles, as Syra is now the only neutral port of the empire, equally respected by Turk and Greek, and permitted to carry on the trifling remnant of commerce which remains to the Cyclades. On the beach we were met by a Greek merchant with whom I had formerly made the voyage from Hydra to Napoli de Romania. His house, to which he conducted us, after visiting the town, was situated at a short distance from the suburbs, in the midst of a garden cultivated in the eastern style.

Its furniture was of the kind generally found in the houses of the Greek islanders, half Oriental, and half European, combining the luxurious comforts of the one with the taste and durability of the other. Our pipes and coffee in china cups placed in little vases of filigreed silver were presented by his daughters, two rather handsome girls, dressed in a costume between Grecian and French, and possessed of an ease of manner much superior to those of the same class whom we had left in the Morea. The old gentleman seemed deeply to regret the ruin of his trade in the islands, occasioned by the convulsion of the war. A few weeks before our arrival, Syra had been thrown into the utmost confusion by the arrival of a Turkish corvette, escaping from the general rout the Ottoman fleet had suffered at Andros and Cape d'Oro. She was pursued by a few Greek cruisers, with whom she capitulated on the terms of giving up the vessel; as soon, however, as the Turks were landed, the treaty was broken by the captain by blowing up the corvette; an attempt was immediately made to secure the crew, and after some rioting and the death of a few of the unfortunate wretches, they were secured, and to the number of a hundred and fifty sent to Hydra as prisoners of war, where a few days after they were massacred by the islanders. The wreck of their vessel, and the unburied corpses of the Turks, were still lying on the beach as we passed.—Of the present war, and its prospects of success, our host spoke with that disinterested enthusiasm which characterises every class of the islanders, whose lot, before the revolution, was sufficiently happy to render them contented with their submission to the sublime Porte, had not a feeling of patriotism impelled them to ruin their own tranquillity in order to assist the noble efforts of their less fortunate countrymen. Governed by their own laws, and in the full exercise of their own religion, a trifling yearly haratsch to the Porte purchased them permission to elect their governors and senate from among themselves, and freed them from the presence or residence of a Turk in the islands. Syra was once the happiest spot of the Archipelago, its plains the richest of the Cyclades, and its merchants the most enterprising in the Levant; its only political grievance the necessity of sending an annual number of sailors to the Ottoman fleet, and its only tax about 8000 piastres a year, paid to the reigning favourite in the imperial Harem, on whom the revenue of the island was usually conferred by the Sultan.

After a protracted and gratifying visit we rose to depart, but were pressed by our hospitable host to partake of a dessert preparing in another apartment. It was the sole produce

of his own immediate household, consisting of sweetmeats, oranges, fresh figs, peaches, melons, apricots, and grapes, such as I have never seen equalled, not in Smyrna; some of the bunches weighing from five to eight pounds, of the purest amber sprinkled with red spots, and a skin so delicate as to ruffle off with the slightest touch of the finger. His wine was delicious, and, after pledging our host, and speedy freedom to Greece, we reached our boat and again regained the frigate. As usual the breeze freshened at sunset, and at night we were again swiftly cleaving the *Ægean*, its phosphorescent waves leaving a long line of light in our vessel's wake, that tracked her course along the pitchy deep. We drove rapidly through the straits of Tenos, whilst the landmarks of our pilot were the watchlights and fires that blazed from the cliffs of Myconi and the distant hills of Delos.

The following day a strong head wind detained us till evening, beating through the straits of Scio, and alternately tacking from its wooded coast of Chesme and Asia Minor. This beautiful arm of the sea, once celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Antiochus, has in later days been rendered doubly interesting by the struggles of Greece: it was at Chesme, that in 1770 the Russian admiral, Orlov, destroyed the Ottoman fleet, and it was in this same strait that in 1822 the modern Themistocles consigned to destruction the author of the Sciote massacre. The view on either shore was splendidly beautiful; but on both, the associations of memory cast a feeling of disgust over every object; we could not look on the verdant hills of Scio without a shuddering recollection of the slaughter that had so lately stained them, whilst the opposite and equally beautiful coast was alike detestable as the home of its perpetrators. But whilst to us the scene was any thing but a pleasing one, there was one individual on board our vessel to whom the sight of this devoted island served to summon up the most heart-rending reflections.—This was a young Greek lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, a native of the island, a witness to its massacre, and a destitute exile in consequence of the murder of her family. She was now on her way with us to Smyrna, in order to place herself under the protection of a distant relative, whom she hoped, though faintly, to find still surviving. She sat all day upon the deck, watching with wistful eyes the shores of her native island; at every approach which our vessel made towards it, she seemed straining to recognize some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now deserted home that had once been the shelter of her friends; and when, on the opposite tack, we again neared the Turkish coast, she

turned her back upon its hated hills to watch the retreating shores of her desolated home. I had not been aware of her being on board, as her national retiring habits had prevented her appearing upon deck during the early part of the voyage; but as she drew near Scio, feeling seemed to overcome education and prejudice, and she sat all day beneath the awning to satiate herself with gazing and with recollection.

Towards evening we drew near the ruined town, built on the sea shore, at the foot of a wooded hill, which had been the site of the ancient city of Scio. Its houses seemed all roofless and deserted, whilst the numerous groups of tall and graceful cypresses which rose amidst them, contrasted sadly with the surrounding desolation; all was solitude and silence; we could not descry a single living creature on the beach, whilst from the shattered fortress on the shore, the blood red flag of Mahomed waved in crimson pride above the scene of its late barbarous triumph. At sunset the wind changed; we passed the Spalmadores and Ipsara, and rounding the promontory of Erythræ, entered the bay of Smyrna. As we caught the last glimpse of the ruins of Scio, the unfortunate lady pointed out the remains of a house to the north of the town, which had been her father's; it was now in ruins, and as clearly as we could discern, appeared to be of large dimensions, and situated on one of the most picturesque points of Scio. Her name, she said was Kalerdji, and her father had been one of the commissioners for collecting the revenue of the Sultana from the gum-mastic of the island. On the breaking out of the revolution in the Morea, strong apprehensions of a similar revolt in Scio were entertained in the Divan, and a number of the most distinguished Greeks of the island were selected to be sent to Constantinople as hostages for the loyalty of the remainder; amongst these were her father and her only brother; herself, her mother, and two elder sisters being left alone in Scio. Tranquillity continued undisturbed in the island for more than a year; though the accounts of the reiterated successes of the Moreots were daily stirring up the energies of the inhabitants, whose turbulence was only suppressed by the immediate dread of the Turkish garrison in the Genoese fortress on the beach, the only strong hold in Scio.

One evening, however, a squadron of three vessels, manned with Samians, entered the harbour, attacked the unsuspecting garrison, and aided by the lowest rabble of the town, succeeded in despatching the guard, and taking possession of the fortress. But the deed was done without calculation, and could be productive of no beneficial result; the fort was un-

tenable, and on the almost immediate arrival of the Ottoman fleet, a capitulation without a blow ensued. The news brought by the hostile armament was of the instant execution of the ill-fated hostages the moment the accounts of the revolt had reached the Porte. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of their only and dearly beloved protectors, the family of Kalerdji spent the few intervening days in vain but poignant regret, and in the seclusion of their bereft mansion, knew nothing of what was passing at the town; where, whilst the Greeks were occupied in supplications and submission to the captain Pacha, and the Turks in false protestations of forgiveness and amnesty, the troops of the Sultan disembarked at the fortress. At length the preparations for slaughter were completed, and the work of death commenced.

It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral that the family of the wretched being who lived to tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death scream of their butchered townsmen; whilst a few flying wretches, close pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate.—As one of the most important in the valley, their family was almost the first marked out for murder, and ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but a few resources for refuge or concealment. From a place of imperfect security, the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, whilst her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, whilst she crept from her hiding place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarce dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death. The Turks entered the apartments, but finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them perceiving a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the appa-

rently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too long, too dearly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn from the finger by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work, after in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle, and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember.—It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; and she lay, cold and benumbed, surrounded by the now clotted streams of her last loved friends. Necessity now armed her with energy: no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking.—She rose, and still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains.—She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her countrymen. By the time she imagined the tide of terror had flowed past, when she no longer observed from her lofty refuge the daily pursuits and murder of the immolated Sciots, and when she saw the Ottoman fleet sail from the harbour beneath its crimson pennon, now doubly tinged with blood, she descended with her fugitive companions, to the opposite shore of the island. Here, after waiting for many a tedious day, she succeeded in getting on board an Austrian vessel, the master of which engaged to land her at Hydra, in return for the quantity of jewels and gold she had been able to reserve. She reached the island in safety, where she now remained for nearly two years, but, finding or fancying her various benefactors to be weary of their charge, she was now going to seek, even in the land of her enemies, a relative who had been living at Smyrna, but whom she knew not if she should still find surviving or fallen by the sabre of their common enemy.

Her tale was told with a calm composure of oft-repeated and long contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation, she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows, she seemed, young as she was, to have already made her alliance with misery. She had now, she said, but one hope left; and if that should fail, she had only death to look to.

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

(Continued from p. 234.)

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE said that the chateau (for the protection of which my friend and myself were made answerable) was distant a full mile and a half from the ground of the encampment, and separated by rather more than half that space from the most advanced of the outposts. The orders which we received, were, to keep up a communication by patrols and sentinels with the nearest picquet—not to permit any violence to be done to the house or furniture—to guard ourselves against surprisal from the enemy—and to join the main body as soon as daylight should appear. To say the truth, we were far from being delighted with the honour conferred upon us; for we could not but regard ourselves as exposed to a most unnecessary degree of peril, for the attainment of an object hardly worth the risk which was run in seeking to attain it.

The first and greatest lesson which a soldier is required to learn, is obedience. Whatever may be the extent of personal hazard or personal inconvenience to which it promises to subject him, an order once received must be carried into execution; and both Charlton and I were too well acquainted with the customs of the service to hesitate, on the present occasion, as to our course of proceeding. Taking with us the allotted guard,—thirty men,—we set out without a moment's delay, and reached our station just as a great clock in the hall was striking the hour of nine.

The mansion, built after the French fashion, was fronted by an extensive court, fenced in on all sides by a brick wall of some ten or twelve feet in height. Having traversed this, we arrived at the main entrance, where we were received, with

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every demonstration of politeness and hospitality, by the owner; a very gentlemanly, well dressed person, apparently about forty years of age. He overwhelmed us with apologies for the inconvenience which he doubted not that he had occasioned; and assured us, in the same breath, that no efforts would be wanting on his part to render our sojourn with him as little irksome as possible. It struck me at the moment, that there was rather too much of civility in this, considering the relation in which we really stood towards each other; and I confess, that so far from feeling my uneasiness lessened, it became more powerful than before, through a vague apprehension of treachery, for which I could not satisfactorily account. I resolved, however, to be peculiarly on my guard; and perhaps it was well for our little party that my suspicions chanced to be thus easily excited.

Having established our men in one of the out-buildings, (as many of them, at least, as were not required to keep up the communication between the chateau and the nearest picquet,) we inquired, before entering the house, how many servants there might be about the place, and in what manner they were disposed of. It appeared that, independently of domestics, no fewer than thirty male slaves, besides women and children, dwelt in the huts adjoining. Now, though we were not afraid of these poor creatures themselves, the thought occurred to us, that were their master disposed to play the traitor, he might make of any or all of them, very ready instruments. We therefore, though with a thousand declarations of regret for the necessity under which we lay, insisted upon lodging the whole body, for this night, under one roof; and planted sentinels so as to hinder them from holding any secret intercourse with the family. Besides this, we mustered all the domestic servants, placed soldiers in the kitchen beside them, and took every other precaution which the singularly exposed nature of our situation seemed to require.

This done, we followed our host, who conducted us through a spacious and well-lighted hall, up a winding oaken staircase, and introduced us into a drawing-room, fitted up and furnished with considerable taste and elegance. There we found the rest of the family assembled; it consisted of an old lady, whom he introduced to us as his mother—a young lady, whom he named as his daughter—and a middle-aged person in black, who, we were given to understand, was the family priest, or confessor. Our acquaintance, it appeared, was a rigid Catholic; and there being no Romish place of worship in his neighbourhood, he afforded a home and a maintenance to a domes-

tic chaplain. They were all, especially the master of the house and his chaplain, well-bred people. The old lady was frank and loquacious; the young one, without being either shy or forward, maintained her own share in the conversation; and both the priest and his patron had seen the world, and seen it to advantage. Nor was it by their conversation alone that they sought to amuse us. Tea, or rather a sort of compound between tea and dinner, was ordered in. On the same table were arranged cups and saucers, several dishes of cold meat, a few bottles of different kinds of wine, and fruit in plentiful variety. Of all of these we were hospitably invited to partake; and, as the reader will easily believe, it required no violent pressing on the part of our entertainers to urge us to a compliance.

All this was satisfactory enough, nor had we any better reason to complain either of the beds or lodging-apartments which were offered for our accommodation. Our meal being concluded, and as much claret consumed as we felt disposed to indulge in, the master of the house led us up stairs, and ushered us into a large well-furnished chamber, from which a door opened into a smaller apartment beyond. In the former stood a capacious four-post bed; in the latter, a neat French couch was erected. These conveniencies he pointed out, and leaving us to decide by whom they should respectively be occupied, he wished us good night, and withdrew.

My companion happened to be, at this time, in a delicate state of health,—the fatigues of the two last days overcame him, and he readily and gladly threw himself upon the bed. It was not so with me. If not robust, I was at all events capable of enduring my full share of privations; and I felt myself, under existing circumstances, called upon to exert my powers of vigilance to the utmost. I did exert them. Instead of lying down, I wrapped my cloak about me, and descending quietly to the court-yard, walked about in the cool night air; sometimes looking in upon the men to see that they were in a state of preparation, and at other times trudging from post to post, in order to keep the sentinels on the alert.

I was setting out, a little after midnight, to perform the last mentioned of these duties, when the appearance of Williams, who advanced through the court with rapid strides, greatly surprised me. I had heard several of the sentinels challenge; but neither tumult nor the report of fire-arms following their challenges, I paid little heed to either. As may be imagined, I eagerly inquired into the cause of his visit; and my consternation may be guessed at, when he informed me that an Ame-

rican straggler had fallen into the hands of his picquet, from whom information was obtained that an attempt was about to be made to cut off the party at the chateau. This, he alleged, was to be done by the connivance, and under the directions, of the master of the house; for whom, or for a messenger from whom, who might act as a guide, the corps intended for the enterprise now waited.

The reader will easily believe, that I listened to the preceding intelligence in no very enviable state of mind. Our numbers, as I well knew, were not equal to a successful resistance, provided the assailants chose to do their duty, and there was not a point on which we might not be assailed to advantage. The house stood in a sort of corner, between two roads; the one, that by which our column had advanced in the morning; the other a cross road, which came in upon it at right angles. Along either of them, not infantry only, but cavalry, and even artillery, might march; whilst the broken nature of the ground in our rear, afforded a thousand facilities for the approach of troops, who might collect, unnoticed by our sentinels, within a few yards of their posts. There was no room for hesitation as to how it behoved us to act. Hurrying to the hut where the body of the picquet was housed, I ordered the troops under arms without delay; and, planting sentinels over the different entrances to the house, I took with me a file of men, and proceeded, without any scruple, to secure the person of our host. But the bird had already flown. How, or when he escaped, no one could tell; but that he had escaped was certain.

By this time Charlton, roused from his sleep, had joined us, and learning in what predicament we stood, proceeded to make the best dispositions, which circumstances would allow, to meet the threatened danger. It was from the two roads, principally, that we had reason to apprehend an attack. That which joined the road to Alexandria, of which I have already spoken as a by-path, fell in between our mansion and the camp; from it, therefore, we concluded that the principal effort would be made. Patrols were accordingly directed to proceed along that road every quarter of an hour, and by way of making certainty doubly sure, he and I took it by turns to accompany them. But whilst we thus carefully watched that quarter, we were not neglectful of others. One-half of the men were ordered out on sentry; and the other half stood during the remainder of the night with their arms in their hands in the court-yard.

The house-clock had struck one; and as yet no noise had

been heard, nor any circumstances taken place, calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to excite alarm. We were beginning, indeed, to persuade ourselves that the enemy, daunted by the absence of the straggler Williams had taken, or apprehensive, from some other cause, that their plans were discovered, had laid aside their intention; when suddenly a sentry on the right of the court challenged. This was not the quarter from whence we looked for an attack—the man who gave the alarm stood upon the Alexandrian road, not upon the cross road; yet an enemy might be there also; so leaving me to watch beside the by-path, Charlton hurried off in the opposite direction. The sentinel challenged again; a third time we heard the cry, “Who goes there?” but in a more abrupt tone; and then Charlton himself exclaimed, “Fire, if they will not answer.” The tread of many feet was now audible, followed by an indistinct hum of voices; but just as our anxiety respecting the issue had attained its height, our attention was called away to other objects, by one of our own sentries, who likewise challenged. There could not be a doubt, that if any persons were moving in his front, they must be Americans, for this sentinel stood upon the cross-road. I hastened forward, a sergeant and three men following me, and reached him just as he had challenged for the second time. The soldier was perfectly justified in so doing. Not only could we even hear, distinctly enough, the tramp of people marching, but their very forms were distinguishable in the star-light. Without a moment’s hesitation I commanded the men to fire. The enemy halted, seemed to hesitate, and then, without so much as returning the salute, melted away. All this was a matter of extreme mystery to me; but in a few minutes it was cleared up very satisfactorily.

The sound of our firing drew Charlton, with the rest of the picquet to the spot immediately; and from them we learned, that the troops whose advance in an opposite direction had first alarmed us, proved to be an escort of our own people conveying ammunition and provisions from the fleet. This intelligence at once accounted for the precipitate retreat of the Americans. They had doubtless obtained information of the coming up of this detachment, and supposing that its object was to reinforce us, they not unnaturally concluded that their intentions were known, and their plot defeated. Such, at least, was the opinion which I formed at the moment; and though I profess not to speak upon any ground more sure than my own surmises, I see no reason to suppose that it was incorrect. Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that

the force which but a moment ago had threatened us, disappeared, and that neither it, nor any other, gave us the slightest annoyance during the remainder of our watch.

I am quite aware, that the preceding account will convey to the mind of the reader but a very inadequate idea of the state of painful and feverish excitement which affected us during the greater part of the night. From the instant that we became acquainted with the attempt which was about to be made against us, we naturally looked for its commencement; and hence every noise, the sighing of the wind through the trees, the waving of the branches, the creaking of a gate or door upon its hinges, one and all of these, as often as they occurred, were construed into the sound of an advancing enemy. Nor was this feeling of anxiety less intensely experienced by the sentinels than by us. All their senses may truly be said to have been upon the stretch; and as there was no moon, nor any other light except that which the stars afforded, it is not to be wondered at if the sense of sight repeatedly deceived them. Many a bush and stake was pointed out as the leading file of a column of troops; more than one musket was levelled at such imaginary foes; and but that most of them were old soldiers, well trained to coolness and caution, the worst consequences might have followed. Our situation, be it remembered, was totally different from that of an ordinary outpost. In the latter case, your detachment forms but one link of a connected chain, any effort to break in upon which must be made at the hazard of alarming the whole army; and if you be forced, your retreat is always direct and sure upon the main body. We at this moment stood perfectly alone; and though a few sentinels doubtless communicated from us to the picquets, 5000 men might have thrown themselves between us and the camp, without our being able, by any exertions, to know it. There is not a doubt that we owed our safety altogether to the opportune arrival of the convoy; though even that, which consisted of no more than 120 men, might have been cut off as well as we, had the Americans been somewhat less cautious of risking their persons.

I have said, that after the retreat of the corps which threatened us from the cross road, we neither saw nor heard any thing more of the enemy that night. The Alexandrian road continued, indeed, to the last to furnish occupation for the vigilance of our sentries, for there was no end to the stragglers, sailors, companies, and troops which moved along it. But this circumstance, though abundantly harassing at the moment, tended not a little to increase our security, inasmuch

as it gave intimation to the Americans, if any lay near, that our people were awake. At length, however, the moment of our departure drew on, and we waited its arrival with the most unfeigned satisfaction. The first streaks of dawn were barely visible, when calling in the more remote sentinels, we began our march towards the camp; and gathering up the rest as we proceeded, reached Woodyard just as the army was making ready to prosecute its advance.

CHAPTER VI.

The sun had not yet risen, when, under the guidance of two natives whom our Quarter-Master-General had impressed into the service, the column began to move. Notwithstanding the excessive fatigues of last night, Charlton and I were far from being displeased at finding that an increase to the strength of the advanced guard was necessary, and that it fell to our lot to fill that important situation. Our men, likewise, were manifestly delighted with the post assigned to them, for the few hints which had been dropped as we pursued our way from the chateau as to the desirableness of a little repose after so many hours of watching, were heard no more. We cheerfully took our ground as one of the five companies committed to the direction of Major Brown, and marched off in the same excellent spirits which had animated us during the operations of yesterday.

We soon cleared the few open fields which surrounded the place of last night's bivouac, and struck into a wood more dense and more tangled than any which we had yet traversed. The path was so narrow, that four men could with difficulty move abreast; and the thickets were so close and rough on either side, that the flank patrols could make their way through only by dint of painful exertions, and at a very leisurely pace. Yet of one comfort we were all very sensible. The boughs meeting overhead, completely sheltered us from the rays of the sun; and notwithstanding the gloom which so broad a canopy cast around us, we saw from the colouring which fell upon the grass, that to be so sheltered from such a sun, was a source of no slender self-congratulation. We were now, it appeared, crossing the country by a way little used except for sportsmen, and hastening back into the great road to Washington, which had yesterday been abandoned.

Not a single event fell out worthy of repetition, during the four hours which were expended in traversing this forest. No ambuscades lay in our way, nor did any skirmishers attempt to harass our movement. Extreme bodily weakness, and the

almost impervious nature of the thicket, alone served to make our progress tardy. But at last the wood began to assume a more open appearance; spaces occurred here and there, which gave proof of attempts made to clear it away; and the path became wider, more firm, and more like a road adapted to the common traffick of a civilized country. In a word, about nine o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves within view of the point to which our steps were directed; and in half an hour after, the by-path was abandoned, and we were once more in full march towards the capital.

Nothing can be imagined more striking than the change which became immediately perceptible in all the outward appearances of nature. Instead of trackless wilds, we found ourselves marching through a country sufficiently open to convey the idea of its being well peopled, and yet so far feathered with groves and plantations, as to give to it a degree of beauty, of which a state of over-population will doubtless some day deprive it. Green meadows and corn fields were separated from one another by patches of the ancient forest, which seemed to have been left standing, not so much for the purposes of use as for ornament; whilst here and there a gentle hill would swell up, cultivated to perhaps the half of its ascent, and crowned with wood. Nor were villages and solitary dwellings wanting. Within the space of three miles, we passed two hamlets, built each in a single row, by the wayside; while numerous farm-houses, steadings, and larger structures rising from time to time on either hand, indicated that we had at last attained to a region of something like refinement. We were all, both officers and men, conscious that a powerful revulsion in our feelings was effected by this change in our circumstances. Numbers who had begun to lag behind, acquired new vigour from the contemplation of so many signs of life; and conversation, which for some time past had almost entirely ceased, was renewed in every rank with fresh volubility. To add to the general spirit of exhilaration, the bugles of the light corps sounded a lively march, and the troops moved on, in spite of heat and weakness, merrily, gayly, and rapidly.

But it was not alone because we beheld houses and barns abundantly around us, that our spirits returned to us on the present occasion. There were other objects discernible, not less capable than these of putting soldiers upon their mettle. The road by which we travelled was deeply indented with the track of men's feet and horses' hooves, and by and by a few green fields on each side presented manifestations of a recent

encampment. The ashes of fires not long extinguished were still smoking. Morsels of provision, bits of clothing, a fire-lock here and there, and numerous bundles of straw, all told a tale of troops having spent the night here; whilst palings, torn down in large quantities, seemed to imply, that of the force whose route we were following, no inconsiderable portion was composed of cavalry. The expectation of being momentarily charged, could not, under these circumstances, fail to arise in the minds of all; and as we had no horses of our own competent to protect the infantry even from the attack of a single squadron, the infantry made ready to form into squares at a moment's notice, and protect themselves.

It was at this juncture that the mounted drivers proved of the most essential service to the expedition. Being attached to the advanced guard, they were placed, like us, under the general orders of Major Brown, and directed by their own officer, (Captain Lempriere of the artillery,) they were most active, and most daring, in their efforts to hinder a surprisal. They rode, sometimes as far as musket-shot, a-head of the light infantry, and posted themselves, in sections of three or four, at the corners of every grove round which they found it either unsafe or impracticable to attempt a circuit. The infantry of the advance, too, was particularly active; not a single hiding-place was left unexplored; by which means, though prudently on the alert, the main body was enabled to move on, under the full assurance that no enemy could reach them without time enough being allowed for the assumption of any order which might be necessary.

Things continued thus, no enemy making his appearance, till about ten o'clock, when the worn-out condition of his troops compelled the general to halt. We had traversed a distance of not less than twelve miles, and had journeyed for the last hour under a sun, than which it were hard to conceive any more scorching. There was not a breath of air to fan our cheeks, and the dust and fine sand were not less annoying to our eye-sight and respiration, than they had been on the afternoon when our inroad began. Numbers of our best men had already fallen by the way-side, and numbers more were prepared to imitate their example. It was, therefore, with a degree of satisfaction, of which the very memory has doubtless departed from those who experienced it, that we listened to the notes which directed us to rest. We threw ourselves down upon the grass, and in five minutes the mass of the army was asleep. For myself, the exertions of to-day, superadded to the toil and anxiety of last night, completely overpowered

me. Though the loss of life had been the consequence, I question whether I should have been able to resist the drowsiness which overwhelmed me. My eyes were closed before my head reached the ground, and I continued perfectly ignorant of all that was passing, for a full hour and a half.

It was not without some difficulty, as he himself informed me, that at the close of that period my young friend Williams contrived to shake me into a state of renewed consciousness. At length, however, by dint of violent exertions on his part, I was enabled to open my eyes, and to see that the corps to which I was attached had already begun its march, and that the others were preparing to follow. Hurrying after it, we soon overtook our division; and the same routine of scouring fields, scampering through thickets, and feeling our way over defiles and hollows, was repeated, with the same results as before.

We had proceeded about a couple of miles from the halting-place, and the hour of noon was past, when our attention was suddenly drawn to the left, by several heavy clouds of dust which rose in that direction. Though we could not doubt from what source the dust proceeded, the intervention of a considerable copse between us and it, hindered us from saying with certainty that the enemy was in the position. The screen thus interposed, was, however, speedily withdrawn. A farther advance of some hundred and fifty yards brought us clear of the plantation, and the American army became visible. Williams and I were walking together at that instant. "Are these Yankees?" said he, with all the naivete imaginable; "or are they our own seamen got somehow a-head of us?"

I could not repress a smile at the question, though to say the truth, an older soldier than Williams might have easily mistaken the force opposed to us for any thing rather than the army on whose valour the safety of a great capital depended.

The corps which occupied the heights above Bladensburg, was composed chiefly of militia; and as the American militia are not dressed in uniform, it exhibited to our eyes a very singular and a very awkward appearance. Sufficiently armed, but wretchedly equipped, clothed part in black coats, others in blue, others in ordinary shooting-jackets, and some in round frocks, the three motley lines of infantry, but that their order was tolerably regular, might have passed off very well for a crowd of spectators, come out to view the approach of the army which was to occupy Washington. A few companies only, perhaps two, or at the most three battalions, wearing the blue jacket, which the Americans have borrowed from the

French, presented some appearance of regular troops. The rest, as I have just mentioned, seemed country people, who would have been much more appropriately employed in attending to their agricultural occupations, than in standing, with muskets in their hands, on the brow of a bare green hill. There were, however, upon the right, some squadrons of horse, whose bearing was sufficiently warlike, whilst about twenty pieces of cannon, arranged at different points along the ridge, spoke of another and more serious affair, than a mere triumphal march through the middle of this levy.

I have seldom been more forcibly struck with any thing than with the contrast, which a glance to the rear afforded at this moment, with the spectacle which was before me. A column of four thousand British soldiers, moving in sections of six abreast, and covering an extent of road greater than its windings would permit the eye to take in, met my gaze in that quarter. The dress, the perfect regularity of their step, the good order which they preserved, and above all, the internal conviction, that they were only advancing to victory, excited in me feelings for which I have no words, and which he only can conceive who has stood in a similar situation. Nor was it the sense of sight alone, which on the present occasion was forced into a powerful comparison. The Americans, from the instant that our advanced guard came in view, continued to rend the air with shouts. Our men marched on, silent as the grave, and orderly as people at a funeral. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a whisper passed from man to man, but each held his breath, and mustered up his best courage for the shock.

The head of the column had just turned the corner of the wood, when it halted, and an aid-de-camp riding up to Major Brown, desired that he would proceed with the advanced guard, ascertain the state of the village of Bladensburg, and in case it should be occupied, dislodge its garrison. This order the Major prepared to obey, and calling in all his skirmishers, except about half a company, he formed his men into one little column for the assault.

I have said that the Americans, in three lines, occupied certain green hills, about a couple of miles to the left of the point from whence we now beheld them. Between their position and ours, ran a branch of the river Potomac, across which a bridge was thrown at the extremity of the main street of Bladensburg. The road which conducted to the bridge ran parallel with the stream, and compelled us to move for some time completely under the eyes of the enemy, whilst the

town itself stood on our side of the river, and was commanded by several of their guns. It is a place of inconsiderable size, not capable, I should conceive, of containing more than a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants ; but the houses are, for the most part, composed of brick, and there is a mound on the right of the entrance, very well adapted to hold a light field-piece or two, for the purpose of sweeping the road. Under these circumstances we naturally concluded that an American force must be here. Though out of the regular line, it was not so far advanced but that it might have been maintained, if not to the last, at all events for many hours, whilst the means of retreat, so soon as the garrison should be fairly overpowered, were direct and easy. Our surprise, therefore, was not less palpable than our satisfaction, when, on reaching the town, we found that it was empty.

As our orders went no farther than to direct that we should ascertain in what condition the place stood, our commanding officer deemed it needless to attempt any thing beyond its mere occupation. Even this, however, was not effected without annoyance. The principal street which conducted to the bridge, lay completely exposed to the fire of a two-gun-battery, which the enemy had erected about the centre of their position ; and instantly on our showing ourselves that battery opened. It was well served, and the guns were admirably laid. The very first shot cost us three men ; one killed, and the other two dreadfully wounded ; and the second would have been, in all probability, not less fatal, had we not very wisely avoided it. We inclined, at once, to the right and left of the road ; and winding round the houses, made our way without any farther loss, as far as the last range ; when we were commanded to lie down, and wait for the column.

In the meanwhile, the main body being informed how matters stood, resumed its march, and approached the town. It was saluted, as we had been saluted, by a heavy and well-directed cannonade ; but being warned by some of our people where the danger lay, it so far avoided it, as to close up its ranks, and effect all the arrangements necessary for the assault, under cover of the green mound. Whilst this was going on, Charlton, Williams, and myself, having got our company as well together as might be, were lying behind a house, in momentary expectation of the word. Cannon shot, after cannon shot, continued all the while to pass through the thin brick walls about us ; nevertheless we felt it derogatory to our character to move, and we treated these visitations with no other notice besides an ill-applied raillery. At last a ball struck a

soldier who lay between Williams and myself, and carried off his leg. The boy looked at me, as much as to ask how, under such circumstances, he ought to behave; and though, I dare say, his courage was quite equal to mine, I really could not help laughing at the peculiar expression which passed across his countenance. But no great while was granted for consideration. The accident just recorded had hardly happened, when Colonel Thornton, riding up, exclaimed, "Now, my lads, forward!—You see the enemy; you know how to serve them." So saying, he spurred on, and the whole of the advance, springing, with the celerity of thought, into their places, rushed towards the bridge. It was gained in a moment: but a couple of guns, which had doubtless been laid with special care, instantly opened and seven men were swept down. No pause, however, occurred. "Forward, forward," was the only word heard; and forward we hurried, as fast as the excessive fatigue which we had undergone during the last eight-and-forty hours would allow.

I had forgotten to mention, that whilst our bank of the river was bare and exposed, that occupied by the enemy was covered with a pretty thick belt of wood, which they had very judiciously filled with a host of riflemen. These, taking cool and deliberate aim from their lurking places, soon began to gall us with their fire. Not a few of our men fell beneath it; but the bridge was instantly cleared; the advance was quickly scattered into skirmishing order, and in five minutes, or little more, the belt was emptied of its defenders. Never did men with arms in their hands make better use of their legs. Though we did our best to kill a few of them, I question whether one American lost his life in that copse; so rapid, or if you please, so judiciously conducted was their retreat.

We had hardly cleared this little wood, when the 85th regiment, and the light companies of the 4th and 44th, came pouring up to our assistance. To these we now attached ourselves, and the whole of the light brigade, forming into one extended line, advanced to the attack. It was our fortune to act upon the left of the road, where the copse happened to be more thick, and the ground considerably more uneven, than on the right. The consequence was, that we moved on for several minutes without seeing an enemy; but the wood suddenly ending, an open sloping field lay before us; and in the rear of a high paling, which ran across the centre of that field, the enemy's first line presented itself. I have stood under many heavy fires of musketry in my day,

but I really do not recollect to have witnessed any more heavy than that which they instantly opened upon us. Had we been a numerous body, and in compact array, our loss must have been terrible; but we were few in number—certainly not more than one hundred in all; and our order was that of skirmishers, each file being full ten paces apart from the other. The Americans, on the other hand, were in line, wedged together as closely as they could stand; their number could not fall short of a thousand men, if they exceeded it not, and they fired volley after volley as fast as they could load their pieces, and raise them again to their shoulders. Five guns, moreover, played upon us without intermission: in a word, I can compare the shower of balls of all sizes and descriptions, which whistled round us, to nothing more aptly, than the pelting of a hail storm, which a strong north-easterly wind drives into your face. The whole ground at our feet was ploughed up with them, and their singing was like that of a tempest through the bare cordage of a vessel at anchor.

Under this really tremendous fire, Williams bore himself, as his gallant conduct in the skirmishes which had diversified our march, led me to expect that he would bear himself. There was a railing, similar to that behind which the Americans were drawn up, which cut off the copse from the cultivated fields. He was one of the first to spring over it; and shouting out to the men to follow, he called to me by name, and said, "Now, who will be first in the enemy's line." Without once pausing to look behind, he rushed on. I kept my eye upon him; indeed, we were near enough to converse, had it been possible to hear the sound of a human voice in such a tumult; and I did what I could, rather to restrain his ardour, than to give it encouragement. But at the very moment when I was repeating my entreaties that he would look to the men, instead of thus rushing on a-head of them, a musket-ball struck him on the neck, and he fell dead at my feet. He never so much as moved. The bullet passed through his wind-pipe and spinal-marrow, and he was a corpse in an instant. Poor fellow! even in the heat of action, I looked at him with a feeling of bitter agony, of which words can convey no impression. But I could not pause to pay the slightest tribute of respect to his remains; I ran past him, and soon found my attention so completely occupied by other matters, as to forget even that such a one had lived and was dead. So overwhelmingly exciting is the interest of a battle, and so perfectly engrossing are the thoughts to which it gives birth.

Notwithstanding the paucity of our numbers, the American line began to waver as soon as we arrived within twenty or thirty paces of their front, and the shouting preliminary to a charge had hardly been uttered, when they broke, and fled. Our men were too much fatigued to follow with any celerity, but we pursued as quickly as we could, and bayonetting some seamen, who pertinaciously clung to their guns, took possession of two, out of the five pieces of cannon, which had so severely galled us. Our work was, however, but beginning. In five minutes we found ourselves in front of a second line, more numerous and more steady than that which we had defeated. It was composed wholly of regular troops, who received us, as we came on, with a murderous fire, and instantly advanced to the charge. We could not pretend to meet them. At the first, we hardly mustered a hundred men; we were now diminished to little more than half the number; a whole regiment bore down upon us, and we gave ground. We fell back, however, slowly and indignantly, halting from time to time, and firing with effect; whilst the enemy, instead of a determined rush, which, if attempted, must have destroyed us at once, followed at the very same pace, and with the very same precautions. But their fire was very destructive; at least it would have been, had there stood opposed to it men enough to deserve it.

We had reached almost to the edge of the thicket, when Colonel Thornton, with a reinforcement of fresh troops, coming up, restored to us our former confidence, and we resumed the offensive. The enemy, in their turn, fell back; but we could not follow with our accustomed rapidity—our men were scarce able to walk, far less to run; so there was time for their line also to receive reinforcements, before we succeeded in breaking it. The battle became now little else than an unintermitting exchange of tremendous volleys. Neither party gained or lost ground, but, for a full half hour, stood still, loading and firing as quickly as these operations could be performed. Whilst this was proceeding, Colonel Thornton received a ball in the thigh, and fell. The Americans raising a shout at the event, pressed on; and our people a little disheartened, retired. Charlton, myself, and several other officers who were in the field, did our best to stay them, and we succeeded, though not till Colonel Thornton, in order to avoid falling into the hands of the assailants, had been obliged to roll himself down the slope, to a considerable distance. We had retired, in part, as far as the ground where poor Williams lay, when one musket ball, hitting the scabbard of my

sword, broke it, and another, at the same instant, slightly wounded my arm. Yet I hardly felt the wound, so intent was I in rallying the men; and General Ross himself coming up at this instant, with the better part of the 4th regiment, the fortune of the day was speedily decided. There was no more distant firing on our part. Charge, charge, was the only word of command issued. It was heard with repeated acclamations; and the very music of our cheers acting like magic upon the Americans, they dispersed and fled in every direction.

It were in vain for me to attempt any description of the state of feeling which prevades a man, when, after some hours of hard fighting, he first sees the line of the enemy become confused, and the manifestations of a flight exhibited. His whole soul is engrossed with the desire of overtaking them; and if there be a moment in man's existence at which he would sincerely thank Providence for the loan of wings, it is surely then. For my own part, I strained my throat till it became dry with cheering; and running on, as well as exhaustion would permit, made an effort to overtake the Americans, who escaped from me, as persons who are fresh will always escape from those that are weary. To do them justice, however, their *regulars*, or rather *riglars*, as Jonathan himself calls them, were not unmindful of the lessons which they had learned upon the parade. They covered their rear with a cloud of riflemen, at least equal, in point of numbers, to the troops who pursued them; and the riflemen very deliberately, and very judiciously, took up positions, from time to time, wherever the cover of bushes or underwood invited them. Nor was their fire harmless. Several individuals, myself among the number, received wounds from them. I plainly saw the person who thus honoured me; he lay behind a little copse, and took aim three times before he hit me; but, at last, his ball passed through the fleshy part of my thigh, and he escaped.

Too eager to be aware that I was again scratched, I pushed on with my companions as long as the last of the retreating force continued in sight; nor ever dreamed of halting, till fatigue and loss of blood together overpowered me, and I fell to the ground. Happily for me, I dropped beside a pool of water—it was muddy and foul in no ordinary degree—yet my thirst, violent before, and doubly violent now, from the exhaustion consequent upon a pretty considerable hemorrhage, gave to it a delicacy of flavour which I had never perceived in water before, and shall probably never perceive

again. I drank till that thirst was appeased; and then looking round, perceived that there were but three British soldiers near me. They sat down beside me, till I, in some degree, recovered my strength; and having kindly assisted me to wrap a handkerchief round the bleeding limb, we crawled, rather than marched, back to rejoin our regiment.

CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND the brigade gathering together its shattered remains, upon the summit of the high ground which the enemy's reserve had occupied in the morning. I say shattered remains, for out of the twelve hundred men who bore the brunt of the battle, nearly one half had fallen; whilst of those who survived, and were fit for duty, many were absent for the purpose of attending to the wounded, and burying the dead. As was but natural, my first and most eager inquiry was for Charlton. One friend—not indeed of long standing, but still sincerely beloved—had this day been taken from me. I trembled lest I should be doomed to learn, that another was in the dust. But my fears were groundless, for Charlton was safe and unhurt, and we embraced, as friends are accustomed to do when they meet again at the close of a hard-fought action.

My wound, though not severe, began about this time to trouble me; the limb was stiff, and the exertion of walking had produced some inflammation. A little to the rear of the field of battle stood a cottage, into which my friend conducted me. We found in it few accommodations: but it afforded at least clean water and a towel, which, with a fresh handkerchief, we applied to the hurt, as the best, and indeed the only dressing which could at that moment be obtained; for the surgeons were all too busy to attend to a case so little urgent. This done, we gladly threw ourselves upon a sort of box-bed at one end of the room, and were asleep in five minutes.

Our repose was not, however, of long continuance. The cottage soon became a place of general rendezvous to all the officers of the brigade, and the scene thereby occasioned was at once too lively and too striking, not to call into play the senses both of actors and spectators. Congratulations and hearty greetings, mingled with an occasional expression of sincere regret, broke in upon our slumbers; and the many anecdotes which each was enabled to relate—the mode in which affairs were conducted at different parts of the field—of the conspicuous valour of this or that soldier; of the daring or timidity of the enemy at this or that point in the field—

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were all a great deal too interesting to be listened to with drowsy ears. We quitted our couch, and joined heartily in the conversation and mirth of those about us. Of sober thought it must be confessed that little intervened; the excitement of battle was yet too recent; and it is not under such circumstances that man's better and holier feelings are in force. Sorrow we did profess—ay, and felt it too—that more than one comrade whom we loved, were absent; but our minds were too much occupied with other thoughts, to afford room for any profound or even acute repinings.

We had been thus employed for perhaps an hour or something better, when an orderly sergeant arrived with intelligence that the second and third brigades were in motion, and that we also should be required to push on as soon as the men were collected. A few minutes only elapsed, before the bugle gave notice, that the corps was mustered. We obeyed the summons instantly; and in five minutes more, the light brigade took the road to Washington.

It was dusk when we quitted the position, and perfectly dark before we reached the high-road; but neither confusion nor delay took place. The path was broad and well-marked; and the troops were all in that state of discipline, which would have carried them through more serious difficulties, had such come in their way, whilst the consciousness of having done their duty, and the expectation of reaping the fruits of their toil, supported them under the exertion which was required. For my own part, though the effort to keep up became by degrees seriously painful, I shall never cease to congratulate myself on having persisted in making it. No one, unless he has chanced to travel under similar circumstances, can form the most distant notion of the state of our feelings during the progress of that journey. The destruction of Washington, or rather of the stores or public buildings in Washington, had already begun; and the heavy explosions which from time to time occurred, the sheets of fire which quivered through the air—the very waving of the flames heard in the stillness of night to an extraordinary distance—formed altogether such a scene as I have no words adequate to describe. The field of battle was distant not more than four miles from the city; from the first, therefore, these sights and sounds reached us; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the spot from whence they proceeded, we all felt that conversation, under such circumstances, would have been sacrilegious. We moved in that state of admiration, or rather awe, which locks up the voice, and oppresses the very reason.

Having arrived at a sort of common about a quarter of a mile distant from the town, the halt was sounded, and a bivouac directed to be formed. With this view the men piled their arms and lighted large fires, for which fuel was found among the fences and palings near, and set about preparing their evening meal. That done, all sat down; not with our usual noisy merriment, but to gaze in silence upon the conflagration which still proceeded. The hum of conversation which generally murmurs through a camp, was not heard to-night; those who spoke at all, spoke only in whispers, as if we had been guilty of some act which made us ashamed to hear the sound of our own voices, or were placed in a situation of extreme peril. It was thus with us for full two hours. At last, however, a consciousness of great bodily fatigue overcame every other sensation, and we turned our feet towards our fires; and wrapped up as usual, soon fell asleep.

But the night was not even now destined to be passed in quiet. It might be about twelve or one o'clock, when a tremendous peal of thunder, so loud as to drown, for an instant, every noise, awoke us. The rain was falling in torrents, and flash after flash of vivid lightning displayed not only the bivouac, but the streets, the houses, nay the very windows in the town, with a degree of minuteness far greater than the beams of a noon-day sun would have produced. The effect was magnificent beyond the power of language to describe. Not even the drenching, against which cloaks and blankets failed to afford protection, could lead me to neglect the occurrence; for I really do not recollect, at any period of my life, to have been witness to a spectacle so imposing.

The thunder-storms in Virginia, though violent to a degree unknown in European countries, are seldom of very long continuance. In less than an hour, the present had died away, and there was again nothing to break in upon the quiet of the night, except an occasional roar as a magazine blew up, or a crash, as a wall or roof fell to the ground. But these were already familiar to us; they interfered in no respect with our slumbers, which being speedily renewed, continued unbroken till the hour of general muster dispelled them.

As soon as dawn appeared, the brigade moved from its bivouac upon the common, and marched into the town. Proceeding along a narrow street, which was crossed at right angles by two or three of a similar description, we arrived at a large open space, surrounded on three sides by the rudiments of a square, and having its fourth imperfectly occupied by the ruins of the Senate-House. It is slightly raised above the

level of the rest of the city, and is crossed by a paltry stream, called, in true Yankee grandiloquence, the Tiber, as the hill itself is called the Capital. Here the brigade halted, and piling their arms in two close columns, the men were permitted to lie down.

Whilst the corps continued thus, I very gladly accompanied the surgeon into a house hard by, for the purpose of having my wound properly examined and dressed. I found the building deserted by its owners; but of the domestics some had ventured to remain behind; and from one of these in particular I received the kindest treatment. She was an old negress; a free woman, however, as she took care to inform us, and at the head of the establishment. The good-natured creature not only produced the contents of her master's larder, but conducted me up stairs, took a nice linen shirt from a drawer, carefully aired it, and then begged that I would accept and wear it for her sake. Now, I know not whether an offer thus made ought, according to the strict letter of moral propriety, to have been attended to; the good woman was certainly giving away that which was not hers to give. Yet let the truth be told. I had worn my shirt by night and by day, under broiling marches, and through rainy bivouacs, the better half of a week; and I confess, that the opportunity of exchanging it for a snow-white piece of linen and cambric, was a great deal too tempting to be neglected. I gladly took the American shirt; and saved my own conscience, and the housekeeper's reputation, by leaving an English one upon the dressing-table in its room.

It so happened, that neither my friend nor myself were employed in perpetrating any one of the deeds of violence by which the visit of the English army to the capital of the United States was distinguished. Of the arsenal, public rope-works, armoury, bridge and palace, we accordingly saw nothing, except the smoke and flame which marked their destruction. Neither was an opportunity afforded of making ourselves very intimately acquainted with the general appearance of the ruin. Having procured a horse, I rode indeed through a few of what were called streets; that is to say, along extensive lanes, paved only in part, and boasting, in numerous instances, of no more than five or six houses on each side of the way, planted at the distance of some eighth part of a mile from one another. But with such opportunities of gathering information, it would ill become me to speak at large of a place, which has doubtless changed its aspect greatly in the course of twelve years, and may be, for aught I know to the contrary, as it might have

been then, possessed of a thousand secret attractions, known only to its own denizens. The feature, in its general aspect, which remains most prominently in my recollection is, however, not quite in accordance with our notions of a great capital. I perfectly recollect, that in the line of several of its public thoroughfares, as well as throughout the range of its more fashionable quarters, remnants, and no inconsiderable remnants, of the ancient forest were left standing.

Noon had passed, when heavy columns of dust, rising from certain high grounds on the opposite bank of the Patomac, attracted our notice. We were not left long in doubt as to the cause from whence they proceeded; for the glittering of arms became instantly visible, and a large American force showed itself. It took up a position immediately before us, and pushed forward a patrol of cavalry as far as the suburbs of Georgetown. There was not an individual in the army to whom these circumstances communicated a feeling at all akin to surprise. We had been led to expect an attack, from the hour of our advance into Washington, and we were both ready and willing to meet it, let it happen when it might. But the elements interfered to frustrate the designs of the enemy,—if indeed they seriously entertained such a design—of driving us from our positions; for just at this moment the heavens became black with clouds, and a hurricane, such as I never witnessed before, and shall probably never witness again, began. I know not any thing in art or nature to which the noise of the wind may be aptly compared. It differed essentially from thunder; yet I never listened to thunder more deafening, and its force was such as to throw down houses, tear up trees, and carry stones, beams of timber, and whole masses of brick-work, like feathers into the air. Both armies were scattered by it, as if a great battle had been fought and won; and as it lasted without any intermission for upwards of three hours, neither party, at its close, was in a fit condition to offer the slightest annoyance to its adversary. For our parts, it was not without some difficulty that we succeeded in bringing our stragglers together, whilst day-light lasted; and if its effects upon a regular and victorious army were so great, there cannot be a doubt that it was at least equally great upon an undisciplined and intimidated levy.

In the meanwhile, the officers of the different corps had been directed in a whisper to make ready for falling back as soon as darkness should set in. From the men, however, the thing was kept profoundly secret. They were given, indeed, to understand, that an important manœuvre would be effected

before to-morrow morning ; but the hints thrown out tended to induce an expectation of a farther advance, rather than of a retreat. A similar rumour was permitted quietly to circulate among the inhabitants, with the view, doubtless, of its making its way into the American camp ; whilst all persons were required on pain of death, to keep within doors from sunset to sunrise. This done, as many horses as could be got together, were put in requisition for the transport of the artillery. Even the few wounded officers who had accompanied the column were required to resign theirs ; and mine, among the number, was taken away. But the precaution was a very just and proper one. Not only were the guns by this means rendered more portable, but the danger of a betrayal from a neigh, or the trampling of hooves along the paved streets, was provided against ; and though individuals might and did suffer, their sufferings were not to be put into the scale against the public good.

It was about eight o'clock at night, when a staff-officer, arriving upon the ground, gave directions for the corps to form in marching order. Preparatory to this step, large quantities of fresh fuel were heaped upon the fires, whilst from every company a few men were selected, who should remain beside them till the picquets withdrew, and move from time to time about, so as that their figures might be seen by the light of the blaze. After this the troops stole to the rear of the fires by twos and threes ; when far enough removed to avoid observation, they took their places, and, in profound silence, began their march. The night was very dark. Stars there were, indeed, in the sky ; but for some time after quitting the light of the bivouac, their influence was wholly unfelt. We moved on, however, in good order. No man spoke above his breath, our very steps were planted lightly, and we cleared the town without exciting observation. About half a mile in rear of the city, a second line of fires had been established. We looked towards it now, and the effect of the figures, which from time to time moved across the flames, was exceedingly striking. On arriving there we found that the other brigades had likewise commenced their retreat, and that the fires which burned so brightly, had been prepared by them exactly as we had prepared ours, previous to setting out. We caused the few men whom they had left behind to join us, as *our* men had been commanded to join the picquets, and pursued our journey.

We were now approaching the field of the late battle, when the moon rose, and threw a soft pale light over surrounding

objects. At first her rays fell only upon the green leaves and giant boughs of the woods which on either hand closed in the road ; but as we proceeded onwards other spectacles presented themselves, some of which were of no very cheering or lively nature. When we gained the ridge which had formed the crest of the American position, open green fields lay stretched out before us ; every one presenting some manifestation of the drama which had so lately been acted here. Broken arms, caps, cartouch boxes, with here and there a dead body, naked and ghostly white, were scattered about in every direction, whilst the smell, not exactly of putrefaction, but of something nearly akin to it, and mingling with the odour of scorched grass and extinguished matches, rose upon the night air very offensively ; yet the whole scene was one of prodigious interest and power. The river and town which lay near us, the former flowing quietly and beautifully along, the latter lifting its modest buildings in the silence of a moonlight night, formed a striking contrast with the devastated and torn ground over which we were marching, whilst the only sound distinguishable was that of the measured tread of feet as the column proceeded down the slope towards the bridge. It was impossible, whilst traversing the place of his death, not to think kindly and affectionately of my poor young friend ; his body, I well knew, was not among the number which were bleaching in the rains and dews of heaven—it had been carefully committed to the earth beside that of a brother officer. I did not, therefore, look round under the idea of seeing it ; but I did look round for the spot where he fell, and I was grieved and disappointed that I could not distinguish it. The lapse of a few moments, however, was sufficient to draw off my attention to other, though hardly less painful subjects. We were already in the village ; and a halt being commanded, an opportunity was afforded of enquiring into the condition of the wounded. I failed not to avail myself of it ; but whilst the men were busied in picking up their knapsacks, which in the heat of action they had cast away, I stepped to the hospital and paid a hasty visit to the poor fellows who occupied it. It was a mortifying reflection, that in spite of our success, the total absence of all adequate means of conveyance laid us under the necessity of leaving very many of them behind ; nor could the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers conceal their chagrin on the occasion. One of these, a sergeant of my own company, who had received a ball through both thighs, actually shed tears as he wished me farewell, regretting that he had not shared the fate of Mr. Williams. It was

in vain that I reminded him that he was not singular; that colonel Thornton, colonel Wood, and major Brown, besides others of less note, were doomed to be his companions in captivity; neither that consideration, nor the assurances of a speedy exchange, at all served to make him satisfied with his destiny. Yet no apprehensions could be more unfounded than those of that man; for however unlike civilized nations they may be in other respects, in the humanity of their conduct towards such English soldiers as fell into their hands, the Americans can be surpassed by no people whatever. To this the wounded, whom we were compelled to abandon to-night, bore, after their release, ample testimony; and they told a tale which hundreds besides have corroborated.

CHAPTER VIII.

Having shaken this sergeant, with such of the privates as lay near him, by the hand, I proceeded to the ward occupied by the officers; but had barely time to express my commiseration of their case, when notice was given that the column was again ready to move. I joined it without delay. The soldiers, if they had not recovered each man his own, were at all events, in possession of a sufficient number of knapsacks; and we renewed our retreat in as good order as had hitherto distinguished it. Of that order it may not be out of place to give here a brief account.

Reversing the arrangements which had held good during the advance, the third brigade this night led the way; it was followed by the artillery, now supplied with horses, which again was succeeded by the second brigade. In rear of this came the light troops, of whom three companies, which had furnished the picquets during the day, did the duty of a rear guard. Last of all moved the mounted drivers, supported by scattered files of infantry on each side of the way, whilst half a troop of rocket-men marched between the head of the rear-guard, and the rear of the column, in readiness to bring their horrible weapons into play at the first alarm.

Hitherto our men had moved on in profound silence. The strictest orders had been issued that no one should speak, and no one thought of disobeying the order; but as the night stole on, and the distance between us and the city became hourly greater and greater, a degree of carelessness to the wishes of those in power, became manifest through all ranks. The fact is, that we were completely worn out. The broken rest of a single day had by no means made amends for the toil of the five days preceding, and being followed by a night-march,

proved absolutely useless. For some time, indeed, the novelty of the scene served to amuse us. It was highly romantic to march through thick forests and woody glens, by the feeble light of a young moon; whilst the delicious coolness of the night-air came upon us with the greater force, that we could not avoid contrasting it with the sultry atmosphere which had oppressed us when we last traversed these parts. Then again, there was the idea of being followed,—the chance of a sudden attack, and the prospect of a night action,—all these, as long as we were near the position of the enemy's camp, served to put new mettle into our bosoms. But in proportion as we got farther and farther from the seat of danger, romance gradually lost its influence; till finally, the only sensation to which we were alive, was one of overwhelming weariness; and the only wish which we cared to form, was, that an opportunity would be afforded of lying down to rest. About midnight, indeed, and for six hours after it, these feelings began to operate very powerfully. The men strayed from their ranks; the officers found great difficulty in urging them on; some dozed upon their legs, and fell under the feet of their comrades; others threw themselves by the wayside, refusing to proceed farther. In a word, by seven o'clock in the following morning, it was perfectly manifest that an hour's rest must be taken, otherwise one half of the troops would be in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy.

We had accomplished a journey of some eighteen or twenty miles, when to the unspeakable joy of every man in the army, the general, finding himself arrived at a convenient spot, commanded a halt. I candidly confess that I know nothing of the nature of the ground on which the halt occurred, nor of the dispositions which were made to render it secure, for my men were hardly stretched upon the grass when I followed their example. The only precaution which I took, was to seek out a shady tree whose branches might shelter me from the sun; there, from seven o'clock till a little before noon, I slept as soundly as ever weary traveller has slept, or could desire to sleep. At that period I was awoke to breakfast; and in half an hour after, the column was again in motion.

The sun had set, and twilight was rapidly closing in, when we found ourselves once more in the vicinity of Marlborough. There it was resolved to pass the night; and as the same position was taken up which we had occupied during the advance, every man felt himself in some degree at home. For ourselves, Charlton and I, willing, if possible, to find shelter under a roof, wandered away to a house about a stone's throw

apart from the corps ; but it would have been better perhaps, that we had remained in the open air. The house in question was filled with such of the wounded, as it had been found practicable to remove on horseback, and in the clumsy wag-gons which our troopers succeeded in capturing. There were, if I recollect right, five or six officers in one room ; among whom we were persuaded to lie down. But the groans, and querulous complaints of some of these brave men,—complaints which every one who has filled their situation will understand, and for which few will hesitate to make allowance, effectually broke in upon our repose. We could not go to sleep under such circumstances ; and hence the greater part of that night was spent in vain endeavours to bestow comfort upon those, whom bodily suffering rendered perfectly dead to every consideration except the desire of ease. We were glad to retire about two in the morning, and to snatch a few hours of broken rest under a shed hard by.

The dawn had not yet appeared, when the well known sound of troops mustering upon their ground, awoke us. We took our places, as usual, with the men ; and having waited till there was light enough to direct our steps, once more began our march. There was nothing in to-day's operations at all worthy of notice. The country we had already traversed, and it exhibited, of course, an appearance exactly similar to that which it exhibited before ; whilst the absence of every thing like annoyance on the part of the Americans rendered our whole progress more dull and monotonous than would have been wished. We were, accordingly, very well pleased at beholding the houses in Nottingham again rise in view ; and our satisfaction suffered no decrease when informed, that here, as formerly, the night should be passed.

It so happened, that Charlton and I fixed ourselves in the identical barn which had sheltered us before, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that that apparently unimportant occurrence affected us more deeply, than any which had taken place during the whole course of the inroad. It was impossible to lie down upon the tobacco without thinking of the gallant youth who had lain there beside us, only seven days ago. True, he had been but a short time our comrade ; we had enjoyed few opportunities of judging as to his temper, disposition, and general character, and we neither of us felt for him, what we felt for one another. But the little which we had seen of him, had all been favourable ; and his unaffected and noble behaviour in this very barn, forcibly occurred to us. I am not ashamed to confess that we shed some tears

to his memory ; and that he constituted almost the only subject of our conversation whilst we remained awake.

After a night of sound and refreshing sleep, we rose in confident expectation of continuing the retreat, and perhaps reaching the boats that day. But we were mistaken. General Ross was satisfied that no pursuit would take place, and if it did, he was equally satisfied that the pursuers would gain nothing by their exertions. Thus regarding matters, he resolved to rest his army during the 28th, and, at the same time, to secure as much of the property of which it had taken possession, as was contained in the barns and storehouses of Nottingham. Nor was there any difficulty in effecting the last of these purposes. The river was now crowded with gun-boats, barges, and other small vessels, into which the flour and tobacco were removed ; and the wounded being also disposed of in the same way, there remained neither impediment to retard our future movements, nor sources of anxiety to distract our plans.

In this manner the whole of the 28th was passed ; the soldiers, for the most part, keeping quiet, whilst the crews of the boats removed the plunder. It fell, however, to my lot, to be placed, towards evening, in charge of one of the outposts. There always is, and indeed must be, some anxiety attending this duty, because the very consciousness of responsibility can hardly fail to create it ; but on no occasion have I kept watch so peacefully, and so much at my ease, as to-night. Not so much as once was an alarm given. The sky was clear, the air mild, and the position commanding ; in a word, all passed off as if I had been on duty in some military station at home, instead of in the heart of an enemy's country.

Having spent the night thus comfortably, we were in good condition for the march that was before us,—and it was a trying one. A push was to be made for St. Benedict's at once. Formerly we had divided the distance, now we were to compass it in one day ; nor did we fail in performing our task, though many a good soldier found himself sore pressed to keep his station. It was a journey of seven long leagues ; and came not to a close till after darkness had set in. But like the march of yesterday, it was productive of no interesting event, and it led to the very same arrangements and dispositions in which that had ended. We bivouacked under the ridge of the hill, in the identical spots which we had occupied on the 19th, and slept as soundly, and as uninterruptedly, as we had done on the night of our landing.

The first campaign of general Ross in America, if a sudden incursion like that above described, deserves to be so styled,

was thus brought to a conclusion. With a mere handful of troops, not exceeding four thousand fighting men at the utmost, he penetrated upwards of sixty miles into an enemy's country, defeated him in a pitched battle, insulted his capital, and returned in safety to the shore. It remained now only to re-embark the army, and then his triumph would be complete. Nor was the shadow of a difficulty experienced in effecting this last, and not least perilous enterprize. Intimidated by his overthrow, the American leader dreamed not at any moment of harassing his conqueror, or impeding his progress; as we afterwards learned, indeed, two full days elapsed, ere he ventured to ascertain that Washington was abandoned. Though, therefore, the most judicious precautions were taken, to cover the re-shipment against danger, no opportunity was afforded of proving them; for the troops betook themselves corps after corps to the boats, and were corps after corps carried to their respective ships. The only tumult to which they listened, was produced by the shouts of the sailors, who welcomed them back with reiterated cheers, and who received them with as much cordiality as if they had been—not soldiers, but brother seamen.

I cannot pretend to portray the nature of my own feelings, when I find myself once more treading the quarter-deck of a transport, and relieved, as it were, at once, from all military occupation and responsibility. That I enjoyed the change heartily, for the moment, cannot be denied. Our fatigue had been excessive; and the prospect of a few days of unbroken rest was certainly more pleasing than almost any other which could have been, under existing circumstances, held out to me. Yet there was a consciousness went along with it, that perfect repose is not a state of existence for which a soldier is adapted, whilst the suddenness of the change was of itself sufficient to take away much of what would have been otherwise highly agreeable in it. It was not now with us, as it is with troops who at the close of a serious campaign retire into winter-quarters. In the latter case, men are gradually prepared for it; a series of bad weather, for the most part, keeps them inactive in the field, before they quit it. At present, we were hurried, in the very middle of summer, from the scene of a brisk, if not of an important war, and placed, not in a position still liable to be assailed, and so calculated to keep us in remembrance of our uses,—but on board of ship, where our time could alone be occupied in eating, drinking, sleeping, playing chess, and walking from one end of a plank to the other. I have said, that at the instant we certainly did enjoy

the prospect which was before us ; but the first day of our embarkation passed not away without occasioning some alteration in our sentiments, and long before sunset on the second, we were again panting for employment. So perfectly inconsistent is the human mind with itself, as often as the temperament of the body, or the state of the animal spirits, may chance to undergo a change.

COUNT CAPO D'ISTRIA.

President of Greece.

THIS nobleman, who has lately been elected president of Greece, was born at Corfu, in the year 1776—a glorious year for the cause of freedom. His family had, from the year 1300, held an honourable place in the first class of citizens of the Seven Ionian Isles. He studied in the universities of Italy, and returned to his country in 1798, at the moment when the overthrow of the Republic of Venice introduced into the Ionian Islands the democratic power of France. He found his father a prisoner, and threatened by the French Commissary with banishment, on account, it was said, of his political opinions. Count Capo D'Istria exerted himself with zeal and activity for the relief of his father, and had the good fortune to succeed. After the French had surrendered the Island to the combined Russian and Ottoman fleets, and they had been formed into a Republic under the joint protection of Russia and England, the Count, though still young, was employed in 1800 to organize the Islands of Cephalonia, Ithica, and St. Maura. This was the commencement of his political career. In 1802 he was appointed Secretary of the State for the Home Department of the Republic, and afterwards for Foreign Affairs, for the Marine, and for Commerce. One of the most prominent acts of his administration was the establishment of moral schools, which had not before existed in the Islands.

In 1807 the Island of St. Maura was threatened by Ali Pacha. The Ionian government invested Count Capo D'Istria with the powers of Commissary Extraordinary on the frontiers, and placed under his orders all the militia in the service of the allied courts in the Seven Islands. In this campaign, under the cannon of Ali Pacha, Count Capo D'Istria became first known to the Greek Captains Coloco-

troni, Bozzaris, Karaïskaki, and other chiefs; and at this epoch his personal relations with the warlike part of Greece commenced. In July 1808, he was invited to repair to St. Petersburg to be employed in the foreign department. Thither he went in 1809, and remained there until 1812. He was then employed in the suite of the Russian Embassy at Vienna, whence he was summoned to discharge the functions of Chief of the Diplomatic Department at the headquarters of the Russian army of the Danube, and afterwards with the Grand Army. He continued with the army during the campaigns of 1813, 1814, 1815, and took an active part in the most important negotiations of this memorable epoch. In November, 1813, the emperor Alexander sent him to Switzerland.—The result of his mission was, that Switzerland made common cause with the allied powers against Buonaparte, and the system of the Helvetic confederation, as it now exists, was in part his work, in concurrence with the ministers of the other allied courts, and of the 22 cantons. Switzerland still feels for him a grateful affection. At the congress of Vienna, during the conference at Paris in 1815, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, Count Capo D'Istria, possessing all the confidence of the emperor Alexander, was chosen to carry on the negotiations with the allied powers—negotiations which included those, the result of which was the placing the Ionian Islands under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. From 1816 to 1822 he exercised the functions of secretary of state for foreign affairs in the cabinet of the emperor Alexander. In 1822, when the court of Russia adopted the Austrian system with regard to the affairs of the Levant and Greece, Count Capo D'Istria resigned his office and returned to Switzerland, carrying with him marks of the unaltered kindness of the emperor Alexander, and of the attachment of the most distinguished persons in Russia. In the beginning of the year 1826 he came to Paris, and it was then supposed that he intended going to Russia. He did not take the journey, however, until the month of May, in the present year, and it was on reaching Russia that he received the choice which called him to the government of the affairs of Greece. After a residence of two months in Russia, he retraced his steps, and was in France at the last advices, having brought a decree whereby the emperor Nicholas gave him a complete discharge from his service, in terms which at once demonstrate the personal sentiments entertained by his sovereign towards him, and the character of the recollection he has left behind him in Russia.

LOSS OF THE PHENIX.

BY THE LIEUTENANT.

"OCTOBER the 2d, spoke to the Barbadoes off Port Antonio in the evening. At eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward—close reefed the topsails. Sir Hyde sent for me—'What sort of weather have we, Archer?' 'It blows a little and has a very ugly look; if we were in any other country but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind.' 'Aye, it looks so, very often here, when there is no wind at all; however, don't hoist the topsails till it clears a little; there is no trusting any country.' At twelve I was relieved; the weather had the same look: however, they made sail upon her, but we had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again, found it blowing hard from E. N. E. with close-reefed topsails upon the ship—heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck—'Well, Archer, what do you think of it?' 'Oh, sir, 'tis only a touch of the times—we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock: the clouds are beginning to break—it will clear up at noon, or else blow hard afterwards.' 'I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much; I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this; so take in the topsails—we have plenty of sea-room.'

"At twelve the gale increasing still, we wore ship to keep as near mid-channel, between Jamaica and Cuba, as possible: at one, the gale increasing still; at two, 'harder yet—it still blows harder!' reefed the courses, and furled them; brought too under a foul mizen staysail, head to the northward. In the evening, no signs of weather taking off, but every appearance of increasing, prepared for a proper gale of wind; secured all the sails with spare gaskets—good rolling tackles upon the yards—spanned the booms—saw the boats all made fast: new lashed the guns—double breeched the lower deckers—saw that the carpenters had the tarpaulins and battens all ready for hatchways—got the top-gallant masts down upon deck—jib-boom and spritsail-yard fore and aft—in fact every thing we could think of to make a snug ship.

"The poor devils of birds now began to find the uproar in the elements, for numbers came on board of us, both of sea and land kinds; some I took notice of, which happened to be to leeward, turned to windward like a ship—tack and tack—for they could not fly against it; and when they had come over the ship, dash themselves on the deck, and never attempt to stir till picked up; and when let go again, would not leave the ship, but endeavour to hide themselves from the wind. At eight o'clock a hurricane—the sea roaring, but the wind still steady to a point; did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence, should the wind shift: placed the carpenters by the mainmast with broad axes, knowing from experience that at the moment when you want to cut away to save the ship, an axe may not be found. Went to supper—bread, cheese and porter: the purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the lower deck guns, which by this time made a pretty screeching to people not used to it: it seemed as if the whole ship's side was going at each roll. Woodman, our carpenter, was all this time snoaking his pipe and laughing at the doctor; the second lieutenant upon deck, the third in his hammock. At ten o'clock I thought to get a little sleep—came to look into my cot—it was full of water; for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak; stretched myself, therefore, upon

deck between two chests, and left orders to be called should the least thing happen.

"At twelve a midshipman came to me—'Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship.' 'Oh, very well, I will be up directly; what sort of weather have you got?' 'It blows a hurricane.' Went upon deck, found Sir Hyde there: 'It blows dam'd hard, Archer.' 'It does indeed, sir.' 'I don't know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before; but the ship makes very good weather of it upon this tack, as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the S. E. and we are drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward, and have some hands stand by; loose the lee-yard arm of the foresail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clue garnet close up, and roll the sail up.' 'Sir, there is no canvass can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him, he'll fly into ribands in a moment, and may lose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore shrouds.' 'No, I don't think she will.' 'I'll answer for it, sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success.' 'Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can only loose the foresail afterwards.' This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore rigging, after a hard struggle she wore; found she did not make so good weather on this tack as the other, for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another dashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone; for the poor mizen staysail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach whips. My God! to think that the wind could have such force!

"Sir Hyde now sent to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I was below, one of the marine officers calls out, 'Good God! Mr. Archer, we are sinking—the water is up to my cot.' 'Poo, poo, as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off: what the devil do you make this noise for?' I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; scuttled the deck, and let it run into the well: found she made a great deal of water through the sides and decks; turned the watch below to the pumps, though only two feet of water in the well; but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with hardly a part above water but the quarter deck, and that but seldom. 'Come, pump away my boys.—Carpenters, get the weather chain pump rigged.' 'All ready, sir,' 'Then man it, and keep both pumps going.'

"At two o'clock the chain pump was choked: set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two hand pumps at work upon deck. The ship gained upon us, while our chain pumps were idle; in a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came running to me with a face as long as my arm—'Oh, sir, the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room.' 'Go then, and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don't speak a word to any one else.' 'Mr. Goodinch, I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room; go and see what is the matter, but don't alarm any body, and come and make your report privately to me.' A little after this he returned: 'Sir, there's nothing there, 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak.' 'Oh, very well; go upon deck, and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below.' 'Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchway secure, but there is such a weight of water upon deck, that nobody can bear it when the ship rolls.'

"Shortly afterwards the gunner came to me: 'Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment.' I

thought some damned thing was the matter, and ran directly. 'Well, what's the matter here?' 'The ground tier of powder is spoiled; and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed: now, sir, what am I to do? if you don't speak to Sir Hyde, he will be angry with me.' I could not but smile, to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him, 'Let us shake off the gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards.'

"At four, we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second lieutenant relieved me at the pumps.—Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write forever, I could not give you an idea of it: a total darkness all above—the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe—mountains are too common an idea; the wind, roaring louder than thunder, (absolutely no flight of imagination;) the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning. The poor ship very much pressed, yet doing what she could; shaking her sides and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck lashed to windward. I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below; the ship not making more water than might be expected from such weather, that I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose. 'I am not in the least afraid of that; I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her, so that her iron work is pretty well tried, which always gives way first. Hold fast! that was an ugly sea; we must lower the yards, I believe, Archer—the ship is much pressed.' 'If we attempt, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their mainmast is a sprung mast.—I wish it was overboard without carrying any thing else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last forever, 'twill soon be daylight now.'

"Found by the master's watch it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours; glad it was so near daylight, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! Another ugly sea. Sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps: the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broke one of their chains, but 'twas almost mended again. News from the pump again—she still, still gains! a heavy sea! Back water from leeward half way up the quarter deck—filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost upon her beam ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along. Said to Sir Hyde, 'This is no time, sir, to think of saving the masts; shall we cut the mainmast away?' 'Aye, as as fast as you can.' I accordingly went into the weather chain with a pole-axe to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain to the leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast: we were all ready, when a violent sea broke right on board of us, carried every thing upon deck away; filled the ship full of water; the main and mizen masts went, the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us. As soon as we could shake our heads above the water, Sir Hyde exclaimed, 'We are gone at last, Archer—foundered at sea!' 'Yes, sir, farewell, and the Lord have mercy on us!' I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain—she was almost full below. 'God Almighty! I thank thee that now I am leaving this world which I have always considered as only a passage to a better, I die with full hope of thy mercies, through the merits of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour.' I then felt sorry that I could swim; as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying, than a man who could not, as it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections, I thought I felt the ship thump, and grinding our feet,

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it was so. 'Sir, the ship is ashore.' 'What do you say?' 'The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet.' By this time the quarter deck was full of men that had come up from below, and the Lord have mercy upon us! flying about from all quarters.

"The ship made every body sensible now that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke. Sir Hyde—'Keep to the quarter deck, my lads, when she goes to pieces, 'tis your best chance.' A providential circumstance got the foremast cut away, that she might not pay round broadside to; lost five men cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board, just as the mast went; that was nothing—every one expected it would be his own fate next. Looked for day-break with the greatest impatience: at last it came—but what a scene did it show us! the ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and cordilleras of water on the other; our poor ship grinding and crying out at every stroke between them, going away by piece-meal: however, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that often what appears to be the greatest evil, proves to be the greatest good, that unmerciful sea lifted and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was a very strong ship, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, although her decks tumbled in. We found afterwards, that she had beat over a ledge of rocks, almost a quarter of a mile without us; where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished. I now began to think of getting on shore; so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry with me. I luckily could not find one, which gave time for recollection: 'This won't do for me to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for any body else. No, that won't do; instead of being first, I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me.'

"I now thought there was not a probability of the ship's going soon to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death; took a look round with a sort of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions; and was not surprised to find the most swaggering, swearing bullies in fine weather, were now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before them. Several people that could swim went overboard to try for shore; nine of them were drowned before our eyes. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line we got a hawser on shore, and made fast to the rocks, upon which many went and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not go this way; so we got a spare top-sail-yard from the chains, and got one end on shore and the other into the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way. As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship, which was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break.—Sir Hyde came to me, taking me by the hand, was so affected as to be hardly able to speak: 'Archer, I am happy beyond expression to see you on shore; but look at our poor Phoenix!' I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full; my mind had been too actively employed before, but every thing now rushed upon me at once, so that I could not contain myself, and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour. By twelve it was pretty moderate; got some sails on shore, and made tents; found great quantities of fish drove up by the sea in holes amongst the rocks, knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon we made a stage from the cabin windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, and then we must all perish with hunger and thirst; for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, and

under a rocky mountain, which could not supply us with a single drop of water.

"Slept comfortably this night; and the next day the idea of death vanishing by degrees, the prospect of being prisoners, perhaps during the war, at the Havana, and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods, was unpleasant; however, to save life for the present, employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns and rubbish that lay over them, and ten feet of water besides. In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde to repair the remains of the only boat left; and that I would venture to Jamaica myself, and if I got safe, would bring back vessels to take them all off—a proposal worth thinking of. It was next day agreed to; so got the cutter on shore: and set the carpenter to work on her. In two days she was ready; and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked with four volunteers, and a fortnight's provision; hoisted English colours as we put off from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart; having not the least doubt, that, with God's assistance, we should come back and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat, so as to keep two buckets constantly bailing. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars; and in the morning saw the island of Jamaica, distance about twelve leagues. At eight in the evening arrived in Montego Bay.

"I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half an hour to conclude, else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like, after being ten days at different times writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I know something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it; yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense.

"But to proceed. Instantly sent off an express to the admiral; another to Porcupine man of war; and went myself to Martha Brae, to get vessels, for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses were gone to Moco. Got three small vessels, and set out back again to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving them. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing; they wisked me up on their shoulders presently, and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was. I must omit many little anecdotes that happened on shore, for want of time; but I shall have a number of stories to tell you when I get alongside of you; and the next time I visit you, I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you as I was the last; for then I hoped my nest would have been pretty well feathered. But my tale is forgot. I found the Porcupine had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat, almost ready for launching, that would hold fifty men; which was intended for another trial, in case I should have foundered.

Next day, embarked all our people that were left, amounting to 250; for some had died of the wounds they got coming on shore; others by drinking rum; and others had straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; that was a trifle, since our lives and liberties were saved.

"To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay; and shortly after at Port Royal, in the Janus, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honourably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made Admiral's aid-de-camp, and a little after sent down to St. Juan's, captain of the Resource, to bring what were left of the poor devils to Bluefields, on the Musquito shore, and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after

three months' absence, and without a prize, though I looked out hard off Portobello and Carthage.

"Found, in my absence, that I had been appointed captain of the *Tobago*; where I remain his Majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son."

"— ARCHER."

AHMED THE COBBLER.

A PERSIAN TALE.

In the great city of Isfahan lived Ahmed the Cobbler, an honest and industrious man, whose wish was to pass through life quietly; and he might have done so, had he not married a handsome wife, who, although she had condescended to accept of him for a husband, was far from being contented with his humble sphere of life.

Sittara, such was the name of Ahmed's wife, was ever forming foolish schemes of riches and grandeur; and, though Ahmed never encouraged them, he was too fond a husband to quarrel with what gave her pleasure: an incredulous smile or a shake of the head, was his only answer to her often-told day-dreams; and she continued to persuade herself that she was certainly destined to great fortune.

It happened one evening, while in this temper of mind, that she went to the Hemmam, where she saw a lady retiring dressed in a magnificent robe, covered with jewels, and surrounded by slaves. This was the very condition Sittara had always longed for, and she eagerly inquired the name of the happy person, who had so many attendants and such fine jewels. She learned it was the wife of the chief astrologer to the king. With this information she returned home. Her husband met her at the door, but was received with a frown; nor could all his caresses obtain a smile or a word; for several hours she continued silent, and in apparent misery; at length she said:

'Cease your caresses; unless you are ready to give me a proof that you do really and sincerely love me.'

'What proof of love,' exclaimed poor Ahmed, 'can you desire, which I will not give?'

'Give over cobbling; it is a vile low trade, and never yields more than ten or twelve dinars a day. Turn astrologer; your fortune will be made, and I shall have all I wish, and be happy.'

'Astrologer!' cried Ahmed, 'astrologer! Have you forgotten who I am—a cobbler, without any learning—that you

want me to engage in a profession which requires so much skill and knowledge?"

'I neither think nor care for qualifications,' said the enraged wife: 'all I know is, that if you do not turn astrologer immediately, I will be divorced from you to-morrow.'

The cobbler remonstrated, but in vain. The figure of the astrologer's wife, with her jewels and her slaves, had taken complete possession of Sittara's imagination. All night it haunted her; she dreamt of nothing else, and on awakening she declared she would leave the house, if her husband did not comply with her wishes. What could poor Ahmed do? he was no astrologer; but he was dotingly fond of his wife, and he could not bear the idea of losing her. He promised to obey; and having sold his little stock, bought an astrolabe, an astronomical almanack, and a table of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Furnished with these, he went to the market-place, crying, I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac: I can calculate nativities; I can foretell every thing that is to happen!

No man was better known than Ahmed the Cobbler. A crowd soon gathered round him. 'What, friend Ahmed,' said one, 'have you worked till your head is turned?' 'Are you tired of looking down at your last,' cried another, 'that you are now looking up at the planets?' These, and a thousand other jokes assailed the ears of the poor cobbler, who, notwithstanding, continued to exclaim that he was an astrologer, having resolved on doing what he could to please his beautiful wife.

It so happened, that the king's jeweller passed by. He was in much distress, having lost the richest ruby belonging to the crown. Every search had been made to recover this inestimable jewel, but to no purpose; and as the jeweller knew he could no longer conceal its loss from the king, he looked forward to death as inevitable. In this hopeless state, while wandering about the town, he reached the crowd around Ahmed, and asked what was the matter. 'Don't you know Ahmed the cobbler?' said one of the bystanders, laughing: 'he has been inspired, and is become an astrologer!'

A drowning man will catch at a broken reed: the jeweller no sooner heard the sound of the word astrologer, than he went up to Ahmed, told him what had happened, and said, 'If you understand your art, you must be able to discover the king's ruby. Do so, and I will give you two hundred pieces of gold. But if you do not succeed within six hours, I

will use all my influence at court to have you put to death as an imposter.'

Poor Ahmed was thunderstruck. He stood long without being able to move or speak, reflecting on his misfortunes, and grieving, above all, that his wife, whom he so loved, had, by her envy and selfishness, brought him to such a fearful alternative. Full of these sad thoughts, he exclaimed aloud, 'Oh, woman! woman! thou art more baneful to the happiness of man, than the poisonous dragon of the desert!'

The lost ruby had been secreted by the jeweller's wife, who, disquieted by those alarms which ever attend guilt, sent one of her female slaves to watch her husband. This slave, on seeing her master speak to the astrologer, drew near; and when she heard Ahmed, after some moments of apparent abstraction, compare a woman to a poisonous dragon, she was satisfied he must know every thing. She ran to her mistress, and, breathless with fear, cried, 'You are discovered, my dear mistress, you are discovered by a vile astrologer. Before six hours are past, the whole story will be known, and you will become infamous, if you are so fortunate as to escape with life, unless you can find some way of prevailing on him to be merciful.' She then related what she had seen and heard; and Ahmed's exclamation carried as complete a conviction to the mind of the terrified mistress, as it had done to that of her slave.

The jeweller's wife, hastily throwing on her veil, went in search of the dreaded astrologer. When she found him, she threw herself at his feet, crying, 'Spare my honour and my life, and I will confess every thing!'

'What can you have to confess to me?' exclaimed Ahmed, in amazement.

'O nothing! nothing with which you are not already acquainted. You know too well that I stole the ruby from the king's crown. I did so to punish my husband, who uses me most cruelly; and I thought by this means to obtain riches for myself, and to have him put to death. But you, most wonderful man, from whom nothing is hidden, have discovered and defeated my wicked plan. I beg only for mercy, and will do whatever you command me.'

An angel from Heaven could not have brought more consolation to Ahmed, than did the jeweller's wife. He assumed all the dignified solemnity that became his new character, and said, 'Woman, I know all that thou hast done, and it is fortunate for thee that thou hast come to confess thy sin, and beg for mercy before it was too late. Return to thy house,

put the ruby under the pillow of the couch on which thy husband sleeps ; let it be laid on the side farthest from the door, and be satisfied thy guilt shall never be even suspected.'

The jeweller's wife returned home, and did as she was desired. In an hour Ahmed followed her, and told the jeweller he had made his calculations, and found by the aspect of the sun and moon, and by the configuration of the stars, that the ruby was at that moment lying under the pillow of his couch, on the side farthest from the door. The jeweller thought Ahmed must be crazy, but as a ray of hope is like a ray from heaven to the wretched, he ran to his couch, and there, to his joy and wonder, found the ruby in the very place described. He came back to Ahmed, embraced him, called him his dearest friend and the preserver of his life, gave him the two hundred pieces of gold, declaring that he was the first astrologer of the age.

These praises conveyed no joy to the poor cobbler, who returned home more thankful to God for his preservation than elated by his good fortune. The moment he entered the door, his wife ran up to him, and exclaimed, " Well, my dear astrologer, what success ?"

' There, (said Ahmed very gravely,) there are two hundred pieces of gold : I hope you will be satisfied now, and not ask me again to hazard my life, as I have done this morning.' He then related all that had passed. But the recital made a very different impression on the lady from what these occurrences had made on Ahmed. Sittara saw nothing but the gold, which would enable her to vie with the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam. ' Courage, (said she,) courage, my dearest husband. This is only your first labour in your new and noble profession. Go on, and prosper ; and we shall become rich and happy.'

In vain Ahmed remonstrated and represented the danger ; she burst into tears, and accused him of not loving her, ending with her usual threat of insisting upon a divorce.

Ahmed's heart melted, and he agreed to make another trial. Accordingly, next morning he sallied forth with his astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanack, exclaiming, as before, ' I am an astrologer ! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac ; I can calculate nativities ; I can foretell every thing that is to happen !' A crowd again gathered round him ; but it was with wonder, and not ridicule ; for the story of the ruby had gone abroad, and the voice of fame had converted

the poor cobbler Ahmed into the ablest and most learned astrologer that was ever seen at Isfahan.

While every body was gazing at him, a lady passed by veiled. She was the wife of one of the richest merchants in the city, and had just been at the Hammam, where she had lost a valuable necklace and ear-rings. She was now returning home in great alarm, lest her husband should suspect her of having given her jewels to a lover. Seeing the crowd around Ahmed, she asked the reason of their assembling; and was informed of the whole story of the famous astrologer: how he had been a cobbler—was inspired with supernatural knowledge, and could with the help of the astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanac, discover all that ever had, or ever would happen in the world. The story of the jeweller and the king's ruby was then told her, accompanied by a thousand wonderful circumstances which had never occurred. The lady, quite satisfied of his skill, went up to Ahmed, and mentioned her loss—saying, 'A man of your knowledge and penetration, will easily discover my jewels: find them, and I will give you fifty pieces of gold.'

The poor cobbler was quite confounded, and looked down, thinking only how to escape without a public exposure of his ignorance. The lady, in passing through the crowd, had torn the lower part of her veil. Ahmed's downcast eye noticed this, and wished to inform her of it in a delicate manner, before it was observed by others, he whispered to her—'Lady, look down at the rent.' The lady's head was full of her loss, and she was at that moment endeavouring to recollect how it could have occurred. Ahmed's speech brought it at once to her mind, and she exclaimed in delighted surprise, 'Stay here a few moments, thou great astrologer; I will return immediately with the reward thou so well deservest.' Saying this, she left him, and soon returned, carrying in one hand the necklace and ear-rings, and in the other a purse with fifty pieces of gold. 'There is gold for thee,' she said, 'thou wonderful man! to whom all the secrets of nature are revealed. I had quite forgotten where I laid the jewels, and without thee should never have found them. But when thou desiredst me to look at the rent below, I instantly recollected the rent near the bottom of the wall in the bath-room, where, before undressing, I hid them. I can now go home in peace and comfort, and it is all owing to thee, thou wisest of men!'

After these words she walked away, and Ahmed returned to his home, thankful to Providence for his preservation, and fully resolved never again to attempt it. His handsome wife,

however, could not yet rival the chief astrologer's lady in her appearance at the Hemmam, so she renewed her entreaties and threats to make her fond husband continue his career as an astrologer.

About this time it happened that the king's treasury was robbed of forty chests of gold and jewels, forming the greater part of the wealth of the kingdom. The high treasurer and other officers of state used all diligence to find the thieves, but in vain. The king sent for his astrologer, and declared, that if the robbers were not detected by a stated time, he, as well as the principal ministers, should be put to death. Only one day of the short period given them remained. All their search had proved fruitless, and the chief astrologer who had made his calculations and exhausted his art to no purpose, had resigned himself to his fate, when one of his friends advised him to send for the wonderful cobbler, who had become so famous for his extraordinary discoveries. Two slaves were immediately despatched for Ahmed, whom they commanded to go with them to their master. 'You see the effects of your ambition,' said the poor cobbler to his wife; 'I am going to my death. The king's astrologer has heard of my presumption, and is determined to have me executed as an impostor.'

On entering the palace of the chief astrologer, he was surprised to see that dignified person come forward to receive him, and lead him to the seat of honour, and, not less so to hear himself thus addressed: 'The ways of heaven, most learned and excellent Ahmed, are unsearchable. The high are often cast down and the low are lifted up. The whole world depends upon fate and fortune. It is my turn now to be depressed by fate; it is thine to be exalted by fortune.'

His speech was here interrupted by a messenger from the king, who, having heard of the cobbler's fame, desired his attendance. Poor Ahmed now concluded that it was all over with him, and followed the king's messenger, praying to God that he would deliver him from his peril. When he came into the king's presence, he bent his body to the ground, and wished his majesty long life and prosperity. 'Tell me, Ahmed,' said the king, 'who has stolen my treasure.'

'It was not one man,' answered Ahmed, after some consideration; 'there were forty thieves concerned in the robbery.'

'Very well,' said the king, 'but who are they? and what have they done with my gold and jewels?'

'These questions,' said Ahmed, 'I cannot now answer,
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but I hope to satisfy your majesty, if you will grant me forty days to make my calculations.'

'I grant you forty days,' said the king; 'but when they are past, if my treasure is not found, your life shall pay the forfeit.'

Ahmed returned to his house well pleased; for he resolved to take advantage of the time allowed him to fly from a city where his fame was likely to be his ruin. 'Well, Ahmed,' said his wife as he entered the house, 'what news at court.'

'No news at all,' said he, 'except that I am to be put to death at the end of forty days, unless I find forty chests of gold and jewels, which have been stolen from the royal treasury.'

'But you will discover the thieves.'

'How? by what means am I to find them?'

'By the same art which discovered the ruby and the lady's necklace.'

'The same art!' replied Ahmed. 'Foolish woman! thou knowest that I have no art, and that I have only pretended to it for the sake of pleasing thee. But I have had sufficient skill to gain forty days, during which time we may easily escape to some other city, and with the money I now possess, and the aid of my former occupation, we may still obtain an honest livelihood.'

'An honest livelihood, repeated his lady, with scorn.—'Will thy cobbling, thou mean, spiritless wretch! ever enable me to go to the Hemmam like the wife of the chief astrologer? Hear me, Ahmed! think only of discovering the king's treasure. Thou hast just as good a chance of doing so as thou hadst of finding the ruby, and the necklace and earrings. At all events, I am determined that thou shalt not escape; and shouldst thou attempt to run away, I will inform the king's officers, and have thee taken up and put to death, even before the forty days are expired. Thou knowest me too well, Ahmed, to doubt my keeping my word. So take courage, and endeavour to make thy fortune, and to place me in that rank of life to which my beauty entitles me!'

The poor cobbler was dismayed at this speech; but knowing there was no hope of changing his wife's resolution, he resigned himself to his fate. 'Well, said he, 'your will shall be obeyed. All I desire is, to pass the few remaining days of my life as comfortably as I can. You know I am no scholar, and have little skill in reckoning; so there are forty dates, give me one of them every night after I have said my pray-

ers, that I may put them in a jar, and by counting them, may always see how many of the few days I have to live are gone.'

The lady, pleased at carrying her point, took the dates, and promised to be punctual in doing what her husband desired.

Meanwhile the thieves who had stolen the king's treasure, having been kept from leaving the city by fear of detection and pursuit, had received accurate information of every measure taken to discover them. One of them was among the crowd before the palace on the day the king sent for Ahmed; and hearing that the cobbler had immediately declared their exact number, he ran in a fright to his comrades, and exclaimed, 'We are all found out! Ahmed, the new astrologer, has told the king that there are forty of us?'

'There needed no astrologer to tell that,' said the captain of the gang. 'This Ahmed, with all his simple good nature, is a shrewd fellow. Forty chests having been stolen, he naturally guessed that there must be forty thieves, and he has made a good hit, that is all; still it is prudent to watch him, for he certainly has made some strange discoveries. One of us must go to-night, after dark, to the terrace of this cobbler's house, and listen to his conversation with his handsome wife; for he is said to be very fond of her, and will, no doubt, tell her what success he has had in his endeavours to detect us.'

Every body approved of this scheme; and soon after night-fall, one of the thieves repaired to the terrace. He arrived there just as the cobbler had finished his evening prayer, and his wife was giving him the first date. 'Ah!' said Ahmed, as he took it, 'there is one of the forty.'

'The thief, hearing these words, hastened, in consternation to the gang, and told them that the moment he took his post he had been perceived by the supernatural knowledge of Ahmed, who immediately told his wife that one of them was there. The spy's tale was not believed by his hardened companions; something was imputed to his fears; he might have been mistaken; in short, it was determined to send two men the next night at the same hour. They reached the house just as Ahmed, having finished his prayers, had received the second date, and heard him exclaim, 'My dear wife, to-night there are two of them.'

The astonished thieves fled, and told their still incredulous comrades what they had heard. Three men were consequently sent the third night, four the fourth, and so on. Being afraid of venturing during the day, they always came as evening closed in, and just as Ahmed was receiving his date:

hence they all in turn heard him say that which convinced them he was aware of their presence. On the last night they all went, and Ahmed exclaimed aloud, 'The number is complete! To night the whole forty are here.'

All doubts were now removed. It was impossible that Ahmed should have discovered them by any natural means. How could he ascertain their exact number? and night after night, without ever once being mistaken? He must have learnt it by his skill in astrology. Even the captain now yielded, in spite of his incredulity, and declared his opinion that it was hopeless to elude a man thus gifted, he therefore advised that they should make a friend of the cobbler, by confessing every thing to him, and bribing him to secrecy by a share of the booty.

His advice was approved of; and an hour before dawn they knocked at Ahmed's door. The poor man jumped out of bed, and, supposing the soldiers were come to lead him to execution, cried out, 'Have patience. I know what you are come for. It is a very unjust and wicked deed.'

'Most wonderful man! said the captain, as the door was opened, 'we are fully convinced that thou knowest why we are come, nor do we mean to justify the action of which thou speakest. Here are two thousand pieces of gold, which we will give thee, provided thou wilt swear to say nothing more about the matter.'

'Say nothing more about it!' said Ahmed. 'Do you think it possible I can suffer such gross wrong and injustice without complaining and making it known to all the world?'

'Have mercy upon us!' exclaimed the thieves, falling on their knees; 'only spare our lives, and we will restore the royal treasure.'

The cobbler started, rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep or awake; and being satisfied that he was awake, and that the men before him were really the thieves, he assumed a solemn tone, and said—'guilty men! ye are persuaded that ye cannot escape from my penetration, which reaches unto the sun and moon, and knows the position and aspect of every star in the heavens. Your timely repentance has saved you. But ye must immediately restore all that ye have stolen. Go straightway, and carry the forty chests exactly as ye found them, and bury them a foot deep under the southern wall of the old Hemmam, beyond the king's palace. If ye do this punctually, your lives are spared; but if ye fail in the slightest degree, destruction will fall upon you and your families.'

The thieves promised obedience to his commands, and de-

parted. Ahmed then fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for this signal mark of his favour. About two hours after the royal guards came, and desired Ahmed to follow them. He said he would attend them as soon as he had taken leave of his wife, to whom he determined not to impart what had occurred until he saw the result. He bade her farewell very affectionately; she supported herself with great fortitude, on this trying occasion, exhorting her husband to be of good cheer, and said a few words about the goodness of Providence. But the fact was, Sittara fancied, that if God took the worthy cobbler to himself, her beauty might attract some rich lover, who would enable her to go to the Hemmam with as much splendour as the astrologer's lady, whose image, adorned with jewels and fine clothes, and surrounded by slaves, still haunted her imagination.

The decrees of heaven are just: a reward suited to their merits awaited Ahmed and his wife. The good man stood with a cheerful countenance before the king, who was impatient for his arrival, and immediately said, 'Ahmed, thy looks are promising, hast thou discovered my treasure?'

'Does your majesty require the thieves, or the treasure? The stars will only grant one or the other,' said Ahmed, looking at his table of astrological calculations. 'Your majesty must make your choice. I can deliver up either, but not both.'

'I should be sorry not to punish the thieves,' answered the king; 'but if it must be so, I choose the treasure.'

'And you give the thieves a full and free pardon.'

'I do, provided I find my treasure untouched.'

'Then,' said Ahmed, 'if your majesty will follow me, the treasure shall be restored to you.'

The king and all his nobles followed the cobbler to the ruins of the old Hemmam. There, casting his eyes toward heaven, Ahmed muttered some sounds which were supposed by the spectators to be magical conjurations, but which were in reality the prayers and thanksgivings of a sincere and pious heart to God, for his wonderful deliverance. When his prayer was finished, he pointed to the southern wall, and requested that his majesty would order his attendants to dig there. The work was hardly begun, when the whole forty chests were found in the same state as when stolen, with the treasurer's seal upon them, still unbroken.

The king's joy knew no bounds; he embraced Ahmed, and immediately appointed him his chief astrologer, assigned to him an apartment in the palace, and declared that he should

marry* his only daughter, as it was his duty to promote the man whom God had so singularly favoured, and had made instrumental in restoring the treasures of his kingdom. The young princess, who was more beautiful than the moon, was not dissatisfied with her father's choice; for her mind was stored with religion and virtue, and she had learnt to value beyond all earthly qualities that piety and learning which she believed Ahmed to possess. The royal will was carried into execution as soon as formed. The wheel of fortune had taken a complete turn. The morning had found Ahmed in a wretched hovel, rising from a sorry bed, in the expectation of losing his life: in the evening he was the lord of a rich palace, and married to the only daughter of a powerful king. But this change did not alter his character. As he had been meek and humble in adversity, he was modest and gentle in prosperity. Conscious of his own ignorance, he continued to ascribe his good fortune solely to the favour of Providence. He became daily more attached to the beautiful and virtuous princess whom he had married; and he could not help contrasting her character with that of his former wife, whom he had ceased to love, and of whose unreasonable and unfeeling vanity he was now fully sensible.

As Ahmed did not return to his house, Sittara only heard of his elevation from common rumour. She saw with despair that her wishes for his advancement had been more than accomplished, but that all her own desires had been entirely frustrated. Her husband was chief astrologer—the very situation she had set her heart on; he was rich enough to enable his wife to surpass all the ladies of Isfahan, in the number of her slaves, and the finery of her clothes and jewels, whenever she went to the Hemmam: but he had married a princess; and his former wife, according to custom, was banished from his house, and condemned to live on whatever pittance she might receive from a man whose love and esteem she had forever forfeited. These thoughts distracted her mind: her envy was excited by the accounts she daily heard of Ahmed's happiness, and of the beauty of the princess; and she now became anxious only for his destruction, looking on him as the sole cause of her disappointment.

An opportunity of indulging her revengeful feelings was not long wanting. The king of Seestan had sent an emerald

* It is very common in the East for the daughters of monarchs to be married to men eminent for their piety or learning, however low their origin.

of extraordinary size and brilliancy as a present to the king of Irak. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys, and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Isfahan, the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation; each accused the other: as the lock was not broken, it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted what was to be done; to conceal what had happened was impossible; the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved, therefore, to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his great wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two.

The king heard the story with astonishment, but was unable to find any clue by which he might ascertain the truth. He summoned his vizier and all the wisest men of his court; but they were as much at a loss as their master. The report spread through the city; and Sittara thought she had now the means of working her husband's ruin. She solicited a private audience of his majesty, on the plea of having a communication of importance to make. Her request was granted. On entering the royal presence she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, 'Pardon, O king! my having so long concealed the guilt of my husband Ahmed, whose alliance is a disgrace to the royal blood. He is no astrologer, but an associate of thieves, and by that means only did he discover the royal treasure. If any doubts are entertained of my speaking the truth, let his majesty command Ahmed to recover the emerald which the servants of the king of Seestan have stolen. Surely the man who by his wonderful art ascertained where all the treasure of the kingdom was concealed, will find it an easy matter to discover a single precious stone.'

The king, who loved his son-in-law, was grieved by this information. Still, as the honour of his family was concerned, he resolved to put Ahmed to the test; and, if he found him an impostor, to vindicate the royal dignity by his condign punishment. He therefore sent for Ahmed, told him what had happened, and added, 'I give you twenty days to discover who stole the emerald. If you succeed, you shall be raised to the highest honours of the state. If not, you shall suffer death for having deceived me.'

'Poor Ahmed quitted his presence quite disconsolate. The princess, perceiving his affliction, inquired the cause. Ahmed was by nature as sincere as he was pious and humble. He related, without concealment or disguise, every event of his

past life ; and concluded with these words : ‘ You must see, from what I have said, how incapable I am of doing what your father enjoins. My life must answer for it ; and my only consolation is, that I shall, in twenty days, relieve you from a husband whom from this time you must despise.’

‘ I only love you the better, my dear Ahmed, for your sincerity and truth,’ said the princess. ‘ One who has been so favoured by Heaven must be dear to every pious heart. Be of good cheer ; I will turn astrologer this time, and see whether I can find out the thief. All that I require is, that you endeavour to be composed, while I consult the stars and make my calculations.’

Ahmed, delighted by this proof of affection, and re-assured by the confidence of her manner, promised to be obedient ; and said he would only venture to assist her exertions by his earnest prayers to that Power which had never deserted him.

The princess immediately invited the messengers from the king of Seestan to her palace. They were surprised at the invitation, and still more at their reception. ‘ You are strangers,’ she said to them, ‘ and come from a powerful king : It is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it ; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no further concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account.’

The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Seestan, and the countries they had seen on their travels. Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety ; and were delighted with their royal patroness. The princess, seeing them completely off their guard, turned the conversation one evening on wonderful occurrences ; and after each had related his story, said, ‘ I will now recount to you some events in my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard.’

‘ I am my father’s only child, and have therefore been a favourite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever this world can afford ; and was taught that unbounded liberality was the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making every body happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so ; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond

my power to relieve. When I was eighteen, I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind ; and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that on the morning of my nuptials I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter? He evaded a direct answer; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring, at this same time, my determination to remove it.

‘You cannot relieve me;’ said the old man with a deep sigh : ‘it is out of your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.’

‘My pride was roused,’ and I exclaimed, ‘I swear—’

‘Do not swear!’ said the gardener seizing my hand.

‘I do swear,’ I repeated, (irritated by the opposition.) ‘I will stop at nothing to make you happy; and I further swear, that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.’

‘The old man seeing my resolution, spake with tremulous emotion as follows: ‘Princess, you know not what you have done. Behold a man who has dared for these two years to look upon you with an eye of admiration; his love has at length reached such a pitch, that without you he must be wretched forever; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden to-night, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.’

‘Shocked by this unforeseen declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed.’ ‘I told you,’ he replied, ‘beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy: I endeavoured to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or controul.’

‘This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honour by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of Heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides,

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I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favourite notion, that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I would be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

‘I passed the day in the deepest melancholy. A little before midnight I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief, who, seizing me, said, ‘Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments: if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you!’ In my state of mind such threats frightened me little. I wished to die, but I wished before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation he allowed me to proceed.

‘I had not gone many steps, when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father’s menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside and I went into the garden.

‘I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. ‘Wretch that I am!’ cried the gardener; ‘how much misery have I caused! but bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief, or a beast of prey; which I should be, did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me happy, is by forgiving my wicked presumption.’

‘I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, in spite of the gardener’s remonstrances, to keep my promises to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden, the lion met me. ‘Noble lion,’ I said, ‘I am come, as I promised you.’ I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow, and I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for

generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that, before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned me away, saying, 'I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion: I will not injure what they have respected.'

'Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father's palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily to his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform.'

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments she turned to one of them, and asked, 'Now which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance—the gardener, the thief, or the lion?'

'The gardener assuredly,' was his answer; 'to abandon so lovely a prize, when so nearly his own.'

'And what is your opinion?' said the princess to his neighbour.

'I think the lion was the most generous, he must have been very hungry; and in such a state it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel.'

'You both seem to me quite wrong,' said the third, impatiently; 'the thief had by far the most merit. Gracious Heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact.'

The princess now, assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke, 'You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies; to the second, 'You are an epicure;' and then turning to the third, who was already pale with fright, 'You, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life.'

The guilty man's countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him. The princess rose, went to her husband, and said, 'There, Ahmed, what do you think of the success of my calculations?' She

then related the whole circumstance, and bade him carry the jewel to her father, adding, 'I trust he will feel a greater admiration than ever for my husband, the wonderful astrologer!'

Ahmed took the emerald in silent astonishment, and went with it to the king, of whom he requested a private audience. On its being granted, he presented the emerald. The king, dazzled by its brilliancy and size, loaded his son-in-law with the most extravagant praises, extolling him as superior to any astrologer, who had ever been seen in the world. Poor Ahmed, conscious how little he deserved such praise, threw himself at the king's feet, and begged that he might be allowed to speak the truth, as he was readier to die than to continue imposing on his majesty's goodness. 'You impose on me!' said the king, 'that is impossible. Did you not recover my treasure? Have you not brought me this emerald?'

'True, O King!' said Ahmed, 'I have done so, but without possessing that science for which I have gained a reputation.' He then told his history from first to last with perfect sincerity. The king showed great displeasure while listening to his earlier adventures, but when Ahmed related the story of the emerald, intermingling his tale with fervent expressions of admiration for the wonderful wisdom and virtue of the princess, he heard him with delight. After he had finished, the king summoned his vizier and chief counsellors, and desired that his daughter also might attend, and when they were all assembled, he spake as follows: 'Daughter, I have learnt the history of thy husband from his own lips. I have also heard much in confirmation of the belief I have long entertained, that thy knowledge and goodness are even greater than thy beauty. They prove that thou wert born to rule; and I only obey the will of Heaven, and consult the happiness of my people, when I resign my power into thy hands, being resolved to seek that repose which my declining years require. As to thy husband, thou wilt dispose of him as it pleases thee. His birth, I always knew, was low, but I thought that his wisdom and learning raised him to a level with the highest rank; these, it now appears, he does not possess. If thou deemest his alliance a disgrace, divorce him. If, on the other hand, thou art willing to keep him as thy husband, do so, and give him such share as thou thinkest fit in the authority which I now commit to thee.'

The princess knelt to kiss her father's hand, and answered, 'May my father's life and reign be prolonged for his daughter's happiness, and for that of his subjects! I am a weak woman, altogether unequal to the task which his too fond love

would impose on me. If my humble counsel is listened to, my father will continue to govern his people, whose gratitude and veneration will make obedience light and rule easy. As to Ahmed, I love and esteem him ; he is sensible, sincere, and pious, and I deem myself fortunate in having for my husband a man so peculiarly favoured and protected by Heaven.—What, my dear father, are high rank or brilliant talents without religion and virtue? They are as plants which bear gaudy blossoms, but yield no fruit.'

The king was delighted with his daughter's wisdom and affection. 'Your advice,' he said, 'my beloved daughter, shall be followed. I will continue to govern my kingdom, while you and Ahmed shall assist me with your counsels.'

The good cobbler was soon afterwards nominated vizier ; and the same virtue and piety, which had obtained him respect in the humblest sphere of life, caused him to be loved and esteemed in the high station to which he was elevated.

The designs of Sittara were discovered, but her guilt was pardoned. She was left with a mere subsistence, a prey to disappointment ; for she continued to the last to sigh for that splendour she had seen displayed by the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam ; thereby affording a salutary lesson to those who admit envy into their bosoms, and endeavour to attain their ends by unreasonable and unjustifiable means.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

This is so very virgin a subject that no man can fail to write something new on it. Marvellous new indeed. . We cannot even whip up the cream that Zimmerman and others have skimmed off, into a new fashioned syllabub : it is spent, exhausted, worn thread-bare. What does it consist in and of?—pride. What does the pride consist in?—ignorance. What else does it consist in?—jealousy, rivalry, hatred. The corollary is, that the most ignorant and barbarous people are the most national, or the most attached to themselves, and the most contemptuous of others. The corollary also is, that the worst tempered people are the most national. Ignorance and ill-temper produce nationality—they are national pride. The equation is concluded. If this is not very new, it is at least brief, which is some merit.

Any one that chooses may try to apply this calculus to nations—to John Bull if they like, or to Sawney, to a Hottentot, or an Esquimaux. We shall be twitted with vanity, and it will be applied to France ; but vanity and pride are birds of the same nest.

We have never read Zimmerman, because, by some means or other, we have thought him a dull visionary, and a dealer in words; and therefore we know not what value he gives to ill-temper in this matter: we consider it fundamental. France is not ill-tempered—quite the reverse; and hence its nationality is a gay and transitory flashing of the spirit of happy self-contemplation. Spain is not good tempered; its nationality is solid, sulkey, and deep. Ireland has no temper at all; it blusters now and then about Erin's green isle, and cares nothing about it. Bull land is surly and bad tempered; its temper combines with its egregious self-conceit to make it among the most national of lands: it is not ignorant—as a man might say—ignorant; but it is perfectly, utterly, and entirely ignorant of all other lands, things, people, institutions; and that is ignorance enough for our theory. Caledonia is the worst-tempered country on the face of the earth; and its nationality is accordant: multiply the ignorance by the ill-temper, and the product is before us. It is not however the worst-tempered people—that is one comfort. There are bad tempered nations as well as individuals, born, bred, generated, continued from the first egg downwards, and ramifying from all primogeniture to all postgeniture, for ever and ever—so there are good-tempered ones. Let Montesquieu find out the reasons, if he can; in climate, if he likes.

The Jews are the patterns of ill-temper, as they have been from the time of Jacob. They began with Sarah, and they maintain their character admirably, from the beginning to the end, from Sarah to Titus, and to Judas Maccabeus, and as far further forward as any one pleases. Mr. Rothschild, however, is a fat, good-humoured fellow; he has had a cross, and been spoiled. If any one doubts, ask Barrow; not the gentleman who travels all over the world in the *Quarterly Review*, but Isaac Barrow, mathematician and writer of sermons, another sort of a personage.

And the Jews are more national than even Bull and Sawney. They had once good reasons; it cannot be denied; but they have marvellous little cause at present. They confirm our theory; and let those who like to be at the trouble, hunt further a-field.

We must contract. There is an involution of nationality which demands a better pen than Zimmerman's or ours—a little set of circles within the great one. The character of all is the same, and the theory too. We want a word, and know not how to coin one. County is the radical; who will compound, or spin it out into a substantive of quality? Provinciality must do.

Provinciality has all the characters of nationality—*comparatis comparandis*. It has the same phases, the same causes; it presents the same varieties; it is attended by equal hates, and jea-

lousies, and rivalries; it similarly accompanies ignorance, ill-temper, barbarism; it is modified by good-humour, by the qualities of the vanity and the pride, by other matters of a collateral nature. It is therefore strongly marked in some provinces, feebly in others; sulkey in one place, confident and cheerful in another; jealous and pugnacious here, passive there.

In short, an empire is here a world. It is divided against itself. Bull hates all nations; Sawney hates all nations. All modes of Bull, all bull-calves hate each other, all unite when needful against all that are *foris*, as the quarrelling wife and husband combine against their neighbours; but, withdraw the compressing force, and they all split asunder like crackers from a squib.

The study of provincialities is amusing, but it might be *lengthy*. We must contract: we shall only open the furrow, others may plough the field. We are also bound down to our own island.

To commence with the north, As far as we know Scotland, its leading provincialities are simple enough, and they really seem very reasonable ones. There is a trifidity, to begin, in them, which is as justifiable as the mutual jealousy of the Italian states. A Highlander hates a Lowlander, and the borderer of the Dales imagines himself also privileged to hate both. Thus far is proper. The first, at least, are distinct people from the second, or rather, from both the others. They despise most and hate most, because they are the most ignorant and the most barbarous. But they are better tempered than the Lowlanders, which makes a counterpoise: and being less selfish, their provincial pride does not put on such offensive forms. There is something grand in the self-partiality of their provincialism.—We cannot subdivide them. We know not very well what a Ross man feels to an Invernessian; we must leave this to greater adepts than ourselves; but we understand that Argyleshire prides itself on comparative civilization. Clannishness is another matter, with which we have nothing to do.

The provinciality of the Dales diminishes every day; but they still imagine themselves pastoral, poetical and free, *par excellence*. It is proper that they should hate their English neighbours, and not unreasonable that they should hate Lowlanders. After all, their provinciality somewhat resembles that of the Highlanders, and is not uncommendable; there is an antique and a warlike cast about it, as there is a wildly pastoral one. It might once have savoured of that which marks the sons of Ishmael; perhaps it partakes, even now, in more of that than we know. Sir Walter Scott could tell us the truth, which he is not always inclined to do.

We made a triple division, and forgot Galloway: which was wrong. This was an independent kingdom: it was as indepen-

dent as the Highlands ; and it was united, not split into fragments. It retains some of this pride still : it fought hard for its altars and its gods, and it was well mauled. All this is matter of boast and of character. A kind of *soubriquet*, distinguishing one of its divisions, aids this feeling of separation. "The Stewartry" is a name not without power over provincial minds.

To possess but one mountain is to possess a beacon and a rallying point. Criffel is the tower of Babel that rallies a province round its standard.

There is some power in rivers as well as in mountains, in this matter ; which is an episode in the theory, appertaining to causes. "All friends round the Wrekin," is the watch-word of Shropshire. The Tweed is the sufficient reason for another separation ; as much as is that cause of segregation, never to be forgotten while Chevy Chase survives, "All men of pleasant Tiviotdale." The Tay, the Dee, all the Dees, have their little circles of union and separation. So, elsewhere, have the Tiber, and the Arno, and the Rhine, and the Nile : they are the sources of pride, and of union ; of union around each, of rivalry with all others. Lakes ?—not in Scotland, as far as we know : in Cumberland, slenderly : in Switzerland, as decidedly as is Mont Blanc, and as is Vesuvius to Naples.

Islands, unquestionably, are justifiable causes of mutual hatred as much as provinces, or more. They are more perfectly segregated. Sky is as great as Cyprus or Rhodes, in its little way : so is the Isle of Wight. Guernsey and Jersey hate each other like mutual poisons. The nearer, the more hatred—as is proper all through life : and hence the warfares of proximate counties also.

But to return to Caledonia. There are some minor divisions within its Lowlands. Fife possesses a nickname—that is enough. Aberdeen has a dialect—and that is good ground of separation. Perthshire is proud of its extent, wealth, and beauty. We know not that the subordinate hatreds are further devisible ; but we do not pretend to profound learning in Caledonian divisions.

Wales possesses all the reasons, of antiquity, language, and race, to justify its separation ; and of injury, to justify its hatred of England. This is almost a section in national, rather than provincial pride. But North Wales hates South Wales ; and the aboriginal Austrogaul hates his Flemish neighbours. The men of Harlech are privileged by song to despise the men of Carnarvon : the men of Meyrionidd have their rallying poetry also ; and the Taafe and the Fowey, and the Usk and the Dee, have equally good grounds for mutual jealousy.

Of the English counties, we presume that Yorkshire possesses a pride, which, from its magnitude, (the magnitude of the county rather than of the pride,) is nearly national. It is proud of its horse-dealing, and its cheating in horse-flesh ; of its cunning

and its knavery ; and of its concealment of all this under the aspect of openness and simplicity.

Northumberland and Cumberland pride themselves as borderers, justifiably, as they do in bagpipes and oat-cakes, and in other matters less deserving of boast. They pride themselves in their burr and their brogue ; since faults are good grounds of provincial pride. To live underground is a good reason for hating those that live above it : to be able to riot and combine occasionally, as keelmen, is a better reason still ; and thus Newcastle possesses a sort of imperium within the imperium of Northumberland.

Any mark serves for a Shibboleth ; any usage for a ground of distinction—of mutual and internal union—of external animosity. But all have not as good reasons for being separatists as Lancashire, in the beauty of its witches, and the goodness of its potatoes. The very term, Lancashire witches, is abundant reason for drawing a cordon round the county, and excluding the rest of the baser world. To be a Palatinate is somewhat more : this is better than cheating your neighbours in the sale of a horse. Whether Durham has any better reasons for pride than its oat-cakes and its bishops, we cannot tell.—Cheshire vaunts its cheese, as of right.

Lincolnshire ought to have prided itself on its eels, and its ducks, and its marshes, and its bogs, and on the dexterity with which it fattens living geese, and on the ague. The men of the waters ought to despise the terrestrials. How that matter may be, we cannot tell ; dreading Spalding as much as Deeping, and having an innate affection for terra firma whenever we can find a piece. It might have been proud of its churches, and its early wealth ; but provincial pride seldom bottoms itself on such good reasons.

Salopia has contrived to make itself a pride out of its cakes as well as its Wrekin : the Simnel is at least as rallying a point as the mountain ; Shrewsbury cakes are matters of distinction, at least as valid as squab-pies. If Norfolk and Suffolk did not rest their fame on barley, and sand, and ploughs, and Mr. Coke, and pheasants, and game-laws, and preserves, and steel-traps, they would be much to blame. The Norfolkian has his character and his self-estimation ; but though the world considers Norfolk and Suffolk "a pair," we have no doubt but they hold each other in cordial aversion, as is most just and proper.

Of Rutland, and Bedford, and Buckingham, if any body knows—we do not—let them step forward with a critical review of us, and defend their own causes. Let them prove that they are as great fools as their neighbours, and we will give them places in our next edition.

Κατ' ἐξοχην, Leicestershire is the county ! Who can be a gentleman and follow a fox in "the Shires ?" Let us admit that

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Leicestershire merits well of its county, since it occupies and abstracts that race of dunder dandies whose brains are in no danger from the fractures of their investing cases. Its merit lies in foxes, as that of Essex does in calves. He who prides himself on a fox, has clearly more merit than he who would derive honour from a fraternity with calves. But merit is merit, and distinction is distinction, be it what it may.

The pride of Middlesex, as well as its name and distinction, nearly merge in that of London; and such is the influence of the metropolis, that it suffocates the provincialities that might otherwise make fools of Surrey, Berkshire, and Sussex, and so on. But Kent has inherited a pride from Julius Cæsar, or from Shakspeare, which does as well, which it is little inclined to forget; while the fortunate distinction of Kentish men, and Men of Kent, gives it a perpetual claim on self-consequence, and on a petty intestine division of its own, added to its division from all the remainder of England.

As Essex derives its consequence from its calves, so does Hampshire from its hogs; which of the two animals, a calf or a hog, an Essex or a Hampshire man, is the supreme, we do not pretend to settle. As to Wiltshire or Dorsetshire, they seem to go for little or nothing in the public eye; but doubtless, they, like others of as little real character, possess also their mutual jealousies, their own pride, and all else that is requisite to the production of national harmony. If no other causes can be found in all such cases, it is sufficient for any two counties to be pitted at a cricket-match: or the militias answer the same purpose, or even the sheriffs' ball and the gallows. We must be in the secret councils to understand all these things; and we ourselves cannot afford to live ten years in each of the counties of England. Some future Sir John Sinclair, drawing up fifty-two quarto volumes of English statistics, will do what we have left undone.

Zummezetshire possesses these indisputable claims to self-excellence, which arise from a coarse dialect, coarseness of all kinds, rough bullism, and Tom Jones. We presume that Gloucester and Hereford bottom their virtues on their cheese and their cider; and that the latter hates all mankind, because its roads are the worst in England, and it is the only maker of perry. Worcester may go along with them.

Devonshire and Cornwall are one and two: they are one to the civilized part of England, from the extremity of their common barbarism, from their clotted cream, and their squab-pies, and their arrant vulgarity. But then it is a beautiful refinement, that, as from the moment you enter the Danmonian confines you are immediately sensible of the presence and land of barbarians, it is disputed which of the two divisions of the Western Barbary are the worst. The observant philosopher will

nevertheless find the task easy ; as being far removed from all influence of civilization, but such as are imported in the Plymouth mail and the Cornish mail, their peculiarities have full room to display themselves, and their mutual recriminations require ample scope.

If Devonshire is noted for especial vulgarity, Cornwall claims the palm for rudeness, and roughness, and brutality, and the New Light : and the vulgarity of Devonshire, as is proper, is the bottom of its pride : it is the only land in the world that can make cider or pickle pork ; and then it possesses Devonport and Dartmoor ; while, as a set-off, Cornwall glorifies itself in its Land's End, and its tin-mines, and its pilchards.

We must give Cornwall the palm after all ; it is Celtic, which goes for a good deal. Dolly Pentreath spoke Cornish to Mr. Daines Barrington ; it wrecks vessels and murders the mariners, smuggles brandy, runs after Wesley very particularly, deals largely in ghosts, and plays at wrestling and hurling. It is a land of character, and has the right to look down with contempt on Devonshire, and on all the rest of the world. It is a land of character, too, because it possesses a perpetual reason for mutiny and rebellion in its exquisite motto, "One and all."

We have arrived at the very Land's End itself, and at the end of our geography and knowledge. Had we possessed the talents of Zimmerman, we should have produced a decent octavo, instead of six pages. Had we taken a seventh page, we should have investigated the advantages and the effects, as we have the reasons and causes. The effects are good, though we have not now room to dilate on them. A man must hate somebody ; it is better to hate somewhat far off, than absolutely at home. A Frenchman is rather too distant : hate does not radicate strong enough across the channel. It is inconvenient to hate our wives and children. For townsmen to hate townsmen, is occasionally incommodious. The county forms a happy medium ; not too near for serious grievance, not so far as to be an insufficient occupation for the delight of hating. Let us all cultivate pride and conceit, that we may hate as we ought. Let the counties give premiums. Thus will even the insipids learn to rival each other in horse-stealing, horse-dealing, and wrestling, and coal-heaving, and squab-pies, and hogs, and calves, and cricket, and cudgelling ; and thus a wise government will learn, by dividing, to govern. We have kept our main secret to the last.

For the Port Folio.

THE RED ROVER;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PILOT, &c. &c.

Philadelphia, 2 vols. 12mo.

Ambitious as we are that the literature of this country should attain an equal eminence with that of our English predecessors—a consummation not to be realized in our day! we pleased ourselves with the hope of finding that the advantages which this lively writer has no doubt enjoyed in foreign travel, and an intercourse with the most polished circles of Europe, had advanced him some paces in his promising career. That we have been fascinated in no ordinary degree by these volumes, a glimmering taper and twinkling eyes at two in the morning might sufficiently attest. Still we confess, with regret, that “The Red Rover” has not fulfilled our expectations. It is inferior, on the whole, to the former works of the author in some of the essential properties of a popular composition. One of these, indeed, it possesses in perfection: we mean the excitement of intense curiosity in the mind of the reader. From first to last, the interest is powerfully sustained; this emotion, however, receives too rarely those gratifications which are usually imparted in the course of the most intricate plots. While we smile at the elusiveness of the writer, who allows his catastrophe to glare on the threshold of his undertaking; we like to catch a gleam of light now and then, through the lattice-work of the frame. If this is not altogether withheld in “The Red Rover,” it but twinkles amidst obscurity.

The reputation of the American Novelist, will no doubt, place “The Red Rover” in the hands of all, to whom it is easily accessible. Our distant readers, who have not equal facilities, may like to know something of a personage whose name may have classed him in their imaginations, with their aboriginal neighbours. To them, therefore, we offer the following sketch of the plan of this tale.

In the year 1759, the inhabitants of the little town of Newport, Rhode Island, as they passed to and fro, were daily gazing at a fine ship at anchor in the outer harbour of that port. Neither the tailor, as he looked and talked from his shop window, nor the tavern-keeper as he gossiped with the passers-by—nor the sailor even, as he lounged about the wharf, could divine the character of the suspicious vessel; or the why, or the wherefore, of her visit. It was, however, generally surmised that she was a “Slaver.” One day, a

stranger of superior mien, who is afterwards called Wilder, appears amongst the idlers, and seems to be attracted by the object of their anxious curiosity. Long discourses succeed, but we learn nothing from them except that the ship is remarkably beautiful—and that it is wonderful she should keep aloof from the town. Another personage of high bearing, soon comes upon the boards, distinguished by the appellation, of “the stranger drest in green.” Amongst the people, he calls himself a barrister, and talks ignorantly of the mysterious ship. He, and Wilder, meet accidentally, in a ruined tower near the village. This is not fancifully placed there for the purpose of the story, but is a decayed building, which has long exercised, and still tasks the ingenuity of the antiquarians, who cannot admit that it was built in days of yore, simply—for a mill! Here, these personages converse, seemingly to scan each other, but they keep their secrets respectively from the reader. The “stranger in green” proposes, carelessly, to the other to visit the supposed “Slaver”—but without making such agreement, he abruptly departs, leaving some uneasy impression, we know not what, on the mind of Wilder, nor can the latter discover the path he has taken.

The same evening, Wilder, with his two faithful attendants, (Dick Fid, and Scipio, a black,) takes a skiff and visits the suspected vessel. The “stranger in green” receives him in the cabin; announces himself her commander—and soon after confesses himself to be the Red Rover! This was a famous pirate, whose destructive success, and reckless character, had at that time spread dismay throughout the seas, in so much, that a large reward had been offered for the capture of such a daring robber. He tells Wilder, that he knew he was looking for him—and that he was also enquiring for a berth. He concludes by offering him the place of second in his ship, which, to our great surprise, is accepted by Wilder. From this interview we learn no more, than that the Rover had been contriving to entangle Wilder in his toils. Although he somewhat questioned his fidelity, yet he affected to confide in his honour, and allowed him to return to Newport, under an injunction not to disclose the real character of the supposed “Slaver.” During their interview in the cabin Wilder’s followers had been made so drunk that they could not return with him, and they remained, as the Pirate had intended, hostages.

Early next morning, Wilder sought the mansion of Mrs. de Lacy, in the vicinity of Newport. While in the ruin

with his new acquaintance, on the preceding day, they had overheard a conversation between this and two other ladies—Gertrude and her governess, Mrs. Wylls,—from which they learned that the latter two were to embark for Charleston, in “The Royal Caroline,” a Bristol trader, then in the harbour, and about to sail for Charleston. Suspecting that this ship had been the object of the Pirate’s delay in the port, Wilder wishes to prevent the ladies from sailing in her. But as he assigns no other reason for his interposition than a want of confidence in her sea-worthiness, in which he is contradicted by an old mariner, who happens to join them, his purpose is defeated. He repeats his warning on the following day, at the wharf, with no better success; but at the moment when he had abandoned them to the fate which he feared awaited them, he receives a note from his commander, in which he is informed that in consequence of an accident, the Captain of the Caroline was unable to take command of his vessel, and he is advised to ask for the vacant place. Leaping into a boat, Wilder repairs on board of the trader, produces his credentials, and is soon installed into the office.

The ladies, not a little surprised, ask, why he, who intreated them not to trust themselves in an “ill-fated” vessel, was now come to risk his own life; but no satisfaction is obtained.

Wilder is now seen making the most extraordinary exertions, and taking even a dangerous course to clear the elegant ship, that lay in his direct route from the harbour. They passed, apparently unnoticed; lost sight of the vast continent of America, and the voyage seemed to commence under flattering auspices. In a few hours, a sail was descried on their track, and while she was constantly watched with a fearful attention, a press of sail was ordered, beyond, as the seamen thought, the utmost powers of the brig, and their discontent became nearly fatal to their young captain. A terrible storm arrests the progress of a munity, which arose in the vessel, and before morning the “Royal Caroline, drifted a shorn, and naked wreck!” Again the life of the gallant young commander is menaced by his exasperated crew. The interposition of Gertrude, the younger of his female passengers, delivers him—but the mutineers refuse to aid in repairing the wreck, and finally, disregarding alike, both command and entreaty, they seize the pinnace, and abandon Wilder and the ladies to all the horrors of their calamitous condition.

Large extracts from the work we are noticing, would, we

know, be acceptable to our readers ; but they would carry us beyond our limits. We cannot, however, refuse our author the justice of giving a few paragraphs from the pages which describe the awful condition of the sufferers, just mentioned, and their deliverance by the intrepidity of the young mariner. When the heartless rebels had fairly lunched their boat—

“ They are gone ! ” he exclaimed, breathing long and heavily, like one whose respiration had been unnaturally suspended.

“ They are gone ! ” echoed the governess, turning an eye that was contracting with the intensity of her care on the marble-like, and motionless form of her pupil. “ There is no longer any hope.”

The look that Wilder bestowed on the same silent but lovely statue, was scarcely less impressive, than the gaze of her who had nurtured the infancy of the Southern Heiress in innocence and love. His brow grew thoughtful, and his lips became compressed, while all the resources of his fertile imagination and long experience gathered in his mind, in engrossing, intense reflection.

“ Is there hope ? ” demanded the governess, who was watching the change of his working countenance, with an attention that never swerved.

“ To this and similar hurried enquiries, he answered encouragingly. The ladies could see no possibility of escape; he pointed to the largest and much the safest of the two boats belonging to the wreck, which the mutineers had left, from a desire to improve the calm, well knowing that hours of severe labour would be necessary to lanch it from the place it occupied, &c. Nor could his single strength remove it one inch—but, into this little bark, Wilder proposed to convey such articles of comfort and necessity as he might hastily collect from the abandoned vessel, and then entering it with his companions, to await the critical instant when the wreck should sink beneath them.

“ Call you this hope ? ” exclaimed the governess..... “ I have heard that the gulf, which foundering vessels leave, swallows all lesser objects that are floating nigh.”

“ It sometimes happens. For worlds, I would not deceive you; and I now say, that I think our chance for escape, equal to that of being ingulfed with the vessel.”

“ This is terrible,” murmured the governess, “ but the will of Heaven be done! cannot ingenuity supply the place of strength, and the boat be cast from the decks before the fatal moment arrives?”

Wilder seeing no means but those already proposed, the females were compelled to acquiesce in his plan; and all went resignedly to collect necessities for their perilous adventure; the band-boxes of her young mistress were carefully produced by the black waiting-maid, and hastily consigned to the sea, by Wilder, as useless lumber—and after two hours of busy preparation, their task was accomplished.

Then, and not till then, did Wilder relax in his own exertions. He had arranged his sails, ready to be hoisted in an instant; he had carefully examined that no straggling rope connected the boat to the wreck, to draw them under the foundering mass; and he had assured himself that flint, water, compass, and the imperfect instruments that were then in use, to ascertain the position of a ship, were all carefully disposed of, in their several places, and ready to his hand. When all was in this state of preparation, he disposed of himself in the stern of the boat, and endeavoured, by the composure of his manner, to inspire his less resolute companions with a portion of his own firmness.

'The bright sunshine was peeping in a thousand places on every side of the silent and deserted wreck. The sea had subsided to such a state of utter rest, that it was only at long intervals that the huge and helpless mass on which the ark of the expectants lay, was lifted from its dull quietude, to roll heavily, for a moment, in the washing waters, and then to settle lower into the greedy and absorbing element. Still the disappearance of the hull was slow, and even tedious, to those who looked forward with such impatience to its total immersion, as to the crisis of their own fortunes.

'During these hours of weary and awful suspense, the discourse between the watches, though conducted in tones of confidence, was broken by long intervals of deep and musing silence. Each forebore to dwell upon the danger of their situation, in consideration of the feelings of the rest; but neither could conceal the imminent risk they ran, from that jealous watchfulness of love of life, which was common to them all. In this manner minutes, hours, and the day itself, rolled by, and the darkness was seen stealing along the deep, gradually narrowing the boundary of their view towards the east, until the whole of the empty scene was limited to a little dusky circle around the spot on which they lay. To this change succeeded another fearful hour, during which it appeared that death was about to visit them, environed by its most revolting horrors. The heavy plunge of the whallowing whale, as he cast his huge form upon the surface of the sea, was heard, accompanied by the mimic howlings of a hundred imitators, that followed in the train of the monarch of the ocean. It appeared, to the alarmed and feverish imagination of Gertrude, that the brine was giving up all its monsters; and, notwithstanding the calm assurances of Wilder, that these accustomed sounds were rather the harbingers of peace, than signs of any danger; they filled her mind with images of the secret recesses over which they seemed suspended by a thread, and painted them replete with the disgusting inhabitants of the caverns of the great deep. The intelligent seaman himself was startled, when he saw, on the surface of the water, the dark fins of the voracious shark, stealing around the wreck; apprised by his instinct, that the contents of the devoted vessel were shortly to become the prey of his tribe. Then came the moon, with its mild and deceptive light, to throw the delusion of its glow on the varying, but ever frightful scene.

"See," said Wilder, as the luminary lifted its pale and melancholy orb out of the bed of the ocean; "we shall have light for our hazardous lunch!"

"Is it at hand?" demanded Mrs. Wyllys, with all the resolution of manner she could assume in so trying a situation.

"It is—the ship has already brought her scuppers to the water. Sometimes a vessel will float until saturated with the brine. If ours sink at all, it will be soon."

"If at all! is there then hope that she can float?" "None!" said Wilder, pausing to listen to the hollow and threatening sounds which issued from the depths of the vessel, as the water broke through her divisions, in passing from side to side, and which sounded like some heavy monster in the last agony of nature. "None, she is already losing her level!"

'His companions saw the change; but, not for the empire of the world could either of them have uttered a syllable. Another low, threatening, rumbling sound was heard, and then the pent air beneath, blew up the forward part of the deck, with an explosion like that of a gun.

"Now grasp the ropes I have given you!" cried Wilder, breathless with his eagerness to speak.

'His words were smothered by the rushing and gurgling of waters. The vessel made a plunge like a dying whale; and, raising its stern high into the air, glided into the depths of the ocean, like the leviathan seeking his

secret places. The motionless boat was lifted with the ship, until it stood in an attitude fearfully approaching to the perpendicular. As the wreck descended, the bows of the lanch met the element, burying themselves nearly to filling; but buoyant and light, it rose again, and struck powerfully on the stern by the settling mass, the little bark shot ahead, as though it had been driven by the hand of man. Still, as the water rushed into the vortex, every thing within its influence yielded to the suction; and at the next instant, the lanch was seen darting down the declivity, as if eager to follow the vast machine, of which it had so long formed a dependant, through the same gaping whirlpool, to the bottom. Then it rose, rocking, to the surface; and for a moment, was tossed and whirled like a bubble circling in the eddies of a pool. After which, the ocean moaned, and slept again; the moon-beams playing across its treacherous bosom, sweetly and calm, as the rays are seen to quiver on a lake that is imbedded in sheltering mountains."

After contending with the threatening waters, for a night and a day, a sail heaves in sight. The females of course rejoice; but after a few minutes of observation, Wilder, instead of participating in their hope, betrayed symptoms of alarm. He preferred the chance of escape in an open boat, to the shelter of the approaching vessel. His companions, however, were not to be denied; signals of distress were displayed, and our suffering party were soon transferred to the deck of the dreaded Pirate!

The fierce and callous look of the "Dolphin's" crew; the profusion of arms which glittered every where around her; a cabin decorated with the rich spoils of all nations; and above all, the command immediately assigned to Wilder, gave rise to frightful apprehensions in the mind of Mrs. Wyllys; but all her questions, could extort no satisfactory explanation from him. The sensibility, gentleness, and elevated sentiments occasionally manifested by the free-booter, accorded ill with the suspicious character of every thing she saw. This lady was the widow of a British naval officer; she had been with him on the seas, and was not blind to the great difference betwixt the appearances she hourly witnessed, and those which she had seen on board a commissioned man of war; confiding, however, in the chivalrous generosity apparent in him, whom she could not yet but consider as their goaler, and prejudiced, in spite of conflicting circumstances, in favor of his confederate, she still believed that she and her interesting charge would reach some friendly shore. She discovered, indeed, that Charleston had been passed without notice, but she placed her hope on some one of the British Islands, amongst which, she perceived, they were now cruising.

A ship at length appears in view; and a debate ensues on the propriety of attacking or avoiding her. Wilder is averse

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to the former course : he represented the superior force of the stranger, and confesses that he was himself but lately her lieutenant. Still the Rover was determined to engage her. Flags of several nations were successfully displayed by the pirate, but they are unnoticed by the other party, until that of France was unfurled. Preparations for battle on the part of the stranger were then observed, and our adventurers promptly followed the example : but ere they had reached an advantageous situation, the pirate yields to the declared reluctance of Wilder, and shows his superior dexterity in manœvering. A flag of invitation to a parley floats at the peak of the "Dolphin"—and the two vessels soon meet on friendly terms. The free-booter, in the dress of a British officer, with the most audacious alacrity, repairs to his Majesty's ship, the "Dart," imposing himself on Captain Bignall, a veteran sailor, as the son of an English nobleman. Here he contrives to learn, that Henry Ark (the real name of Wilder,) had been sent from the "Dart," in search of the lawless Rover. He professes that this notorious pirate is the object of his own cruise, and leaves the honest Bignall completely deceived—after having accepted an invitation to "a marine feast." On his return to his own ship, a scene of great interest takes place. He charges Wilder with treachery, and threatens to hang him, together with the two sailors, who enlisted with him. The Governess intercedes—unnecessarily as it appears—for the pirate finally puts his first intention, (as he declares,) into execution—he magnanimously dismisses his temporary confederate, and his friends ; together with the ladies, at their own request.

Their arrival on board the "Dart" is instantly followed by a conversation, which we think, is exceedingly out of time and place. Mrs. Wyllys and the chaplain recognize each other at the first glance, and before the company are well seated in the cabin, explanations and histories come out, which might more naturally have been reserved for a fitter opportunity.

The character of the renowned ship, still in view, being now known by the reluctant confession of Wilder, the loyal veteran is ready to make battle ; but in consideration of the predilection of the former, for the noble leaven in the composition of the outlaw, he is sent with offers of peace and the good offices of Bignall in obtaining his pardon, on condition of the full surrender of himself and vessel. An indignant refusal brings on a destructive action, in which Bignall is killed, and "the scourge of the seas" victorious !

Poor Wilder is now consigned to the savage will of his

late comrades, who are clamorous for the instant execution of the "traitor" and his followers—the white and the black sailor. Amidst the tumult of the moment, Mrs. Wyllys—now Mrs. de Lacy—according to the discoveries just alluded to, finds her own son in the unfortunate Wilder—who is in the end delivered from the vengeance of his crew by the interposition of the Rover.

On the following morning we are astonished by a sudden turn in the chapter of wonders. A coaster is seen and summoned to the side of the Dolphin. The whole ship's company is summoned, and not only are the prisoners declared free, but every individual of the lawless crew is dismissed. All the gold in the ship is given to them, and they hasten to the coaster, leaving only their late commander, while Wilder and his friends are in quiet possession of the Dart. The beautiful Dolphin is soon after perceived to be in a flame of fire. A speck on the ocean resembling a boat, was discerned in the distance, but whether it bore the high minded Rover, or was but a fragment of the wreck, no one ever knew.

Our ingenious author having carried us thus far with that intense interest in his story, which we are prone to call, breathless—we should, by the same token, pronounce it well-imagined, and well written, although we were dissatisfied, as we have already said, with the indistinct manner in which some of the details are developed. The principal events taking place on the ocean, it is not for us to say how correctly he has depicted himself in the management of that magnificent vehicle—a ship. To those who are familiar with the dangerous element, we leave it, to pass sentence on his skill amidst ship-wrecks and battles, and all the perilous circumstances in which he has placed his mariners. An objection which we ought not to withhold, how highly soever we are willing to rate the talents of our boasted countryman—is of the moral order. An individual who is represented as the terror of the seas—as the reckless violator of law and right, should not be invested with the finest qualities of the man, and of the gentleman. We think them not only incompatible, but tending to sanction murder and robbery. Lord Byron and the German writers have sufficiently disgusted us with that description of heroes.

But we have not done with our story. The ladies, who, for so many hours, had excited our sympathy, and disturbed our repose, should, we think, have been securely lodged with their friends in Charleston; unless the author had preferred to end our suspense by drowning them before our eyes. Nei-

ther alternative has he chosen. His Majesty's ship, the *Dart*, then in the Caribbean sea, steers for the nearest haven of the colonies—and the drama seems closing legitimately at the end of the fifth act; but lo! after an interval of twenty years, during which nothing is known of the parties, we find that we had passed through but four—the fifth is yet to come!

The revolutionary war had aroused the attention, and may we not say, the admiration of the world; and the star-spangled banner was floating in triumph, when one night the inhabitants of the mansion of the de Lacy's, in the vicinity of Newport, were summoned to receive a dying mariner, conducted thither by a female. The family seems now to consist of Mrs. de Lacy—formerly Mrs. Wyllys, her son Captain de Lacy, (Wilder) his wife, formerly Gertrude, and a youth, their son. By all the laws of a novel, this is as it should be, but as we had scarcely a glimmering of love throughout all the troublous times so well calculated to create and nourish impassioned feeling, we were justified in anticipating some different result. Our wonder does not stop here. The elder lady no sooner glances at the dying man, than she recognises a long-lost brother—and her former tormentor *the Rover*! Now here is a palpable absurdity; romance itself cannot concede that a woman could hold daily communion with a brother, for many weeks, watching all that time his every look and word, to discover his real character and views, and remain in ignorance of her near affinity to him—yet recollect his face instantly after an absence of more than twenty years, and under the accumulated ravages of a sea-faring life, of advanced age, and a dying hour! We are left to *guess* who is the devoted female who accompanies him. She says "his will is her law." In the vocabulary of common life, we translate this her husband.

In this brief sketch of the "*Red Rover*," we have omitted much that is interesting, and all that will be highly amusing to many readers, in the characters and dialogues of the actors. The latter are unreasonably long, although they are skilfully conducted. The apparent mysteries in the story are not finally elucidated to our satisfaction. That Mrs. Wyllys did not know her son when she saw him as Wilder, is easily accounted for, in her having lost him when a child. How she lost him we are never told. His devoted followers, Dick Fid, and the negro, say they picked him up, with his "dying mother" on a wreck, when he was a child. This female was so fondly attached to him, that she starved herself to give her last morsel of food to the boy. A *mother*, we know, would do this:

but few other women perhaps, are capable of making a sacrifice so exalted. Dick further relates, that they carried him to their Captain, "and then," he adds, "I, and Guinea, and the Captain, and all of us, turned to, and educated the boy." Who was the female by whom his life was preserved on the wreck, or how he came under her care we are not told. A similar veil conceals the person who says, "the will of the dying Rover was her law." Conjecture reverts to a favourite cabin-boy, his assiduous attendant, but as the disguise—if disguise it was—is never, for one moment removed, we are left, as we have already observed, to a *guess*.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES HARDY VAUX.

Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief, and now transported to New South Wales, for the second time, and for life. Written by himself. Second Edition. 12 mo. London. Hunt & Clarke. 1827.

The gentleman who thus candidly explains the nature of his calling in his title page, is a person of respectable birth and tolerable education. His grandfather, a retired attorney, distinguished him by extraordinary marks of kindness, and persevering affection: and during the early years of his grandson, by excessive indulgence, probably produced, or fostered, the volatility of his temperament; for this is the phrase by which idle people, who hate regular labour of any kind, love to designate their impatience of application. It occurred to the youthful Hardy Vaux that going to sea must be a fine roaming life, full of idleness and novelty; and as it was a project displeasing to his protector, it was of course the more strenuously insisted upon by the grandpapa's pet. Means were found, however, to dissuade the boy out of his scheme, and after spending some years at school, he made his first entry into the world as apprentice to an eminent linen-draper in Liverpool. The autobiographer maintains that he spent a whole month in this house without committing a fault: he was only seduced into irregularity by his friend and bed-fellow, one King. At length the force of bad example naturally leads him to pay some debts of honour contracted at a cock-fight, with money which he had received for his master in payment of a bill. This mode of supplying himself with pocket money, was found equally facile and agreeable, and it was only put a stop to by James Hardy Vaux being suddenly sent home to his grandfather. The linen-draper, in writ-

ing concerning the boy, could not, or would not, allege precise charges of speculation against him, but simply accused him of irregular conduct; regretting the circumstance on account of the youth's "smartness and activity," which he declared to be truly wonderful. Here was a sufficient stock-in-trade for any "thief or swindler"—dishonesty, smartness, and activity. His course was now manifestly clear: the first step was awfully ominous of the last. With the qualifications just mentioned, he prevails upon his grandfather to let him visit London, where he entered an attorney's office, in Lincoln's Inn, as a writing clerk. His father at this time kept a hatter's shop in Holborn: but neither the ambition nor the vanity of the young gentleman held out inducements for him to make his father's house a place of residence or resort.

"As I had no motives of affection to attract me to my father's house, I determined on becoming master of my own conduct, and accordingly took a neat private lodging, and regulated my mode of life conformably to the state of my finances. I breakfasted at home, dined at a tavern or genteel eating-house, and in the evening took my tea and read the papers at a coffee-house; after which I sometimes passed the night in reading at home, but most commonly went to one of the theatres at half-price, where I gratified my violent passion for the drama, which at once improved my understanding and amused my mind."—p. 19.

To the improved influence of the acted drama upon his mind, he joined another congenial study. His tastes led him to the niceties of criminal law: so that the practice of an attorney's office was joined with the public pleasures of the theatre, and the domestic study of Burn's Justice:—

"As the business of our office was of a various nature, I soon gained great experience in the different branches of common law and conveyancing: I became by practice, an expert and correct copyist; and I delighted much in studying the most approved law books, reading reports of cases, &c. I became familiar with Burn's Justice, and soon gained a pretty correct knowledge of the criminal law, and of those minute points, of which an able counsel or attorney can avail himself, in order to rescue a client from the claws of justice, howsoever glaring and palpable his guilt may be."—pp. 19, 20.

These various pursuits, he adds, continued to be his favourite amusements through life: books, to "a man of his disposition," as he phrases it, he has always considered the most valuable property he can possess.

Being turned out of the attorney's office for irregular conduct, he looked out for a place of less restraint; and engaged himself as an assistant in the warehouse of Messrs. Key & Sons, wholesale stationers, in Abchurch-lane. Here he did not stay long; "confinement at the east-end of the town prevented him from associating with his old acquaintances."

During the last ten months he had been in London, "as he was frequently pushed for money," he availed himself of "a genteel appearance and pretty good address," and procured goods from various tradesmen upon credit "without much concern as to the day of payment." But see how far a little knowledge of the law will go in accomplishing a thief for the due discharge of his important functions: "Taking care, however, always to procure a bill of parcels with the articles, which precluded the charge of fraud to me, left the matter at worst, but a debt contracted, for which, being a minor, I knew I could not be arrested."

A person of the genius of Mr. Vaux, could not long be destitute of a situation: he returned to the law, "for which he still retained a partiality," and obtained an increased salary; not, however, sufficient to satisfy a gentleman of "his disposition."

"I was still frequently reduced to pecuniary straits, and obliged to have recourse to various expedients, known only to men of the town, for my support: some of them, indeed, were bordering on dishonesty, and none of them very honourable. But to describe them individually is impossible, and a man 'who lives by his wits,' as the phrase is, will assure you, if called to account, that he really could not for his life tell by what distinct means he makes out a living."—p. 22.

Still sticking to the law, he found he could make more money by working for a law stationer "by the piece;" the favourite mode of all irregular geniuses, who detest stated hours. His exertions were, as usual, relieved by pleasures of a philosophical description. At the present point of his career, he used to philosophize at the Blue Lion, in Gray's Inn-lane; where, surrounded "by thieves and sharpers," he would sit, as he says, "enveloped in smoke," and reflect on the diversity of the human character:—

"As I now wrote uncommonly fast, I quitted the station of a weekly clerk, and obtained writings to copy by the sheet, from the law stationers, by which I could earn considerably more money; and in this employment I continued to labour diligently for several hours every day, and sometimes half the night."

"When I had a mind to relax from this occupation, and particularly if my finances were at a low ebb, I frequently resorted to the Blue Lion, in Gray's Inn-lane, a house noted for selling good ale, and crowded every night with a motley assemblage of visitors, among whom were many thieves, sharpers, and other desperate characters; with their doxies. I was introduced to this house (from which hundreds of young persons may date their ruin,) by a fellow-clerk, who appeared to have a personal intimacy with most of these obnoxious persons; however, though I listened eagerly to their conversation, (part of which was then unintelligible to me,) and fancied them people of uncommon spirit, I was not yet sufficiently depraved to cultivate their acquaintance, but sat with a pipe in my mouth, enveloped in smoke, ruminating like a philosopher, on the various characters who tread the great stage of life, and felt a sort of secret presentment that I was myself born to undergo a more than common share of vicissitudes and disappointments."—p. 23.

At the Blue Lion Mr. Vaux had the happiness to fall in with a young man, with whose society he was much pleased. They confided the state of their respective affairs to each other's faithful bosoms; and after ascertaining that both were reduced to their last shift, they determined upon an expedition to Portsmouth. They reckoned their cash, after every thing had been reduced to currency, and calculated that they had money enough to carry them on foot to Portsmouth.— They had not, however, got farther than the Eight Bells, at Kingston; when they began to carouse in a manner very disproportionate to their resources, and it turned out that their bill exceeded their stock of cash by four shillings. In this dilemma a sudden thought occurred to the fruitful mind of Mr. Vaux. He called for pen, ink, and paper, and forthwith indited a petition, which, though since that time, for he boasts the invention, petitions have become common, has never been exceeded for force, terseness, and brevity. With this production, he sallied out, and immediately waited on the Mayor, a grocer; but his worship declared he never sanctioned such applications, and desired him to go about his business :—

"I however took the liberty of subscribing his name to my memorial, by way of sanction, and gave his charity credit for the donation of five shillings. Young as I was at that time, I well knew that example in matters of this kind goes a great way; and that many persons, without a grain of Christian benevolence in their composition, will give liberally from motives of ostentation, when they see that their neighbours have already

contributed, and that their own names and donations will also be made public. I experienced the truth of this notion, for I was successful in almost every application I afterwards made.”—
p. 26.

As he was returning laden with his spoils, he mistook his way, and accidentally got into the grounds of a house inhabited by a person of distinction: without encountering the fierceness of an enormous dog it was impossible for him to make his escape, when he came to a window looking over the lawn where he saw a “numerous and splendid party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner.” The conclusion of the adventure shall be told in Vaux’s own words: it will enable the reader to appreciate that address, or in other words, that impudence which distinguishes great men from small:—

“Having considered a moment, I determined on a very bold step, as I saw no alternative but remaining all night in the open air, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Taking advantage of a pause in the company’s conversation, I tapped with my finger at the window, and immediately the whole party was struck with wonder. In the midst of their surprise I repeated my knock, and then, after several voices exclaiming ‘Good God! there is certainly somebody at the window,’ &c. a gentleman rose from the table, and advancing towards me, opened first the shutters, and then the window itself, which might in fact, be called a pair of folding doors, and these being thrown back, I walked in with the most respectful air I could assume, and presented myself to the astonished company. Having bowed twice or thrice, and given time for their alarm to subside, I began to make my speech.

Apologizing for my presumptuous intrusion, I stated in a concise manner the fright I had endured from the dog, my embarrassment at not being able to find means of egress from the pleasure-ground, and my having consequently taken the liberty of knocking at the window. I then presented my memorial, which was read in turn by most of the company, each of whom surveyed me with evident surprise. Having answered such queries as they thought proper to put to me, I was desired by the lady of the house to withdraw to the kitchen for a short time, and a servant was ordered to attend me thither. Here I had my story to repeat for the information of the domestics, who laughed heartily at the adventure of the dog, but afterwards seriously assured me that, had the animal not been chained, or had I approached within his reach, he would inevitably have torn me to pieces. The parlour dinner being over, and the dishes brought out, I was desired to fall to, and being really hungry, I wanted no pressing, but selected from a variety of good things on the

table a very fine buttock of beef, on which substantial fare I made a sumptuous meal. There was no scarcity of good malt liquor, and lady W—— very kindly sent me out a pint of red port, with a particular injunction (which by-the-by was unnecessary,) that I should eat and drink heartily.

“At length I was summoned to attend the company in the parlour, and her ladyship then expressing her concern for my misfortunes, and her anxious hope that I should speedily find an end to them, presented me with half-a-guinea. The rest of the party also said many handsome things, and the majority of them contributed to my relief. In addition to these favours, one of the gentlemen, at the particular request of lady W——, took the trouble to write a letter in my behalf to the captain of a man-of-war, supposed to be then lying at Portsmouth, entreating him to give me an appointment under him. Her ladyship, after obliging me to take another glass of wine, and repeating her sorrow for my distress, advised me to lose no time in prosecuting my journey, ordered her servant to conduct me to the door at which I had first entered the premises, and I took a respectful leave of this truly benevolent party.

“Returning to the Eight Bells, I imparted my adventures to my friend, who was of course much pleased at my success, for I had realized between four and five pounds. I found this begging scheme so productive, that I was in no hurry to pursue the Portsmouth speculation, and as we were both satisfied with our present quarters, it was agreed that we should continue a few days longer at Kingston, in which time I proposed to follow up my success by making a regular circuit among the inhabitants; and I in fact determined to levy similar contributions in every town which lay in our route.—p. 28—30.

On his return from his second day's excursion to his favourite Eight Bells, he was surprised to find that the constables had been inquiring for him: the charge turned out to be frivolous, and he was discharged with an injunction to leave the town instantly; an order he obeyed for the moment. Finding, that “*after all the impediments he had met with,*” he was in possession of five pounds, he determined to spend “one jovial night in London,” and then true to his friend and his word, to join him at Portsmouth. These intentions were carried into execution—not neglecting to levy another contribution on Kingston, “in spite of the *check* he had received,” in which town he once more remained three days: and then proceeded by easy stages, in a similar manner to Portsmouth. The manner of his travelling, and his usual reception, are thus set forth with a cool and modest simplicity, that would be wonderful in a genius of an inferior water:

“In the course of this, as well as my subsequent speculations of the same nature, I met with various receptions, according to the charitable or churlish dispositions of the people to whom I applied. Many pitied my case and cheerfully relieved me; others expressed equal commiseration, but declined giving any thing, either because ‘they never encouraged beggars,’ or ‘they had poor enough of their own to maintain.’ Some invited me into their parlours, treated me with excessive politeness, and obliged me to take refreshment at their own tables; and where there were any young ladies in the family, I was an object of particular solicitude, and the recital of my misfortunes drew many a sigh from their tender bosoms. Others desired me, like the mayor of Kingston, to go about my business, and hinted that I ought to be sent to the house of correction as a vagrant. Sometimes the servants who admitted me refused to present my memorial, declaring they had strict orders from their masters or mistresses never to trouble them on such an occasion. The donations I commonly received, were from one shilling to five; sometimes, but rarely I was presented with gold, particularly at the seats of the nobility and gentry, all of which laying within a short distance of the road I travelled, I made a point of calling at; and for my information on this subject, I provided myself with a comprehensive book of roads, in which those objects are correctly laid down. Some truly charitable persons, but whose means were limited, relieved me with sixpence, and of course I was bound to accept such a trifle with as much appearance of thankfulness as I would a larger sum; and frequently, when I called at a farm-house by the road-side, I have been compelled to take some cold meat, or other eatables, which I afterwards bestowed upon the first more needy beggar I met on my way. It was my custom in general, to travel on foot, making short stages, and putting up at a good inn in every town I entered, where I lived upon the best during my stay, and associated with London riders, and other respectable guests. When tired of walking, I availed myself of a passing stage-coach, or return post-chaise, and my only equipage was a spare shirt, handkerchief, &c. which, with my book of roads, I carried in a small bundle under my arm.—p. 30. 31.

At Portsmouth Mr. Vaux again meets with a legal situation. Mr. Greetham, the judge-advocate of the Admiralty, and an attorney, takes him as clerk: this situation he loses not by dishonesty, as usual, but in consequence of an unfeeling joke played upon a fellow clerk—a Dutchman. After “bilking the landlord” of his lodgings, and then the landlord of an inn, where he went in the character of a passenger waiting for an East Indian vessel, he left Portsmouth, levied contributions at the different towns on the road, and resumed

his former life in London. Meeting at a tavern one day with a surgeon in the navy, who takes a liking to him, he is recommended to enter the service as a midshipman—interest is made with the captain, by the surgeon, and Mr. Vaux's aged grandfather is once more drawn upon for funds, and Mr. Vaux assumes his majesty's uniform, on board the *Astræa*, Captain Dacres. The frigate sailed on a cruise to the coast of Holland, and Mr. Vaux soon learned that he was out of his element. The hard duties of a midshipman were not to his taste, he had no love to risk his precious limbs in the sailyards. Neither the boisterousness of his mates nor that of the elements, suited the gentle disposition of the private thief and subtle swindler: so true is it that cowardice generally goes along with crime.

“Being naturally of a peaceable turn, hating nothing so much as a life of dissention, and abhorring tyranny of every description, I now wished myself emancipated from this state of bondage, as to me it seemed; and I discovered when too late, that ‘all is not gold that glitters,’ and that the situation of a midshipman (which I had once considered the *summum bonum* of honour and happiness) was not, any more than others, wholly free from care and inquietude. However, I continued to weather the gale as well as I could; and conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, suffered patiently those little mortifications I had not power to avert.—p. 51.

The midshipmen said that he should have been a parson. The place of captain's clerk became vacant, and he preferred that class of clerical duty. This was a situation he might have retained with honour and credit, and one for which he was well adapted, except indeed from the looseness of his morality. However in a trip to London he fell in love with the loveliest of her sex whom he found in attendance at one of the theatres. Seduced by the charms of this person, he abandoned his ship, his situation, and his property on board. It appears that the young lady was not of the most criminal description of women of her class, and she was soon after reclaimed by her friends. The disconsolate Mr. Vaux was thus once more thrown upon the world. He became a billiard player, and associated with a knot of gamblers, who lived upon such dupes as happened to enter the rooms they frequented.

The uncertainty of this life displeased our hero, and he availed himself of an advertisement for a clerk to an attorney in the country. We find him again at home in the office of Mr. Dalton, at Bury St. Edmonds. He no sooner sets foot on a new scene, than with a facility which shows that the

crooked path was to him the easiest course, some new stroke of roguery proceeds from his dexterous hand.

"The day after my arrival, therefore, he advised me to make inquiry for board and lodging in some regular and decent family, and to consult him on the eligibility before I made any engagement. I accordingly began my inquiries, and at length found accommodation in the family of a tradesman, of whom Mr. Dalton approved. Here I was to be lodged and boarded very comfortably at nine shillings per week! This charge to me, who had been accustomed to the expenses of London, appeared moderate in the extreme: however, being willing to make the best bargain I could, I informed the good woman that as I should receive my salary quarterly from Mr. Dalton, I could only undertake to pay her at the like period, to which proposal she therefore readily consented. My motive in this proceeding was, that in case I quitted Bury before the end of the first quarter, I might decamp without coming to a settlement, and by this means have my weekly pay of twenty shillings entire for other purposes."—p. 69.

This was a good, and to an ordinary man in the circumstances, would have been an agreeable place: it will be seen that he made preparations for quitting the country the moment he should be tired of it.

"But my natural inconstancy still prevailed; and I had been but a few weeks at Bury, before I grew tired of the country, and thought of nothing but returning to London, with such spoil as I could obtain from the credulity of the tradesmen in the town. With this view I bespoke clothes, boots, linen, and other articles, at various shops, informing the parties that I should expect credit till the expiration of my quarter, to which, on account of the respectable gentleman I served, they readily consented. As soon as any of these goods were brought home, I immediately packed them up in small portable parcels, which I sent to London by the coach, consigned to a pawnbroker with whom I was on intimate terms; desiring him to receive and keep them safe until he saw me. I also coached off, in the same clandestine manner, such of my own apparel, &c. as I had in my trunk, in which, to prevent discovery, I deposited stones or bricks to preserve its gravity. By these means I had nothing to impede my sudden departure, when rendered necessary by the arrival of the expected quarter-day."—p. 71.

This will be considered a tolerably advanced stage in iniquity; but in Mr. Vaux's mind, this was his state of innocence and virtuous simplicity. For to the history of this knavery, he adds: "I was not yet sufficiently depraved to commit a robbery: this (says he) will account for my not rob-

bing Mr. Dalton's house." We could account for it differently: the vulgar and violent scheme of burglary implies the possession of some physical courage and boldness; whereas Mr. Vaux excelled only in the far higher qualities of cunning, duplicity, and falsehood. He confesses that he frequently viewed with longing eyes the servant cleaning the plate in the pantry. Mr. Vaux's eventual decampment from Bury was distinguished by two exploits: the one was obtaining possession of a chest of clothes sent by the coach, belonging to Mr. Dalton, and the other was the procuring a watch from the firm of "Lumley and Gudgeon, watchmakers:" the singularity of the latter name, he says, made him chuckle, for he considered it "ominous of the success of the imposition he meant to put upon him." At this period Mr. Vaux had not exceeded the age of seventeen, and as he observes, after reciting the details of the first of the two adventures already mentioned, "the reader must allow that I displayed a genius and ability which, had they been devoted to more honourable purposes, would have done me no small credit." On his resuming his abode in London, he lived upon the spoils of Bury; and much esteems himself for his attention to literature.

"I therefore began to enjoy myself in the course of life in which I always found the greatest satisfaction: breakfasting at a coffee-house, dining at a tavern, and taking my tea in the neighbourhood of the theatres, to one of which I went almost every night. In the intervals of these occupations, I amused myself in walking about town, or viewing public exhibitions, but chiefly in reading books of entertainment and instruction, to purchase which, especially periodical works, I every day devoted a small sum; so that upon the whole, though I obtained my money by dishonourable means, yet the manner in which I spent my life was harmless to myself; nor did I ever, in the most vicious part of my subsequent career, give myself up to debauchery or intoxication, the *idea of which always disgusted me.*"—p. 79.

When his means were exhausted he again resumed the law, and engaged to write for Mr. Preston, the eminent conveyancer. Now the chambers of Mr. Preston, at that time in the Temple, were within two doors of the office of Messrs. Dalton and Edwards, the latter of whom had engaged Mr. Vaux for the relative of his partner at Bury. Our hero passed many times a day the door of the very people whom he ought above all others in prudence to have avoided. This was an act of impolicy, he allows, but alleges that the idea never occurred to his great mind; but "fate (unhappy fate!) decreed that I should suffer for my want of caution."

One morning Mr. Preston beckoned the hero of these memoirs into his own apartment, and locked the door after him. Mr. Vaux, surprised at this proceeding, looked up and beheld his old master Mr. Dalton standing before him. Very summary measures were taken with the culprit: but in consideration of the principal part of Mr. Dalton's goods being recovered he did not prosecute. Vaux was enabled to restore his property by the kindness of a relative, the attorney to whom he had been first recommended on his coming to town. From this benevolent person he received a present of five guineas, under condition of his returning to the county where his friends resided; he however stayed in town, and procured a situation as clerk and shopman with Mr. Giffard, a masquerade and habit-maker in Tavistock-street. On being required to give a reference for his character, the fertility of his mind instantly suggested the name of Mr. Drake, of Portsmouth. To this imaginary person Mr. Giffard wrote: his letter was duly brought up from that town by the guard of the coach, who duly received an answer to be placed in the post-office where he had got the letter. In the mean time, Mr. Vaux did not fail to call daily on Mr. Giffard, and loudly did he bemoan his fate at each visit, when he heard that no answer had as yet been received. When he did receive a letter, of course it gave a most satisfactory description of the talents and morals of the candidate for the vacant post. The salary here was small, but Mr. Vaux agreed to the terms without hesitation, "as his only intention was to purloin every thing on which he could lay his hands, and in two or three months to abscond and change the scene of action." How he proceeded in this design, is detailed in the following passage, with that candour which distinguishes him:—

"I was frequently sent home with a suit of clothes, a lady's habit, and other articles, to the houses of regular customers; most of whom kept an account, which was settled once a year: but on many occasions I was desired by the parties to give a receipt and take the amount of the goods delivered. After being about two months with Messrs. Giffard and Co. I began to form the design of quitting their service, and from that moment I suppressed all such sums as I received, booking the articles on my return, for the satisfaction of Mr. Pettit, who conducted this department. I now bespoke a very large chest of a neighbouring carpenter, for the purpose of depositing my own clothes and other effects, which I knew must be removed by degrees from the house; and that whenever I absconded, I must leave my trunk behind me. I therefore had recourse to the old stratagem

of substituting brickbats for the articles I took away, to prevent any suspicion from its lightness. When my chest was completed, I ordered it to be sent home to a lodging I had provided in a distant part of the town, of which I had obtained the key, and paid rent in advance. I removed my effects at every opportunity from Tavistock street to this new receptacle. Every thing being in readiness for an elopement, I prepared to execute my last design upon my present employers. I have before observed that I kept a set of books, in which were the accounts of many persons of fashion, for clothes, &c. My intention was to transcribe from the ledger a number of these accounts upon the copperplate bills of parcels which I had in my desk, belonging to the firm, and to present these bills for payment immediately after I quitted the house; not doubting but many of the parties would pay them on the first application, by which I hoped to realize a good round sum. But circumstances not favouring this part of my design, I had only an opportunity of transcribing five or six persons' bills before Saturday night, at which period the books were delivered up to Mr. Pettit, who uniformly retained them until Monday morning; and as I had reason to fear my repeated depredations on the shop would soon excite suspicion, I had pre-determined to quit on the day last mentioned.

The last commission I received on the Saturday was to take a parcel, containing a riding-habit, to the Bell and Crown inn, Holborn, where I was to see it booked for the Clapham stage, at which place the lady resided for whom it was made. As I was going along, it occurred to me that *I might as well embezzle* this article, the price of which to the lady was 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Instead therefore of going to the Bell and Crown, I took it to my old acquaintance the Jew, who I expected would give me at least two guineas for it; but he had the conscience to offer me one pound, which I considered so unfair a price that I refused to let him have it, and leaving his shop, I proceeded to a pawnbroker's a few doors further, where I requested two guineas upon it; but the shopman assured me these articles were so liable to the caprice of the fashion, that it might scarce be saleable at all in a year's time, except to convert to some other use; he therefore offered to lend me thirty shillings, which I accepted, to save further trouble. This was the most imprudent act I could have been guilty of, as this pawnbroker's was in Drury-lane, and within a minute's walk of my employers; and I had better have taken ten shillings from the Jew, where it would have been placed beyond the reach of discovery, than have pledged it for five times the sum."—pp. 90, 91.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The *Monthly Review*, (*Supplement for April, 1827*) has allotted a page to Wheaton's *Life of William Pinkney*. In this meagre article it is remarked, as "a curious instance of the facility with which the Anglo-Americans vary their occupations, that in 1815 we find him commanding a corps of volunteers, embodied for the defence of Washington." &c. The military services of this gentleman were confined to a march to Bladensburg, and a hasty return to Baltimore. He was slightly wounded in the arm in that memorable engagement, if it may so be called; but the accident did not prevent him from immediately resuming his professional duties. The reviewer concludes his brief summary of the events of Pinkney's life, with the following opinion:—"His speeches are more distinguished for the closeness and shrewdness of argument than for eloquence. Mr. Pinkney was a useful and industrious public character; but he had no claim to that brilliant reputation which his biographer has endeavoured to attach to his memory." We think it was only as an advocate that this eminent individual was entitled to commendation; and in this point of view, our praise must be confined to his intellectual powers, his learning, his industry in preparation, and the fluency and force of his style. In these respects he was highly distinguished. But although his style and delivery were so carefully studied, they are scarcely to be regarded as models for imitation. The former, though often beautiful, was more frequently turgid and strained; abounding with false ornaments and laboured metaphors, introduced without judgment. They were calculated to dazzle for the moment, but not to endure, and should be carefully avoided by those who aspire to solid and lasting fame. His delivery was violent and declamatory, far beyond the utmost limits of nature or good taste. It was in his thorough knowledge, clear conception, and lucid explanation of the principles of law, and his extraordinary powers of analysis and argument, that his great excellence consisted. Here he had few equals and no superior: but here, unfortunately, it is not possible to imitate him without gifts of nature as great as his own.

The famous *Blue Beard*, so long the terror of nurseries, and of late years the hero of the London drama, in the place of Hamlet and Othello, was no ideal personage. He was the
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Marquis de Laval, a Marshal of France, and a General of uncommon intrepidity. He distinguished himself greatly in the reigns of Charles the VI. and VII. by his courage ; particularly against the English when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which were sufficient to immortalize his name, had he not forever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, blasphemies and licentiousness of every kind. Wherever he went he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of players, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, and above two hundred led horses. *Mezeray*, an author of the highest repute, says, that he maintained men, who called themselves sorcerers, to discover hidden treasures, and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his incantations. Such excesses were often practised in that barbarous age (1440). He was finally sentenced to be strangled and afterwards burnt.

POETRY.

The following nervous passage is transcribed from one of the early effusions of the late Prime Minister of England, Mr. CANNING. The Poem is entitled "New Morality," and the lines which ensue, contain a fine picture of the genuine *Sensibility*, contrasted with the counterfeit resemblance exhibited by Rousseau :

Next comes a gentler Virtue.—Ah ! beware
 Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.
 Visit her not too roughly ; the warm sigh
 Breathes on her lips :—the tear-drop gems her eye.
 Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrined
 In the fine foldings of the feeling mind ;—
 With delicate Mimosa's sense endued
 Who shrinks, instinctive, from a hand too rude ;
 Or, like the *Anagallis*, prescient flower,
 Shuts her soft petals at the approaching shower.

Sweet child of sickly fancy !—her of yore,
 From her lov'd France Rousseau to exile bore ;
 And, while mid lakes and mountains wild he ran,
 Full of himself, and shun'd the haunts of man ;
 Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep,
 To lisp the story of his wrongs and weep ;
 Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
 Of tender tears a plentiful supply,

And pour them in the brooks that babbled by ;—
 —Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
 False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong ;
 —For the crush'd beetle *first*,—the widowed dove,
 And all the warbled sorrows of the grove ;—
Next for poor suffering *guilt* ;—and *last* of all,
 For Parents, Friends, a King, and Country's fall.

From the same admirable satire, we transcribe a vigorous and breathing portrait of CANDOUR. The likeness may be recognized among some trimming politicians of our own age.

Hark ! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs on my ear,—
 The voice of CANDOUR.—Hail ! most solemn sage,
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
 CANDOUR, which softens party's headlong rage ;
 CANDOUR, which spares its foes, nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 CANDOUR,—which loves *in see-saw strain to tell*
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well ;
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinc'd that *all men's motives* are the same ;—
 And finds with keen discriminating sight,
 BLACK's not *so* black, nor WHITE *so very* white.

* * * * *
 Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the *Candid Friend* !

THE BLUSH.

AN ENIGMA.

When first o'er Psyche's angel breast
 Love's infant wings undreaded play'd,
 Of either parent's grace possess'd,
 My birth their secret flame betray'd.

No limbs my aery charms obscure,
 No bone my elfin frame sustains,
 Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,
 As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with beauty, watch with fear,
 I rise in timid youth's defence ;
 My gentle warmth alone can rear
 The snow-drop buds of innocence.

Without a tongue, a voice, a sound,
 My eloquence o'er all prevails ;
 I still in ev'ry clime am found
 To tell my parent's tend'rest tales.

Love's sunshine, beam'd from brightest eyes,
 Less cheers his vot'ry's painful duty,
 Than my auspicious light that flies
 Like meteors o'er the face of beauty.

SPENCER.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

Home's home, however homely, Wisdom says,
 And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase :
 To prove it, if it needed proof at all,
 Mark what a train attends the muse's call ;
 And as she leads the ideal group along,
 Let your own feelings realize her song.
 Clear, then, the stage ; no scen'ry we require,
 Save the snug circle round the parlour fire ;
 And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,
 Each happier influence that governs there.
 First, love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
 Lights the warm glow, and sanctifies the kiss !
 When, fondly welcom'd to th' accustom'd seat,
 In sweet complasance wife and husband meet :
 Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
 Repose from labours, but unite in care.
 Ambition ! Does ambition there reside ?
 Yes, when the boy in manly mood astride,
 Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
 Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
 While emulation, in the daughter's heart,
 Bears a more mild, though not less pow'ful part ;
 With zeal to shine, her flutt'ring bosom warms,
 And in the romp the future house-wife forms ;

Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
 And art and genius in their pastime join :
 This, the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
 That, rears aloft the card-built tenements.
 Think how joy animates, intense tho' meek,
 The fading roses on their grandame's cheek ;
 When proud the frolic progeny to survey,
 She feels, and owns, an interest in their play :
 Adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold,
 And tells at every call the story ten times told.
 Good-humour'd dignity endears, mean while
 The talking grandsire's venerable style ;
 If haply feats achiev'd in prime of youth,
 Or pristine anecdote, historic truth,
 Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
 Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such society, so form'd, so blest,
 Time, thought, remembrance, all impart a zest ;
 And expectation, day by day, more bright,
 Round ev'ry prospect throws increasing light ;
 The simplest comforts act with strongest force ;
 Whate'er can give them, can improve the course.

All this is common-place, you tell me ; true :
 What pity 'tis not common fashion too !
 Roam as we may, plain sense at last will find
 'Tis only seeking what we left behind.
 If individual good engage our hope,
 Domestic virtues give the largest scope :
 If plans of public eminence we trace,
 Domestic virtues are its surest base.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

When things are done and past recalling,
 'Tis folly then to fret or cry.
 Prop up a rotten house that's falling
 But when it's down e'en let it lie.
 O patience ! patience ! thou'rt a jewel,
 And, like all jewels, hard to find.

'Mongst all the various men you see,
 Examine ev'ry mother's son ;
 You'll find they all in this agree,
 To make ten troubles out of one ;
 When passions rage, they heap on fuel,
 And give their reason to the wind.

Hark ! don't you hear the gen'ral cry ?
 Whose troubles ever equal'd mine !

How readily each stander-by
 Replies, with captuous echo, mine !
 Sure from our clime this discord springs ;
 Heav'ns choicest blessings we abuse.
 For ev'ry Englishman alive,
 Whether duke, lord, esquire, or gent,
 Claims as his just prerogative,
 Ease, liberty, and discontent.

A Frenchman often starves and sings,
 With cheerfulness, and wooden shoes.

A peasant, of the true French breed,
 Was driving in a narrow road
 A cart, with but one sorry steed,
 And fill'd with onions : sav'ry load !
 Careless, he trudg'd along before,
 Singing a Gascon roundelay.
 Hard by there ran a whim'ring brook,
 The road hung shelving tow'rds the brim ;
 The spiteful wind advantage took ;
 The wheel flies up ; the onions swim ;
 The peasant saw his fav'rite store,
 At one rude blast, all puff'd away.

How would an English clown have sworn,
 To hear them plump, and see them roll ?
 Have curs'd the day that he was born,
 And, for an onion, damn'd his soul ?

Our Frenchman acted quite as well,
 He stopt (and hardly stopt) his song ;
 First rais'd the bidet from his swoon ;
 Then stood a little while to view
 His onions bobbing up and down ;
 At last, he shrugging cry'd, " Parbleu !
 *Il ne manq ici, que du sel,
 Pour faire du potage excellent."

*There wants nothing but salt to make excellent soup.

DRY HUMOUR.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral Fast,
 Were from the Cockpit given ;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
 And make their odds all even.

When soaking Sam, who ev'ry day
To Sots Hole went, to soak his clay,
 There found the doors all barr'd ;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
 A case he thought quite hard !

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his battering mock'd,
 'Till Sally op'd the sash,
And cry'd, " Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we're all resolv'd, that's flat,
 To fast, and take no cash."

" Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
" Fast on—I'll rap no more in vain,
 Upset me if I do ;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
 Must make your doors fast too."

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Should you ask me what female desert I require,
 To relish the conjugal life ;
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire,
 To bias my choice in a wife ;
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh ;
 The costly allurements of art
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
 But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendour, or noble descent,
Bring comfort wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop to the cup of content,
I'd gladly partake of them all ;
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,
The raptures that beauties impart,
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever serene,
To cheer the sweet converse as youth wears away,
And dissipate anger and spleen ;
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours
Retirement shall oft set apart ;
Whose virtues may sooth when disquietude sours,
And tenderness cherish the heart.

For fortune, be honour her portion assign'd ;
For beauty, bright health's rosy bloom ;
Let justice and candour enoble her mind,
And cheerfulness banish the gloom :
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,
Its mixture of pleasure and smart ;
She'd ever continue, 'till I was no more,
The constant delight of my heart.

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

LIFE OF JOHN EWING, D.D., *Late Professor of the University of Pennsylvania, and Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.*

Dr. JOHN EWING was born on the twenty-second day of June, 1732, in the township of Nottingham, in Cecil county, Maryland, near to the line which separates that state from Pennsylvania. Of his ancestors little is known. They emigrated from Scotland at an early period of the settlement of our country, and fixed themselves on the banks of the Susquehanna, near to the spot where he was born. They were farmers, who, if they did not extend their names beyond their immediate neighbourhood, yet maintained within it that degree of reputation which their descendants can speak of without a blush.

His father was enabled by his industry to support his family* from the produce of his farm, and to give to his children that degree of education which country schools at that time had to offer. This indeed was little, but it was all that was necessary to such a mind as Dr. Ewing's. It was sufficient to furnish the rudiments of science, which, however early they are lost by ordinary minds in the distractions of a life of business, only serve to fan the fire of ambition in stronger intellects, and to direct and guide their possessors to fame.

The school-house at which Dr. Ewing was taught the elements of his native language and the first rules in arithmetic, was at a considerable distance from his father's residence. The daily exercise of walking thither in his youth, tended to invigorate a constitution naturally strong, and enabled him to acquire a stock of health which carried him through sixty years without sickness. At this school it cannot be supposed that he learned much, but he was soon removed from it and placed under the superintendence of Dr. Alison, a clergyman eminent for his erudition and piety, who then directed a school at New London Cross Roads, in the state of Pennsylvania. After having

finished those studies usually taught in his school, he remained with him three years as a tutor. To this he was led, not merely by inclination, but by necessity. His father died about this time, and left his small property to be distributed according to the laws of the state of Maryland, in which that of primogeniture prevailed. The eldest son inherited the patrimonial estate, and left Dr. Ewing and his remaining brothers, to struggle in the world with twenty pounds each. At this distribution of his father's property he did not repine, for he then felt a confidence in his own powers, which did not deceive him, which poverty could not diminish, and which enabled him subsequently to attain that honourable elevation which he adorned by his virtues as well as his talents.

Under the kind care of Dr. Alison he made considerable progress in his favourite pursuit, the study of mathematics. Books of science were not at that time easily obtained in America, especially in places remote from cities; but such was his thirst for knowledge that he frequently rode thirty or forty miles to obtain the loan of a book which might afford him some information on the subject of his favourite speculations. Those authors who were safe guides could not always be obtained. Incorrect writings sometimes fell into his hands, the errors of which did not escape the detection of his penetrating and original genius. It often occurs that difficulties only quicken the eagerness of the mind in its pursuits, and bring into action its latent energies. Such was the result of difficulties on Dr. Ewing at this early period of his life. His mind did not shrink from intellectual conflict, but gathered vigour from hindrance, and bade defiance to difficulty. At this period he certainly learned much from books, and much from the conversation of Dr. Alison, of whom indeed he always spoke with kindness, but he acquired more from the habits of close thinking in which he early indulged. To the two former he was much indebted, but we allow to those sources of information all that they merit, it will yet not be hazardous to say that in the science of mathematics he was self-taught, and could never have reached the station which he afterwards adorned, struggling as he was with poverty and harassed with difficulties, without receiving from other that

* There were six brothers: William, George, Alexander, Samuel, John, and his twin brother James.

human aid the impulse which carried him forward

In the year 1754 he left the school of Dr. Alison, and removed to Princeton for the purpose of entering the college. Mr. Burr, the father of Aaron Burr, was then president of that institution, and of that great and celebrated man he was a favourite pupil. He joined the senior class, and, impelled by pecuniary embarrassments, engaged at the same time as teacher of the grammar school which was connected with the college. His intention was to graduate, and for this purpose it was necessary that he should study in private some branches of learning to which he had previously been unable to attend. These causes made his labour greater than that of his classmates. His studies were arduous and multiplied; but he brought to the contest a mind which difficulties did not easily subdue. He graduated with his class in the year 1755, and finding that he had still to toil for a subsistence, he immediately accepted the appointment of tutor in the college. At this period he resolved to choose his profession; and feeling the study of theology congenial with his wishes, and calculated to permit him to mingle with it scientific researches, he adopted it with his usual promptitude and his usual zeal.

In pursuance of this design, he returned to Dr. Alison, his former tutor and friend, and, after the usual period of preparatory study, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the presbytery of Newcastle, in the state of Delaware. At the age of twenty-six, before he undertook the pastoral charge of any congregation, he was selected to instruct the philosophical classes in the college of Philadelphia, during the absence of the provost, the late Dr. Wm. Smith. Whilst he was engaged in the discharge of this honourable office, he received an invitation from the Presbyterian congregation of his native place to settle himself among them as their pastor. This was an invitation on which he deliberated, before he declined it. To be selected by the friends of his youth as their spiritual guide; to fix himself with a decent stipend on his native spot among his relations and former associates, was a temptation calculated to win a man who was social in his affections, and who was little troubled with the unquiet spirit of ambition. But he was by this time married, and having early known the value of a liberal education, he wished to give his offspring the opportunity of possessing those instructions which he himself had so long toiled to acquire; which, during his life, he praised as more valuable than wealth, and recommended to the attention of his children by all the persuasions of paternal affection. Whilst, however, he was deliberating, he received, in the year 1759, an unanimous invitation from the First Presbyterian Congregation in the city of Philadelphia to undertake their pastoral charge. This he did not feel himself at liberty to decline, but accepted it, and fixed himself for his life.

From this period until the year 1773, he continued to discharge his duties with a diligence and zeal seldom surpassed. In the bosom of his congregation he found affection and friendship, and learned that life has few stations to offer to an unambitious heart more valuable

than that of a pastor beloved by his flock. He was now at liberty to pursue his favourite studies without other intrusions on his time than method and diligence could render harmless. During this period his studious researches enabled him to accumulate materials for the compilation of his *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, and such was the vigour of his understanding, such his habits of constant study, and so ample his stores of knowledge, that the volume published in 1809 is copied from the original manuscript.

New scenes now opened upon his view. In the year 1773 he was commissioned, with the consent of his congregation, in conjunction with Dr. Hugh Williamson, late a member of Congress from the state of North Carolina, to solicit subscriptions in Great Britain for the academy of Newark in the state of Delaware. He took with him letters of recommendation from men of science and respectability to several eminent characters. These, aided by his own reputation for mathematical science, his general information, and his virtues, procured for him the intimacy and friendship of several persons, who at that period and since held the highest stations of literature. Among these were the celebrated historian Dr. Robertson, Dr. Webster, Mr. Balfour, and Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet of Scotland. He visited every place of importance in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in all of them was received with that attention and respect which are due to the man of science, and the minister of God. The cities of Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee, and Perth, presented to him their freedom, and, from the University of Edinburgh, of which Dr. Robertson was then the *Principal*, he received, without application, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Robertson, on presenting his diploma, declared that he had never before conferred a degree with greater pleasure. The acquaintance, thus commenced with this celebrated personage, ripened into intimacy, and until the death of the latter in 1793, he made constant and affectionate inquiries about Dr. Ewing from travelling Americans who visited him at Edinburgh. A few days before his death, some young American gentleman waited upon him, to whom he spoke of his friend "*as a man of great talents for whom he entertained a great personal regard*," and his last words at parting were, "*Do not forget to present my kind regards to Dr. Ewing*."

Such a testimonial from such a man as the historian of Charles the Fifth, the descendants of Dr. Ewing may be permitted to remember and to speak of to the world.

When he first visited England, the approaching contest with his native land was a topic of conversation in every society. He was warmly and uniformly the friend of his country, and although he had frequent offers of reward from men, high in power, if he would remain in England, yet his knowledge of the causes of the revolution; his acquaintance with the spirit and resources of his countrymen, and his integrity forbade him to listen to them. He held frequent conversations with the minister, Lord North, to whom, with that frankness and independence of sentiment which characterized him, he communicated all his information re-

specting the resources and power of the people of the united colonies. To the minister he predicted the issue of the contest, and urged him to pause before he alienated, irretrievably, from the mother country, the affections of loyal subjects. These conversations he was in the habit of repeating to his friends on his return from England, not without some degree of surprise that the minister should have involved his country in a war with a people, of whose character, numbers, spirit, and resources he was utterly ignorant.

Among the eminent literary characters whom Dr. Ewing met at the hospitable table of Mr. Dilly, the London bookseller, was the truly great Dr. Johnson. He loved to speak to his friends of this interview, which serves to illustrate the character of a man, of whom every one, who has read, knows something. When Mr. Dilly invited Dr. Ewing to dine with him, he added, "You will meet the great Dr. Johnson, but you must not contradict him; we never contradict him." The day arrived, and Dr. Ewing, on entering the parlour of Mr. Dilly, found several eminent literary characters engaged in easy conversation, which, however, was instantly suspended when Dr. Johnson entered the room. There was a general silence. He scarcely noticed any one, but, seizing a book which lay on the table, read in it attentively until dinner was announced. Here, every one seemed to forget himself, and anxious to please him by the most assiduous attentions. He attended, however, to nothing but his plate. He did not seem to know that any one was present, until, having eaten voraciously, without exhibiting many of those graces which constituted so great a portion of Chesterfield's morality, he raised his head slowly, and, looking around the table, surveyed the guests for the first time. They were then engaged in a discussion of the expected controversy with America, and, as Dr. Ewing had lately left his native country, he, with his usual frankness, and without adverting to, or regarding the prejudices of Dr. Johnson, began to defend the cause of the colonies. Johnson looked at him with sternness, and said, "*What do you know, Sir, on that subject?*" Mr. Dilly's caution was forgotten, and Dr. Ewing calmly replied, that having resided in America during his life, he thought himself qualified to deliver his opinions on the subject under discussion. This produced an animated conversation. Johnson's prejudices against the Americans were strong; he considered them, as he always termed them, rebels and scoundrels, and these epithets were now by no means sparingly used. It is difficult to say how far he might have been provoked, by opposition in argument, if a fortunate turn had not been given to the dispute. Johnson had rudely said, "Sir, what do you know in America. You never read. You have no books there." "Pardon me, sir," replied Dr. Ewing, "we have read the *Rambler*." This civility instantly pacified him, and, after the rest of the company had retired, he sat with Dr. Ewing until midnight, speaking amicably and eloquently, and uttering such wisdom as seldom falls from the lips of man.

In the summer of 1775, Dr. Ewing returned to his native land, with a mind highly improved

by his travels. He had directed his inquiries to the study of man, in all the varieties which Great Britain and Ireland afforded. He had collected much information and many anecdotes, which on his return were reserved for the amusement and instruction of that social circle, which he loved to collect at his own fireside. His parlour was always the scene of cheerfulness and hospitality. His finances indeed were never more than moderate, but he was always able to furnish for his guests something more valuable than the delicacies of the season, or the wines of France.

War had now commenced between the United States and Great Britain, and he adhered to the cause of his country with steadiness and zeal. When the British army was expected in Philadelphia in 1777, he removed his family to his native place, where he continued to reside until the city was evacuated by *Clinton*, immediately before his retreat through the state of New Jersey to New York. He then returned to his congregation, and in 1779 was elected to the provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, which station he filled until his death.

To this station he was fully competent. In all the branches of learning and science, usually taught in colleges, he was uncommonly accurate, and in his mode of instruction and of communicating information he was probably never surpassed. On his appointment he prepared the Lectures which have been published, and which he delivered to his pupils during a period of twenty years. They contain all that is necessary for the mere student; written in a plain and simple style, and arranged with great method and perspicuity. As a teacher perhaps no one was ever more beloved. His authority over his pupils was that of a parent, and while he maintained that discipline without which genius will be wasted, and diligence useless, he won their affection by the mildest manners.

All his hours were now occupied. He attended at the university during the mornings and afternoons of every day, and devoted his remaining time to the duties of his pastoral charge, and a necessary attention to his private affairs. These were arduous and multiplied. Visiting the sick, and interchanging with his parishioners the visits of friendship, occupied much of his time. And when from the performance of these duties, he retired to his closet, he was obliged to prepare, usually two, but always at least one discourse for the approaching Sabbath. But these difficulties yielded to his love of method and untiring diligence. He rose with the sun, and retired to rest at a late hour in the night; yet his constitution was naturally so robust, and the care of his health so judicious, that, during a period of forty years, he was never prevented by sickness from attending to his pastoral duties.

But these were not his only employments. His mathematical reputation attracted the attention of his fellow citizens, and on various occasions he was appointed to perform public duties. He was one of those gentlemen who were commissioned to run the boundary line of the state of Delaware, and to settle the boundary line between the states of Massachusetts

and Connecticut, and between Pennsylvania and Virginia. He was also appointed in conjunction with the late David Rittenhouse, by the state of Pennsylvania, to survey the most practicable ground for a turnpike road between Philadelphia and Lancaster. He was a distinguished member, and for some time one of the vice presidents of the American Philosophical Society, to which he made several valuable communications, which are recorded in the volumes of their transactions.* He also made several valuable additions to the astronomical articles in the American edition of the British Encyclopædia, published by Mr. Thomas Dobson. About the year 1795, he commenced the compilation of a course of Lectures on Natural History, for the use of pupils in the university, and made some progress in the work, but his health did not permit him to complete his plan.

From the year 1779 to the time of his death, his life had little variety. He continued to discharge the various duties of pastor, preceptor, husband, parent, and friend, without making, as it is believed, one good man his foe. The compensation which he received from the university and from the church, although not large, enabled him, with economy, to raise a numerous family, and to acquire a moderate property. But he was not versed in the artifices of business. He was a friend, and he trusted. He was himself free from guile, and therefore easily duped, and thus, in his old age, he had the mortification to see his little property swept from him by those to whom he had formerly loved to render acts of kindness. Yet he did not speak harshly of those who had injured him. Some of them indeed he forgave, though he could not forget. But for the conduct of the rest, he was always desirous to find excuses, and he continued during his life to defend those who could find no other apologist.

In the summer of 1796 he was attacked with a violent disorder, which it required a long time to subdue. He never however recovered from its effects; but although it left him so feeble as to be unable to walk without aid, he still persevered in performing his public duties. His remaining strength began to fail him during the early part of the year 1802, and in the month of August, he removed his family on account of the yellow fever to the house of his son in Montgomery county, in Pennsylvania, where he died on the 8th of September of that year, in the 71st year of his age.

The following sketch is extracted from a funeral sermon preached by his pastoral successor, the Rev. Dr. John Blair Linn, on the 21st of November, 1802, in the First Presbyterian Church, in the city of Philadelphia.

"The unembellished incidents which have now been narrated of Dr. Ewing's life, his religious and scientific writings; his observations and deportment in the different relations of society, declare that his mind was uncommonly

strong and penetrating, and that he had a mild and correct taste. Were we to distinguish between his powers, we would say that his understanding predominated over his imagination. He had more the mind of Locke than of Milton. He looked through nature more with the eye of the philosopher than of the poet. The sublimer and minuter forms of matter were objects of his investigation; and we cannot but suppose him to have been gifted with diversified talents, who could scan the illuminated glories of the heavens, and inspect the insect which is only visible to the microscopic eye. We cannot but suppose that his researches were extensive, who looked into the mind of man, analyzed his faculties and affections; who unfolded to him the great truths of his God, who looked through the howling wilds and taught the properties of the brutal tribes, who looked through the fields of air and described the race which travel on the wing. In the science of mathematics, Dr. Ewing, if not unrivalled, was unsurpassed by any character in this country. His knowledge of the learned languages was very considerable. The Hebrew language, which is too often neglected by the ministers of God in the present day, was one of his favourite studies. In the mornings of his latter days, he always read a portion of the scriptures in their original tongue; and you could seldom enter his room without seeing on his couch beside him his Hebrew Bible. His qualifications as a minister of the gospel were many and eminent. Science was to him a powerful assistant in the labours of his sacred office. She was with him a handmaid to religion, and, aided by her, he was an able champion of the cross, both in the advocacy of its cause, and in the repulsion of the attacks of impiety and error. He was mighty in the scriptures. To the fountain of all religious knowledge he went for instruction. His religious opinions were not so much founded upon the systems written by fallible men, as upon the scriptures of infallibility. He adopted not Calvin, or Arminius, or Socinus, but the Word of God as his guide. He read, he examined, he decided for himself. With the works of commentators and systematical writers he was familiar; he considered them as indispensable assistants to the student, but his veneration for these did not impress upon him a blind obedience to their dictates: He was first convinced by his own researches that they corresponded with the sacred volume, before he acknowledged their authority. His own investigation confirmed him in his belief of the doctrines of grace. These were the doctrines which he preached and which he endeavoured to impress upon the hearts of his people." His discourses were written with accuracy; the truths which they contained were well examined and digested before he ventured to offer them to the public. He thought it a duty which he owed to his God and his hearers, to think before he spoke, to study and to ponder in private, before he

* The following were the communications which he made to the A. P. S. "An account of the Transit of Venus over the Sun, June 3d, 1769, and of the Transit of Mercury, November 9th, 1769, both as observed in the state-house, Philadelphia." "An improvement in the construction of Godfrey's Quadrant."

* "Among the practical writers he thought that Doddridge was the best: and he thought that the method which he followed in his discourses was a good model for the practical and devout preacher."

arose in the presence of an audience as the messenger from heaven. To God he looked for aid and support; but he looked for assistance in his study, before he trusted to divine impulse in the sacred desk. Perhaps it may be said with truth that no minister in this country has adopted a better method of instruction than that which distinguished his discourses; and perhaps it may be said that none more fully illustrated and confirmed by plain and decisive reasoning, the passage which he chose for discussion. The style in which he embodied his conceptions was always perspicuous and occasionally ornamental. Ornament however he did not often employ. He sometimes poured forth 'thoughts that breathed and words that burned,' but his most usual manner was sober and temperate, such as was adopted before him by Tillotson and Sherlock. Mere declamation was never heard from him; his discourses were always solid and edifying, and so equal in the scale of merit; that perhaps to no one which he wrote in the vigour of his mind could a decided preference be given."

"His delivery was pleasing and happy. If, in his old age, from debility, it was not remarkable for animation, yet it was distinguished for correctness, and could sometimes touch the finest springs of tenderness and pity.

"The temper of Dr. Ewing was generous, and not often ruffled. His manners and deportment were easy and affable. Free from guile himself, he suspected not guile in others. He had a freeness of salutation which sometimes surprised the stranger, but which was admired by those who knew him, as it proceeded from a heart open and honest. His talents for conversation were remarkably entertaining. From severer studies he could unbend, and become the companion of innocent mirth and happy gaiety. In the house of bidden joy his religion did not wear the frown; it covered not itself with the mantle of sorrow, but it taught him to rejoice with those that rejoice, as well as to weep with those that weep. He was perfectly free from pedantry, and from every thing that bore its resemblance. In the company of philosophers, he was in his conversation the philosopher, and with the unlettered, the man of ease and accommodation. His talent of narration was universally admired. His observation of men and manners in this country and abroad furnished him with many scenes and facts which as painted and related by him were extremely entertaining. In domestic life he was amiable. He had all the heart of the husband; he had all the heart of the parent; he had the full heart of a friend; surrounded by a large family, he had care and tenderness for them all. His affection for his children was such that, even in his moments of severest study, he received them with smiles, and laid aside his books to partake of their infantile sports.

"Dr. Ewing was tall in his person, and, while in younger life, was handsome and graceful. His constitution was remarkably sound and strong. He was settled with his congregation forty years without being prevented more than once or twice by sickness from discharging the duty of his pastoral charge. The only serious disorder which he had, was the one

which proved fatal, and which first seized him (in 1796) six years before his death. After his first attack he frequently preached, but never regained his strength of body, or vigour of mind. In his sickness he discovered patience, fortitude, and resignation, to the will of his heavenly Father. No murmur escaped his lips, and his last moments were closed apparently without a pang and without a struggle. In a good old age, in his seventy-first year, he fell to the ground like a *shock of corn cometh in his season*. A short time before his death he buried the last of those members of his congregation who signed his call."

Among the elegant annual "Offerings" of the London press, there is one of great beauty, called the *Bijou*, which has an engraving of a picture of Sir Walter Scott and his Family, with the following characteristic production of the great novelist.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART."

Letter from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Adam Ferguson, descriptive of a picture painted at Abbotsford, by David Wilkie, Esq., R.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1818.

"MY DEAR ADAM:—The picture you mention has something in it of rather a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. Nevertheless, if you, the proprietor, incline to have it engraved, I do not see that I am entitled to make any objection.

"But Mr. ———, mentions besides a desire to have anecdotes of my private and domestic life, or, as he expresses himself, a portrait of the author in his night gown and slippers;—and this from you, who I dare say, could furnish some anecdotes of our younger days which might now seem ludicrous enough. Even as to my night gown and slippers, I believe the time has been when the articles of my wardrobe were as familiar to your memory as Poins to Prince Henry, but that period has been for some years past, and I cannot think it would be interesting to the public to learn that I had changed my old robe-de-chambre for a handsome douillette, when I was last at Paris.

"The truth is, that a man of ordinary sense cannot be supposed delighted with the species of gossip which, in the dearth of other news, recurs to such a quiet individual as myself; and though, like a well-behaved lion of twenty years' standing, I am not inclined to vex myself about what I cannot help, I will not, in any case in which I can prevent it, be accessory to these follies. There is no man known at all in literature who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have. I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance as that of the 'weary knife-grinder.'

'Story; God bless you! I have none to tell.'
sir

"The follies of youth ought long since to have passed away; and if the prejudices and absurdities of age have come in their place, I will keep them, as Beau Tibbs did his prospect, for the amusement of his domestic friends. A mere enumeration of the persons in the sketch is all which I can possibly permit to be published respecting myself and my family; and as must be the lot of humanity when we look back seven or eight years, even what follows cannot be drawn up without some very painful recollections.

"The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view toward the Eildon hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford in the county of Roxborough. 2. In front and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight, Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland.

"3. In the back ground is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at that time, painted in his own character of a shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit for three things unusual among the southland shepherds; first, that he had never been fou in the course of his life; secondly, that he never had struck a man in anger; thirdly, that though entrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford.

"4, 5, 6. Of the three female figures, the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. 5. The young person most forward in the group is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. John Gibson Lockhart; and 6, her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers with their lighlins, or milk-pails. 7. On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece, is the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott, now captain in the King's Hussars. 8. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.—The two dogs were distinguished favourites of the family: the large one was a stag hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present to me from the chief of Glen-gary, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called Ourisk (goblin), of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the honourable Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is also scarce. Maida like Bran, Lerath, and other dogs of distinction, slumbers 'beneath his stone,' distinguished by an epitaph, which, to the honour of Scottish scholarship be it spoken, has only one false quantity in two lines.

Maida marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida
Ad januum domini sit tibi terra levis

"Ourisk still survives, but like some other personages in the picture, with talents and temper rather the worse for wear. She has become what Dr. Rutty, the Quaker, records himself in his journal as having sometimes been—sinfully dogged and snappish.

"If it should suit Mr. —'s purpose to adopt the above illustrations he is heartily welcome to them, but I make it my special bargain that nothing more is said upon such a meagre subject.

"It strikes me, however, that there is a story about old Thomas Scott, the shepherd, which is characteristic, and which I will make your friend welcome to. 'Tom was, both as a trusted servant, and as a rich fellow in his line, a person of considerable importance among his class in the neighbourhood, and used to stickle a good deal to keep his place in public opinion. Now, he suffered, in his own idea at least, from the consequence assumed by a country neighbour, who, though neither so well reputed for wealth or sagacity as Thomas Scott, had yet an advantage over him, from having seen the late King, and used to take precedence upon all occasions when they chanced to meet. 'Thomas suffered under this superiority. But after this sketch was finished and exhibited in London, the newspapers made it known that his present majesty had condescended to take some notice of it. Delighted with the circumstance, Thomas set out, on a most oppressively hot day, to walk five miles to Bowden, where his rival resided. He had no sooner entered the cottage than he called out, in his broad forest dialect,—'Andro', man, did ye anes sey (see) the King?' 'In troth did I, Tam,' answered Andro'; 'sit down, and I'll tell ye 'a' about it:—ye sey, I was at Lonon, in a place they ca' the Park, that is, no like a hained hog fence, or like the four-nooked parks in this country.—'Hout awa', said Thomas, 'I have heard a' that before: I only came ower the know now to tell you that, if you have seen the king, the king has seen mey' (me). And so he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends, 'it had done him muckle gude to settle accounts with Andro'. 'Jocose hæc—as the old Laird of Restalrig writes to the Earl of Gowrie—farewell, my old, tried, and dear friend of forty long years. Our enjoyments must now be of a character less vivid than those we have shared together,

But still at our lot it were vain to repine,
Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne.

"Yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Abbotsford, 2d August, 1827."

From Tales from the English Souvenirs.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

BY W. M. PRAED, ESQ.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"

Romeo and Juliet.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:

A starlight sky was o'er his head,
 A quiet breeze around;
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
 And the waves a soothing sound:
 It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
 But love and calm delight;
 Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
 On his wrinkled brow that night.
 He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
 But he thought not of the reeds;
 He clasped his gilded rosary.
 But he did not tell the beads:
 If he looked to the Heaven, 'twas not to invoke
 The Spirit that dwelleth there;
 If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
 Had never the tone of prayer.
 A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,
 He had swayed the crosier well;
 But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
 The Abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
 He traced the windings of the shore.—
 Oh, beautiful is that river still,
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,
 And many a diun o'er-arching grove,
 And many a flat and sunny cove,
 And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
 The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
 And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
 So gay they are with grass and flowers.
 But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
 About as much, in sooth,
 As a lover thinks of constancy,
 Or an advocate of truth.
 He did not mark how the skies in wrath
 Grew dark above his head;
 He did not mark how the mossy path
 Grew damp beneath his tread;
 And nearer he came, and still more near,
 To a pool, in whose recess,
 The water had slept for many a year,
 Unchanged, and motionless;
 From the river stream it spread away,
 The space of half a rood;
 The surface had the hue of clay,
 And the scent of human blood;
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew,
 Were venomous and foul;
 And the birds that through the bushes flew,
 Were the vulture and the owl;
 The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a company pumped:
 And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,
 Grew rotten while it jumped;
 And bold was he who thither came,
 At midnight, man or boy;
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree:

When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!"

"Above,—below?"

"Lightly and brightly they glide and go:

"The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,

"The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;

"Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,

"Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"

In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
 He looked to the left, and he looked to the right,

And what was the vision close before him,
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,

And the life-blood colder run:

The startled priest struck both his thighs,
 And the Abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
 A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
 And putting in order his reel and rod.
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
 And a high red cap on his head he bore;
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;
 And two or three locks of long red hair
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
 Like a tattered flag o'er a spitting wreck.
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,
 Had bent that stout back nearly double;
 Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets;
 And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.
 The line the Abbot saw him throw,
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago:
 And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
 You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
 He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—

It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:

Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,

And its shape was the shape of a diadem.

It was fastened a gleaming hook about,

By a chain within, and a chain without;

The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,

And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,

Strange and varied sounds had birth;

Now the battle's bursting peal,

Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;

Now an old man's hollow groan

Echoed from the dungeon stone;

Now the weak and wailing cry

Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;

But the Abbot's blood ran colder,

When he saw a gasping knight lie there,

With a gash beneath his clotted hair,

And a hump upon his shoulder.

And the loyal churchman strove in vain,

To mutter a Pater Noster;

For he who writhed in mortal pain,

Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,

The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

It was a haunch of princely size,

Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent Abbot knew full well,

The swelling form, and the steaming smell;

Never a monk that wore a hood

Could better have guessed the very wood,

Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,
Of a revelling company;
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the fisherman sate;
And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.

"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!
There was turning of keys, and creaking of
locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords,
Into passion's thrilling words.

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set,
"Upon my brow, the coronet,
"Till thou wilt gather roses white,
"To wear around its gems of light.
"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
"Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
"Till those bewitching lips of thine,
"Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
"Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
"A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
"Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
"If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as
clay,

And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"—
And the Abbot heav'd some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of
locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,

Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy
vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe, the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or awakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are
dry,

With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle
still:

Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of
locks,

As he stalked away with his iron box.

"Oh ho! Oh ho!"

"The cock doth crow;

"It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.

"Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!

"He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;

"Let him swim to the north, let him swim to
the south,—

"The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation,

As ever was heard in the House of Peers,
Against Emancipation:

His words had made battalions quake,

Had roused the zeal of martyrs;

Had kept the Court an hour awake,

And the king himself three-quarters:

But ever from that hour, 'tis said,

He stammered and he stuttered,

As if an axe went through his head,

With every word he uttered.

He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,

He stuttered, drunk or dry,

And none but he and the Fisherman

Could tell the reason why!

From Sir Matthew Hale's Works.

I WOULD have you every morning read a
portion of the Holy Scriptures, till you have
read the Bible from the beginning to the end:
observe it well, read it reverently and atten-
tively, set your heart upon it, and lay it up in
your memory, and make it the direction of your
life; it will make you a wise and a good man.
I have been acquainted somewhat with men and
books, and have had long experience in learn-
ing and in the world: there is no book like the
Bible, for excellent learning, wisdom, and use,
and it is want of understanding in them that
think or speak otherwise.

From the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

SONNET TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its heist,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing ;—
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—
Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours, and blooms, and my Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

SONNET TO SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep
profound ;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground :
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and
alone.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE ASSASSINS.*

THERE is no term in more familiar use throughout Europe than that of Assassin, yet to the generality of readers little is known of the singular sect from which the appellation has been derived. William, archbishop of Tyre, and the Cardinal de Vitri, bishop of Acre, writers of the thirteenth century, gave some short notices of that terrible band of murderers, the followers and ministers of the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain, with whom the champions of the cross came in contact in Syria; and Benjamin of Tudela, the Jewish traveller, Hatton, the Armenian prince, and Marco Polo, the illustrious Venetian and father of modern travel, made known their first and chief establishment in Persia. The notions concerning them were vague and unsettled; their religious system and political constitution, remained enveloped in obscurity; and the wonderful narrative of the last-named traveller, the details of which will be found in the course of this article, tended to cast a veil of mystery and fable over the society to the eyes of Europeans.

But in the eighteenth century, Asia and every thing connected with it began to excite considerable attention, and the subject of the

* *Die Geschichte der Assassinen, aus Morgenländischen Quellen, durch Joseph Von Hammer. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1818.*

Assassins could not long remain unnoticed. D'Herbelot had, in his celebrated work, already given some account of them from his oriental authorities; and the copious and even profuse learning of Mr. Falconet, poured forth, (to use the language of Gibbon,) in two Memoirs read before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, all that was known concerning them. Gibbon's own account, derived from Falconet, does not occupy more than half a page, and in that short space more than one error may be detected. Latterly, the French orientalists have turned their attention to this interesting subject, and the labours of Silvestre de Sacy, Quatremère, and Jourdain, have tended much to illustrate the history and constitution of the society of the Assassins.

In Germany their history has been written by Witthof,* whose work we have not seen, but from the character given of it by the author whose work we are now to review, we should regard it as of little value. The last and completest work on the subject is that which stands at the head of this article, written by one of the most celebrated orientalists that modern Europe has produced. This history brings forward, from purely oriental sources, new and surprising views of the nature and organization of the Order, as Mr. Von Hammer denominates it. In English, we may here observe, there is no satisfactory account of the Assassins, except the short notice given of them by Sir John Malcolm, in his valuable History of Persia; and his statements do not, on every point, exactly tally with those of their German historian.† The work has now been published nine years, but we have reason to believe that it is very little known in England, and are tempted to think that the interest and novelty of its details will induce our readers to excuse us for going so far back.

Mr. Von Hammer depicts the Assassins as forming an Order, at once military and religious, like the Templars and the Teutonic Knights, with whom he compares them; and, like them, subject to the control and guidance of a Grand Master, who was named the Sheikh-el-Jebel, corruptly rendered the Old Man of the Mountain, who, from his seat at Alamoot in the north of Persia, like the General of the Jesuits from Rome, directed the motions of his numerous and devoted subjects, and made the most haughty monarchs tremble at his name. This novel and interesting view of the subject Mr. Von Hammer derives from Arabic and Persian authorities, from Ibn Khaledeon and Macrisi, from Mirkhond, Lary, Jelalee, of Kaim, and others. His work is divided into seven books, in which, after a very valuable introduction, he narrates the origin, progress, and downfall, of the Order, and concludes with a very spirited and detailed account—the first ever given in Europe—of the capture of Bagdad and the overthrow of the Caliphate, which fell, along

* *Das meuchelmörderische Reich der Assassinen. 8vo. Leipzig. 1765.*

† Mariti gives some account of the Assassins, but he only repeats what is to be found in preceding writers. The same may be said of the different historians of the Crusades, with the exception of Wilken.

with the empire of the Assassins, beneath the victorious arms of Hulugoo, the Tartar Khan. From this work we shall endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the organization of the sect, and display the mighty ills which may be brought on the human race by the agency of secret associations, in the history of the most powerful and most destructive one which ever existed. We must, however, previously, with Mr. Von Hammer, give some account of the state of Islam, in the times that succeeded the death of the Prophet.

Mohammed appointed no Caliph to succeed him. The murder of Othman transferred the Caliphate and Imamate, i. e. the supremacy in empire and in religion, to Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and his deposition and death again transferred them to Moawiah. From this period dates the great schism of the Mohammedan church. The Soonites, with their numerous subdivisions, acknowledged the first three Imams and Caliphs; the Sheaites maintain that Ali and his posterity were the only rightful successors of the Prophet. The principal sects of the latter were four, dissenting from each other on the grounds of Ali's claims to the Imamate, and the order in which it descended to his posterity. Of these we shall only notice the Imamee, as being the one most immediately connected with the Assassins.

The Imamee were divided into Imamites and Ismailites, who both held that after the twelfth Imam according to the former, or the seventh according to the latter, the Imam had *vanished*, and that the dignity was continued in a succession of *invisible* Imams. The latter derived their appellation from Ismail, the son of Jaafar Zaidik, the seventh, and, according to them, the last visible Imam; the former continued the series through Ismail's younger brother, Musa Kasim, to Askereed, and his son, Mohammed Mehdee. The claims of these Imams to the Caliphate were, in the time of the first Abbassides, so strong and so generally acknowledged, that Maimoon publicly declared Ali Reeza, the eighth of them, his successor, to the great discontent of the whole family of Abbas, who would probably have contested the point, had not Ali Reeza fortunately died before Maimoon, and with him died the hopes and prospects of the Imamee. But the other branch, the Ismailites, was more fortunate, and at length succeeded in placing one of their members, named Obeid-allah, on the throne of Egypt.

To understand fully how this was accomplished, we must cast a glance on the state of opinion in the East at that period. The ancient religion of Persia, pure as it was in its commencement, had been in the course of time greatly corrupted. Macrisi enumerates seven sects, one of which, named Mazdekee, from Mazdek its founder, advanced principles destructive of all religion and morality. It professed universal freedom and equality, the indifference of human actions, and the community of goods; and strange as it would appear, did not history furnish instances of similar folly, it numbered among its adherents the king of Persia, Cobad, the father of Noosheerwan. The imprudence of this monarch cost him his crown; and his son, Noosheerwan, con-

vinced of the pernicious influence of the sect, endeavoured totally to eradicate it with fire and sword. In this he did not completely succeed; the opinions continued to exist in secret, and again broke out, in the time of the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, when the followers of Mokannah* and Babek filled Persia with blood and devastation.

In this stormy period there lived at Ahras, in the south of Persia, a man named Abdallah, the son of Maimoon al Kaddah. He had been educated in the maxims of the ancient religion and policy of Persia; and national animosity inspired him with the idea of overthrowing the faith and the empire of the victorious Arabs. The bloody experience of his own times taught Abdallah the folly of attempting to overturn the prevailing religion and the reigning dynasty, so long as the conscience and the swords of the military were under their direction; and he saw clearly that secretly to undermine them was the only path to ultimate success. Knowing, also, how hazardous it is to attempt all at once to eradicate those prejudices in favour of the throne and altar, which are so deeply rooted in the minds of men, he resolved that the veil of mystery should envelope his design, and that his doctrines, which, in imitation of the schools of India and of Pythagoras, he divided into seven degrees, should only be gradually communicated to his disciples. The last and highest of these degrees taught the vanity of all religions, and the indifference of all actions, as neither here nor hereafter would they be rewarded or punished. With the greatest zeal, by means of missionaries, he disseminated his opinions and augmented the number of his disciples, and to gain them the more ready acceptance among the followers of Islam, he masqued his projects beneath a pretended zeal for the claims of the descendants of Mohammed the son of Ismail, to the Imamate.

During the life-time of Abdallah and his sons, these principles spread, in secret, far and wide, by the activity of their missionaries or *Dais*, as they were called. The plan of Abdallah was to extend his system gradually, and never to proclaim it openly until the throne should be in the possession of one of its disciples; but this deep-laid scheme was broken by the impetuosity of Ahmed of Cufa, surnamed Carmath, who, fully initiated in all the degrees of the secret system, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of *INDIFFERENCE*, and erected the banner of insurrection against the Caliphs, who were still in the height of their power. The contest was long and bloody, the holy city of Mecca was conquered, 30,000 Moslems fell in its defence, and the sacred *black stone* was carried off in triumph to Hajar. The struggle continued during a whole century, till the conflagration was at length quenched in the blood of the followers of Carmath. Notwithstanding this severe check, the doctrines of Abdallah still spread in secret, and at length, in the year 297 of the Hejira, an able missionary, a second Abdallah, succeeded in delivering from prison a pretended descendant of Mohammed the son of Ismail, and in placing him on the throne in Africa, under the name of Obeid-Allah Mehdee.

* The celebrated veiled Prophet.

This was the foundation of the dynasty of the Fatemite Caliphs of Egypt, who deduced their line from Ismail the son of Jaafar, and through him from Fatima the daughter of the Prophet.

The secret doctrine had now, in a great measure, attained its object; it had placed its creature upon a throne, and had become the established system in Africa. But it contemplated farther triumphs, and its Dais still overflowed Asia, making proselytes to the claims of Ismail, in the hope of yet overturning the throne of the Caliphs at Bagdad. M. Von Hammer (if his authority, Macrisi, may be depended upon*) gives, in this place, a most curious and interesting account of the structure and organization of what he terms the Lodge at Cairo, in which the members were, after a gradual progress through nine degrees, fully instructed in the doctrines of iniquity and impiety. Immediately, he says, after the establishment of the throne of the Fatemites, history mentions the meetings, which were held every Monday and Wednesday in presence of the Dai-el-doat or Chief Missionary, and were attended by great numbers of both men and women, who had separate lodges. These assemblies were named Mejalis-al-hicmet, or the Societies of Wisdom, and the members attended attired in white. On these days the Dai-el-doat always waited on the Caliph, and, when it was possible, read something to him, but, at all events, got his signature on the outside of the Lecture. When the lecture was finished, the scholars kissed his hand, and respectfully touched, with their foreheads the signature of the Caliph.

In the reign of the sixth Fatemite Caliph, the notorious Hakem-biomi-illah, the assemblies and their place of meeting were placed upon a most extensive footing. A large lodge, named Dar-al-hicmet or the House of Wisdom, was erected, and abundantly provided with books, mathematical instruments, and professors of every description. Disputations were frequently held in presence of the caliph, in which the professors, divided according to the four faculties, Logic, Mathematics, Law, and Medicine, appeared in their robes of ceremony, which robes, it is curious to observe, were exactly the same in form as those now worn by the doctors in Oxford and Cambridge. A yearly sum of 275,000 ducats was appropriated to the support of this institution, in which were taught all branches of human science, and, in nine ascending degrees, the secret doctrines of the Ismailites. The first of these degrees—the longest and most difficult—instilled into the mind of the pupil the most unlimited confidence in the wisdom of his instructor; it perplexed him by pointing out the absurdity and contradiction to reason of the text of the Koran, and excited his curiosity by hinting at the secret text which lay beneath the shell of

the outward word: on which subject, however, he most steadily refused any satisfaction, until he had taken the oath to receive the secret doctrine with implicit faith and unconditional obedience. When he had done this, he was admitted to the *second* degree, which inculcated the acknowledgment of Imaums, appointed of God as those from whom all knowledge was derived. In the *third* was taught the number of the Imaums, which was seven. The *fourth* informed the pupil that since the creation of the world there had been seven divine lawgivers or *speaking* prophets, each of whom had seven assistants, who succeeded each other during the epoch of the speaking prophet, and, as they did not appear publicly, they were named the *dumb* (zamt). The last speaking prophet was Ismail, and the first of his dumb ministers was Mohammed the son of Ismail: as, therefore, this last was not dead more than a century, the teacher had it in his power to declare whom he would, to those who had not passed this degree, to be the dumb prophet of the present age. In the *fifth* degree the pupil learned that each of the dumb prophets had twelve apostles to assist him in spreading the doctrine. The *sixth* taught that all positive religion was subordinate to philosophy. This degree was tedious, and not till the pupil had been well imbued with the wisdom of the philosophers was he admitted to the *seventh*, in which he passed from philosophy to mysticism, which was the doctrine of All is One, now held by the Soofees. In the *eighth* the doctrines of positive religion were once more brought forward; after what had preceded, they could not make any long stand, and the pupil was now fully instructed in the superfluosity of all prophets and divine teachers, the non-existence of heaven and hell, the indifference of actions, and thus prepared for the *ninth* and last degree, and to become the ready instrument of every project of ambition. *To believe nothing and to dare every thing*, was the sum and substance of this wisdom.

The claims of the Fatemite Caliph, and the secret doctrine of the Lodge at Cairo, were actively disseminated through Asia by the zeal of the Dais, and of their Refek or Companions, persons initiated in one or more degrees of the secret doctrine, and attached to the Dais as assistants, which their name denotes. Among the converts and members of the Lodge then gained, was one who founded, some years after, the society which, during more than a century and a half, filled Asia with terror and dismay. This was the celebrated Hassan Ben Sabah, the founder of the Assassins or Eastern Ismailites, as writers name them, to distinguish them from their Egyptian or Western brethren.

Hassan was one of those characters that appear from time to time in the world, as if sent to operate some mighty change in the destinies of mankind. Endued with mental powers of the first order, conscious of his own superiority, filled with ambition the most immoderate, and possessed of the courage, patience, and foresight requisite for the accomplishment of his deep-laid plans, Hassan must, at any period of the world, have been a distinguished actor in its scenes; but no period more calculated for the display of his transcendent talents could

* In the opinion of De Sacy M. Von Hammer has completely succeeded in developing the organization and principles of the Ismailites. De Sacy is, however, of opinion that the original terms do not fully justify M. Von Hammer in ascribing to them, to the extent he does, the doctrines of atheism and the indifference of moral actions.

have occurred than the one in which his lot had been cast. He was the son of Ali, a strenuous Shea-ite, who resided at Rei. Ali was strongly suspected of entertaining heretical and impious opinions, and could hardly, by the most solemn oaths and protestations, obtain credit for his orthodoxy. He retired at length into a convent, and to clear himself as much as possible from the suspicions entertained against him, he sent his son to Nishaboor, to be educated by the Imaum Mowafek Nishabooree, the most illustrious Doctor of the Soonnah, in the East; of whom it was said, that every one who studied the Koran and the Soonnah under him was certain to be fortunate in after-life. Here the young Hassan had for his fellow students Omar Khiam and Nizam-ul-Mulk, the former of whom became celebrated for poetry and philosophy, and the latter, under three successive monarchs of the house of Seljuk, filled the first posts of the empire.

Even at this early period the ambitious mind of Hassan, and his long-sighted views of future advancement and dignity, displayed themselves. He one day, as Nizam-ul-Mulk himself informs us, addressed his two companions, reminded them of the general opinion of the success of the Imaum's pupils, and proposed that they should enter into an agreement that in whichever of the three this opinion should be verified, he should share his fortune with the other two. Omar and Nizam readily assented, and the latter devoting himself to politics, soon attained the Viziership under Togrul, and Alp Arslan, the great Seljuicides. During the reigns of Togrul and Alp Arslan, Hassan remained in privacy and obscurity; but no sooner had Melek Shah, the successor of the latter, ascended the throne, than the descendant of Sabah appeared at court, and, in the severe terms which the Koran uses of breakers of their word, reminded the Vizier of the promise of his youth, and called upon him to perform it. Nizam received him with honour, gave him rank and revenue, and introduced him to the intimacy of the Sultan. Hassan's object in waiting for the accession of Melek Shah had evidently been to supplant his friend Nizam, an object more easily attainable with a youthful prince than with an experienced monarch. He accordingly sought by every means, under the mask of bluntness and honesty, to gain an ascendancy over the mind of the Sultan, and succeeded so far, that Melek Shah consulted him upon every affair of moment, and acted according to his advice. Nizam's credit and influence were visibly in the wane, for his rival sedulously conveyed to the ears of the sultan even the slightest errors of the Divan, and, by his artful insinuations, threw the entire blame on the prime Vizier. But, according to Nizam-ul-Mulk's account, the worst trick he played him was his undertaking to lay before the Sultan, within forty days, a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the Sovereign; a task, to accomplish which the Vizier had required ten times the space. The clerks of the treasury were all placed under Hassan, and Nizam-ul-Mulk acknowledges that he performed what he had undertaken within the given time; but, as he adds, that Hassan derived no advantage from it, but was, on the contrary, at the instant of

giving in the account, covered with disgrace and obliged to quit the Court, for which Nizam assigns no cause, we are obliged to find an explanation of it in the narrative of other writers. According to them, Nizam himself, trembling for his place, contrived secretly to abstract some of the leaves of his rival's accounts, and when Hassan presented himself before the Sultan in full assurance of a complete triumph, to his extreme mortification, the mutilated state of his papers, for which he could in no way account, drew down on him the highest displeasure of the Sultan. Nizam, indeed, confesses, with great naiveté, that had not this occurred, he himself would have been obliged to follow the same course as Hassan.

The latter, inwardly meditating vengeance against the Sultan and the Vizier, retired to Rei, and from thence went to Isfahan, where he remained concealed in the house of the Reis Abou'l Fazl, to escape the perquisitions of Nizam-ul-Mulk. While there he made the remarkable declaration, that if he had but two devoted friends, he would soon overthrow the Turk and the peasant, as he called Melek Shah and Nizam-ul-Mulk. The simple-hearted Reis believed him to be out of his mind, and began secretly to administer to him aromatic draughts to strengthen his brain. Hassan was soon aware of the opinion of his host, and resolved to leave him and proceed to Egypt, to the grand lodge of the Ismailites, of whose society he had long been a member. The account of his first connexion with that sect is given by Mirkhond in Hassan's own words, and as they enable us to form a clear idea of the character of the man, and show that like Mohammed, Cromwell, and almost every fanatic, he was sincere at first, whatever he might have become afterwards, we will lay them before our readers.

"From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my only object was to attain to knowledge and capacity. I was, like my father, brought up in the doctrine of the twelve Imaums (Imamees), and I formed an acquaintance with the Ismailite Refeek, named Emire-d-Dharab, with whom I knit the bond of friendship. My opinion was, that the doctrine of the Ismailites was like that of the philosophers, and that the sovereign of Egypt was a man who was initiated in it. As often as Emire spoke in support of his doctrine, I fell into a controversy with him, and many an argument on points of faith arose between us. I never gave way to the charges which Emire brought against my sect, though secretly they made a strong impression on my mind. Meanwhile Emire departed from me, and I fell into a severe sickness, during which time I frequently reproached myself that although I knew the doctrine of the Ismailites to be the true one, out of mere stiff-neckedness I hesitated to acknowledge it; and that if, which God avert, death should surprise me, I should die without having attained to the truth. At length I recovered from that sickness, and met with another Ismailite, named Abou Nejm Zaraj, of whom I inquired concerning the truth of his doctrine. Abou Nejm explained it to me in the most circumstantial manner, until I saw fully into the depths of it. At last I met a Dai call-

ed Moomeem, whom the Sheikh Abd-al-melek Ben Attash, the director of the missions of Irak, had authorized to execute this office. I besought him to accept my homage in the name of the Fatemite Caliph; he at first refused, because I had been in a higher rank than himself; but when I pressed him thereto out of all measure, he at length consented. When now the Sheikh Abd-al-melek came to Rei, and by his intercourse with me came to know me, my deportment was pleasing to him, and he immediately conferred on me the office of a Dai. He said to me, 'thou must go into Egypt, and become a partaker of the happiness of serving the Imaum Moustansar,' the then reigning Caliph. When the Sheikh Abd-al-melek went from Rei to Isfahan I departed for Egypt."

Hassan, whose fame had preceded him, was received in Egypt with the highest honours; the Dai-al-doat and other distinguished personages were sent to the frontiers to meet him, and the Caliph assigned him a residence, and loaded him with favours. But happening to take an active part in the dispute concerning the succession, his enemies prevailed against him; he was thrown into prison, and afterwards forced on board a ship bound for the coast of Africa. A storm drove the vessel to the coast of Syria, where Hassan disembarked; he then passed some years in travelling through different countries of the East, zealously spreading his doctrines, and acquiring proselytes. He had observed that during the space of two hundred years that had elapsed since Abdallah first introduced the secret doctrine into Islam, though the missionaries had been indefatigable, and the disciples numerous, except in the instance of the establishment of the Fatemite dynasty in Egypt, no temporal dominion the attainment of which was the leading object of the society, had been acquired. He saw moreover that the Seljuicides, as protectors of the phantom of a Caliph who sat at Bagdad, had risen to the highest power; and he conceived that as he was now strengthened by numerous disciples, he might, as the champion of the rights of the descendants of Ismail, take his rank with princes, when possessed of dominion and power. To attain this object, all he required was some strong position, from which as a centre he might gradually extend his possessions; and he fixed his eye upon the hill-fort of Alamoot, (that is—the Vulture's Nest, so named from its lofty and impregnable site,) situated in the district of Roodbar, to the north of Kasveen. Alamoot was gained partly by force and partly by stratagem; he first sent thither one of his most trusty Dais, who converted a great number of the inhabitants, and with their aid expelled the governor. Historians say, that he employed the same stratagem that Dido had used to gain the soil on which she built Carthage, but stories of that kind are common in the East; and Sir John Malcolm informs us, that the person with whom he read this piece of history told him, that it was in this manner the English obtained Calcutta of the poor Emperor of Delhi.

In possession of a strong fortress, Hassan turned his mind to the organization of that band of followers whose daggers were to spread the dread and the terror of his power throughout

Asia. Experience and reflection had shown him that the many could never be governed by the few, without the salutary curb of religion and morality; that a system of impiety, though it might serve to overturn, was not calculated to maintain and support a throne; and his object was now to establish a fixed and lasting dominion. Though as an adept, initiated in the highest degree of the lodge at Cairo, he had been long satisfied of the nothingness of all religion, he determined to maintain among his followers the religion of Islam in all its rigour. The most exact and minute observance of even its most trivial ordinances was to be exacted from those who, generally unknown to themselves, were banded for its destruction; and the veil of mystery, within which few were permitted to enter, shrouded the secret doctrine from the eyes of the major part of the society. The claims of Ismail, the purity of religion, were ostensibly advanced; but the rise of Hassan Sabah, and the downfall of all religion, were the real objects of those who directed the machinery.

The Ismailite doctrine had hitherto been disseminated by missionaries and companions alone. Heads without hands were of no avail in the eyes of Hassan; it was necessary to have a third class, which, ignorant of the secret doctrine, would be the blind and willing instruments of the designs of their superiors. This class were named the Fedavee or Devoted, were clothed in white, with red bonnets or girdles, and armed with daggers; these were the men who, reckless of their lives, executed the bloody mandates of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, the title assumed by Hassan. As a proof of the fanaticism that Hassan contrived to instil into his followers, we give the following instance. In the year 1126, Kasim-ed-devlet Absoncor, the brave prince of Mosul, was, as he entered the mosque, attacked by eight assassins disguised as dervises; he killed three, and the rest, with the exception of one young man, were massacred by the people; but the prince had received his death wound. When the news spread that Kasim-ed-devlet had fallen by the daggers of the assassins, the mother of the young man who had escaped painted and adorned herself, rejoicing that her son had been found worthy to offer up his life in support of the good cause; but when he came back the only survivor, she cut off her hair and blackened her face, through grief that he had not shared the death of glory: "Such," observes M. Hammer, "was the Spartanism of the Assassins."

A display of the means by which the chief of the Assassins succeeded in infusing this spirit of strong faith and devotion into his followers forms an interesting chapter in the history of man. It might seem incredible, did not experience abundantly prove it, that the human mind could ever be brought to believe, or act on the most unfounded and irrational opinions; but those who reflect on the follies of the disciples of the various fanatics and impostors who have deluded mankind, will cease to be surprised at the blind devotion of the Fedavee. Even in our own days the chief of the Wahabees contrived to instil into his followers the persuasion that he could dispose of the mar-

sions of eternal bliss.* It is not undeserving of remark that the two powers that waged war simultaneously against Islam, the Christians of the West, and the Assassins of the East, were both stimulated by their spiritual heads with the same motives. Those who fell in the crusade were pronounced by the Pope to be martyrs, and entitled to the kingdom of Heaven; and to the Fedavee who fell in executing the mandates of his superior, the gates of Paradise unfolded, and he entered into the enjoyment of the ivory palace, the silken robe, and the black-eyed houries. This known quality of the human mind might suffice to account for the blind devotion and the contempt of life of the Ismailite Fedavee; but Marco Polo, whose fidelity and veracity, like those of Herodotus, become every day more apparent, as we become better acquainted with the history and manners of the East, gives a particular description of the mode in which the Ismailite chief instilled into the minds of those whom he deemed fit subjects, the longing after the joys of Paradise, and the disregard of earthly existence. As Marco Polo's narrative is confirmed by oriental writers, M. Von Hammer is disposed to regard it as true in the main circumstances; but De Sacy and Wilken seem inclined to suppose that the description applies to the visions excited in the mind of the votary by the intoxicating draught which he had swallowed, and not to any scenes of reality.

According to the Venetian traveller and the Arabian author of the "*Sireh Hakem-biemrillah*," there was at Alamoot, and also at Masiat in Syria, a delicious garden, encompassed with lofty walls, adorned with trees and flowers of every kind—with murmuring brooks and translucent lakes—with bowers of roses and trellices of the vine—airy halls and splendid kiosks, furnished with the carpets of Persia and the silks of Byzantium. Beautiful maidens and blooming boys were the inhabitants of this delicious spot, which ever resounded with the melody of birds, the murmur of streams, and the ravishing tones of voices and instruments—all respired contentment and pleasure. When the chief had noticed any youth to be distinguished for strength and resolution, he invited him to a banquet, where he placed him beside himself, conversed with him on the happiness reserved for the faithful, and contrived to administer to him an intoxicating draught prepared from the hyoscyamus. While insensible, he was conveyed into the garden of delight, and there awakened by the application of vinegar. On opening his eyes all Paradise met his view; the black-eyed and green-robed houries surrounded him, obedient to his wishes; sweet music filled his ears; the richest viands were

served up in the most costly vessels; and the choicest wines sparkled in golden cups. The fortunate youth believed himself really in the Paradise of the prophet, and the language of his attendants confirmed the delusion. When he had had his fill of enjoyment, and nature was yielding to exhaustion, the opiate was again administered, and the sleeper transported back to the side of the chief, to whom he communicated what had passed, and who assured him of the truth and reality of all he had experienced, telling him such was the bliss reserved for the obedient servants of the Imaum, and enjoining at the same time the strictest secrecy. Ever after the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of Paradise. Can it be possible that all this is true; or is it purely the invention of the orthodox to throw odium on the sect?

We will observe *en passant*, that we have here, according to De Sacy, the true origin of the name Assassin. Hyde derived it from Hassa, to kill; others from the Jewish Essenes; the prevailing derivation, which is even the one given by Sir John Malcolm, is from Hassan the first chief; but M. de Sacy thinks that Lemoine was near the truth when he deduced it from a word signifying *herbage*, and consequently *gardens*; the word *Hashish*, which signifies the bang or opiate of hemp-leaves, is, according to M. de Sacy, whose opinion is adopted by Hammer, the true root, and they obtained their appellation from the use they made of the opiate prepared from that plant.

Let us now take a view of the society as constituted by Hassan Sabah. The mystic number *seven* appeared every where. They acknowledged *seven* Imaums; the degrees were *seven*, viz. the Sheikh, the Dai-al-kebir, or chief of the Dais, the Dai, the Refeek, the Fedavee, the Laseek, or aspirants, and the Profane, or the common people. For the use of the Dais, Hassan drew up a particular rule consisting of *seven* heads, which our author regards as the proper breviary of the Order. The *first* head, called Ashinai-risk, or knowledge of their calling, contained the maxims of the requisite knowledge of human nature for the selection of fit subjects for initiation, and to this belonged the numerous proverbs and dark sayings which were current among the Dais, as formerly among the Pythagoreans, and since among the Jesuits. The *second* rule, called Tefnees, gaining of confidence, taught to gain the candidates by flattering their passions and inclinations. The *third* instructed to puzzle them by doubts and questions on the precepts of religion and the absurdities of the Koran. The *fourth* imposed the Ahd, the oath of silence and obedience; and the candidate swore most solemnly never to impart his doubts to any but his superior, and blindly to obey him in all things. The *fifth* rule, Tedlees, taught the candidates that their opinions coincided with those of the greatest men in church and state. This was done to entice them by the example of the great and powerful. The *sixth*, Tesces, merely went over again what had preceded, to con-

* A follower of the modern Wahabee, who a few years ago stabbed an Arabian chief, near Bassora, not only refused to save his life, but anxiously courted death, grasping in his hand a paper, which he seemed to prize far beyond his existence. This, when examined, proved to be an order from the Wahabee chief for an emerald palace and a number of beautiful female slaves, in the delightful regions of eternal bliss.—Sir John Malcolm, from a Persian

firm and strengthen the pupil therein. The seventh and last, Teevil, the allegorical instructions, closed the course. This taught to neglect the plain sense, and seek an allegorical one in the Koran; and it formed the essence of the *secret doctrine*. Hence the Assassins were named Batenee, the internal. This system has frequently been applied to the Bible as well as to the Koran, and its powers in explaining away articles of faith and precepts of moral duty, and establishing the principle of every thing being permitted to the chosen, can easily be conceived. This higher knowledge was confined to a very few; the great majority of the members were straitly curbed by the positive precepts of Islam.

Thus constituted, the power of the Order began to display itself. By force or by treachery, the castles or hill-forts of Persia fell one after another into their hands. A bloody period ensued; the doctors of the law excommunicated the adherents of Hassan, and the Sultan, Melek Shah, directed his generals to reduce their fortresses; the daggers of the Assassins were displayed against the swords of the orthodox, and the first victim to Hassan's revenge was the great and good Nizam-ul-mulk, who fell by the dagger of a Fedavee. His death was followed by that of his master, not without strong suspicion of poison. "The governments were arrayed in open enmity against the Order, and heads fell like an abundant harvest beneath the two-fold sickle of the dagger of assassination and the sword of justice."

Simultaneously with the Crusaders, the Assassins appeared in Syria, and by means of Riswan, Prince of Haleb, or Aleppo, acquired fortresses in that country. In Syria, as in Persia, they were persecuted and massacred; and there also the dagger amply avenged those who fell by the sword. In Persia, after a protracted contest, a dagger planted opportunely on the ground at Sultan Sanjer's head, reminded him of the danger of continued enmity, and peace was established between the Seljuicide Sultan and the Sheikh of Alamoot. The Ismailites agreed on their part to add no more works to their forts, to purchase no arms or military machines, and to make no more proselytes; and the Sultan released them from all taxes in the district of Kirdkoo, and assigned them a portion of the revenues of the territory of Koomees as an annual pension.

After a reign of five-and-thirty years, Hassan Sabah saw his power extended over a great portion of the Mohammedan world. Three grand missionaries (Dai-al-kebir) presided over the three provinces of Jebal, Cuhistan, and Syria; while from his chamber at Alamoot, (which apartment he left but twice during his long reign,) Hassan directed the operations of his followers, and occupied his leisure in drawing up rules and regulations for the Order. He died at a very great age, leaving no children; for he had put his two sons to death, one for the crime of murder, the other for the transgression of some trifling precept of the Koran. When he felt the approach of death, he summoned to Alamoot the Dai Keah Buzoorg Oomeid from Lamseer, and Abou Ali from

Casveen, and divided the government between them, so that Abou Ali should direct the external operations and the internal administration of the society; Keah should, as the proper chief, possess the highest spiritual power and guidance of the Order. Sir John Malcolm, it therefore appears, was wrong in stating that Keah Buzoorg Oomeid was the son of Hassan Sabah.

Keah Buzoorg trod in the footsteps of the founder of the Order. Hostilities were renewed between him and the Seljuicides, and Alamoot fell for a time into the hands of Sultan Mahmood. But the power of the Order had struck root too deeply to be easily overthrown, and it speedily recovered from its temporary disasters. In Syria too, though violently opposed, it extended its influence. It was at this period that the first connexion occurred between the Assassins and the crusaders. Aboul-Wefa, the Ismailite Dai-al-kebir, was also Hakem or chief judge of Damascus, and he entered into a treaty with Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem, by which he engaged to deliver on a Friday, when the Emir and his court were at prayer in the mosque, the gates of the city into the hands of the Christians, on the condition of the city of Tyre being given to him as a reward. Baldwin's chief adviser in this compact with the secret enemies of Islam was Hugo de Payens, the first Grand Master of the Templars, which order had now been established about ten years. M. Von Hammer traces a great, though perhaps in some points a fanciful resemblance, between the Asiatic and the European orders. The Templars were divided into Knights, Esquires, and Lay Brethren, which answer to the Refeek, Fedavee, and Laseek of the Assassins, as the Prior, Grand Prior, and Grand Master of the former correspond with the Dai, Dai-al-kebir, and Sheikh of the Mountain of the latter. As the Ismailite Refeek was clad in white, with a red mark of distinction, so the Knight of the Temple wore a white mantle adorned with the red cross; and the preceptories of the Templars in Europe corresponded to the castles of the Assassins in Asia; and as these last held a secret doctrine destructive of all religion, the accusations of their enemies, and the extorted confessions of their members, cast similar imputations on the Knights of the Temple. M. Von Hammer is so satisfied of the correspondence, that throughout his work he uses the terms Grand Master and Grand Prior as synonymous with Sheikh-al-jebel and Dai-al-kebir.*

The enterprise against Damascus failed; the prince of that city got timely information of the plot; the Vizier, the great friend and protector of the Assassins, was put to death; and

* M. de Sacy, though admitting the resemblance between the Templars and the Assassins, does not think him sufficiently authorized in this transference of appellations. M. Von Hammer has embodied the accusations against the Templars in a long and curious dissertation inserted in the *Mines de l'Orient*, in which, according to the opinion of the same learned and judicious critic, he has allowed his imagination to lead him too far astray.

an indiscriminate massacre of these fanatics ordered, to which six thousand fell victims. The Christian army, on its march to Damascus, was assailed by a valiant band of the Damascene warriors, as well as overtaken by one of those awful storms of thunder, rain, and snow that at times occur in the regions of the East. Their superstitious minds ascribed this to the vengeance of heaven, justly incensed at their unhallowed union with treachery and murder, and they fled in dismay before their enemies. All that they acquired was the castle of Baniyas, the strongest hold at that time of the Assassins in Syria, which the governor, dreading to share the fate of his brethren in Damascus, delivered up to the Christians. This event occurred at the same time that Alamoot was gained by Mahmood, and the Ismailite power in Persia and in Syria was thus shaken to its foundation. But the hydra was not thus to be slain; the house of Seljuk was soon glad to agree to terms of peace; the Syrian fortresses were again recovered; in the reign of Keah Buzoorg the daggers of the Order were first imbued in the sacred blood of the successors of the Prophet; and a Caliph of Bagdad, and, notwithstanding his descent from Ismail, another of Cairo, were the victims.

Keah Buzoorg departed from the maxims of the founder, and appointed his son Mohammed as his successor, perhaps with paternal partiality esteeming him the person best adapted to govern the Order. Mohammed was, however, weak and inefficient, but his son and successor, Hassan II., merits particular attention.

Hassan was distinguished for his learning and talents, and the people, despising the weakness and incapacity of Mohammed, attached themselves to his son, who, during the lifetime of his father, countenanced the opinion which was spread abroad, that he was the Imaum promised by Hassan Sabah. The members of the Order attached themselves to him more and more every day, until at length Mohammed was roused from his spathy, and assembling the people, he declared publicly, "Hassan is my son. I am not the Imaum, but one of his missionaries. Whoever maintains the contrary is an infidel;" and in the true spirit of the Order he confirmed his words by instant action. Two hundred and fifty of Hassan's adherents were executed, and two hundred and fifty more expelled from the fortress; and it was only by publicly cursing, and writing treatises against the Illuminators, as he and his adherents were called, that Hassan escaped the vengeance of the incensed Grand Master. But when Hassan had succeeded to the supreme authority, he could not resist the vanity of becoming a teacher and Illuminator; forgetful of the prudent counsels of the founder to the initiated, to conceal under the mask of religious zeal the ambition and infidelity which were to be their secret guides, he, by his mad disclosures of the mysteries, justified the curses of the people, the excommunications of the church, and the death-warrants of kings against the Order.

In the month Ramazan, the Mohammedan Lent, Hassan convoked all the inhabitants of Roodbar to Alamoot. A pulpit was erected

in an open place before the fort, and turned towards Mecca; and on the 17th of the month, when the people were all assembled, the Grand Master ascended the pulpit, and commenced his discourse, by raising doubts and confusion in the minds of his hearers. He informed them that a messenger had come, bearing to him a letter from the Imaum (the Egyptian Caliph), directed to all the Ismailites, by which the fundamental doctrines of the sect were renewed and strengthened. He declared to them, that by this letter the gates of favour and mercy were opened to all who should obey and hearken to him; that they were the true elect, released from all the obligations of the Law, and from the burden of commands and prohibitions; and that he had now conducted them to the Day of the Resurrection, that is, the Revelation of the Imaum. He then read the forged missive of the Imaum, which declared Hassan to be his Caliph, Dai and Hujet, or evidence, and enjoined all the followers of the Ismailite doctrine to yield obedience to him, in all points. The conclusion of it was, "They shall know that our Lord hath had compassion on them, and hath conducted them to the most High God." Hassan then descended from the pulpit, caused the tables to be spread, commanded the people to break their fast, and, with music and dancing, as on festival days, to abandon themselves to every species of enjoyment; for this, said he, this is the Day of the Resurrection. How similar are the workings of human nature, and how closely does this scene resemble the wild extravagances which have been occasionally acted by fanatics in the Christian world!"

Hassan, the Illuminator, was, after a short reign, murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed, who succeeded him, and who rivalled him in knowledge, and in the open disregard of morality and religion.

At this period the history of the Assassins in Persia presents little to interest; but the Syrian branch was involved in friendship and enmity with the great Saladin, and the Christian sovereigns of Jerusalem. The life of the former was assailed more than once by their daggers, and but for the intercession of the prince of Hamar, he would have completely extirpated them. The Grand Prior engaged that no more attempts should be made on the life of the gallant Sultan, and he faithfully kept his engagement, for, during the remaining fifteen years of Saladin's reign, he was never approached by an Assassin. The name of this Grand Prior was Sinan, one of those personages who have at various times in the East, by an extraordinary appearance of austerity and devotion, gained, in the eyes of the credulous multitude, the reputation of divinity. He gave himself out to be an incarnation of the Deity; he wore no clothing but sackcloth; no one ever saw him eat, drink, or sleep; and from sunrise to sunset he preached, from the top of a lofty rock, to the assembled multitude, who listened to his words as to those of a God. But the popular idea of divinity is loose and unsettled; a lameness which Sinan had contracted by a

* This was precisely one of the heretical notions which St. Paul combated.

wound from a stone, in the great earthquake of A. D. 1157, having proved him a mere mortal in the eyes of the multitude, they were on the point of conferring on him the glory of martyrdom, when he descended from his rock and invited them to eat; and such was the power of his eloquence that they unanimously swore obedience and fidelity to him, as their superior. His influence continued unimpaired during his life, and at the present day his writings are held in high veneration by the remnant of the sect which still lingers in the mountains of Syria.

Sinan had read the books of the Christians, as well as those of his own religion; and whether from conviction or (what is much more probable) from a wish for peace and exemption from tribute, he sent an ambassador to Almeric, king of Jerusalem, offering, in his own name and that of his people, to submit to baptism, if the Templars, their near neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of two thousand ducats, which they had imposed on them, and live with them hereafter in peace and brotherly concord. The king received the embassy with joy, agreed to all the conditions, offered to reimburse the Templars from his treasury, and after detaining the envoys a few days, dismissed them with guides and an escort to their own borders. But as they approached their castles, they were assailed by an ambush of the Templars, led by Walter of Dumesnil, and the ambassador was murdered. The king, incensed at this treacherous and cruel deed, assembled the princes, and, by their advice, sent two of their number to demand satisfaction from the Grand Master, Odo de St. Amando. But the haughty and impious priest replied that he had already imposed penance on brother Dumesnil, and would send him to the Holy Father, by whom it was forbidden to lay violent hands on him, and more to the same effect. The king, however, had the murderer dragged from the habitation of the Templars, and thrown into prison at Tyre; and the perfidious Grand Master, having been taken by Saladin in the battle of Sidon, the loss of which was laid to his charge, died the same year, unlamented, in a dungeon. The king was justified in the eyes of Sinan, but all hopes of the conversion of the Assassins were at an end, and the dagger, after a truce of forty-two years, was again brandished against the crusaders. Its most illustrious victim was Conrad, marquis of Montferrat; and as both oriental and occidental writers agree in laying the guilt of it on Richard Cœur de Lion, we shall examine the evidence with some attention.

Conrad, marquis of Tyre and Montferrat, was attacked and murdered, in the marketplace of Tyre, by two of the Assassins. On this point all writers are agreed; but who the real author and promoter of the murder was, is still contested. At the time, both Christians and Mahomedans joined in imputing it to Richard, king of England, who was known to be on ill terms with the marquis. Albericus Trium Fontium says expressly that the murderers were hired by that prince. Bohadin, the Arabic biographer of Saladin, says that the Assassins, when tortured, confessed they had been employed by the English king; and Mr.

Von Hammer gives the following passage from the Arabic History of Jerusalem and Hebron, which he considers quite decisive on the subject. "The marquis went, on the 13th of the month Ribce-ul-ewal, to visit the bishop of Tyre. As he was going out, he was attacked by two Assassins, who slew him with their daggers. When taken and stretched on the rack, they confessed that they had been employed by the king of England. They died under the torture." He adds that the same work contains instances of treachery and perfidy of Richard, which stain his character, and confirm the charge of his participation in this murder. We think that Mr. Von Hammer is not justified in making so strong an assertion. We have looked over the extracts from that work, given by himself, in the *Funeграben des Orients*, (*Mines de l'Orient*;) where it is to be supposed he would omit nothing of the kind, and we could find nothing but an accusation of having put some Moslem prisoners to death, and a passionate assertion of the zealous Musulman writer, that nothing could be settled with Richard, "because he always broke off what he had arranged, by continually retracting what he had said. May God curse him." Mr. Von Hammer, too, seems forgetful of the other and most probably the real cause of the enmity of the duke of Austria to Richard, when he regards the assassination of the marquis Conrad, who was a kinsman of Leopold, as the cause of the arrest and imprisonment of the king of England, and thus endeavours to remove the stigma which has hitherto adhered to the character of the Austrian duke. But our author, be it recollected, is a subject of Austria, and may, therefore, be desirous of vindicating the fame of that house; in our eyes, even were Richard guilty, Leopold was treacherous and unmanly.

Cœur de Lion, unfortunately, cannot be fully acquitted. The defence set up for him by his zealous subjects only tends to confirm his guilt in the eyes of posterity. Nicholas de Treveth, and Brompton have, indeed, given letters said to be written by the Old Man of the Mountain to the duke of Austria, and to the princes and people of Christendom, in exculpation of Richard; but modern writers have, almost without exception, concurred in regarding them as forgeries. In these the Chief of the Assassins warmly undertakes the defence of Richard, and asserts that the marquis was slain by his direction, because some of his people, who had been shipwrecked near Tyre, had been robbed and murdered; and when he sent to demand satisfaction of the marquis, the latter threatened to throw the messengers into the sea; that he had therefore determined on immolating the marquis, and had his decree executed by two brethren, in the view of the people. Against these documents it is objected by Mr. Von Hammer, that the one commences with swearing by the Law, at the very time that the Assassins openly trod the Law under foot, and is dated by the era of the Seleucidæ, when the Assassins had commenced a new æra, that of the removal of the Law by Hassan the Illuminator; that the superscriptions are contrary to the oriental mode; and that it is incredible the Chief of the Assassins would draw on himself

the vengeance of the Christians for the sake of a monarch of whom he had no knowledge. Yet we see not but that some defence might still be set up for this "absurd and palpable forgery," as it is called by Gibbon. Sinan was the Syrian Grand Prior, and he was not the contemner of the Law that Hassan was. The æra of the Seleucidæ was the one in common use in Syria, and therefore it is more probable he would use that than one only known to the Assassins themselves; Sinan might, like Saladin, have felt an esteem for the chivalrous king of England, and have written the letter at his request; and as for the vengeance of the Christian princes, the Order had, on more occasions than one, shown how little they regarded it. The objection to the superscription is, however, hardly to be got over. The Dail-kebir of Syria would scarcely style himself Sheikh-el-jebel, of which the Latin *Vetus do Monte* is a fair translation. Yet a translator might have taken upon him to substitute the title best known in Europe. At all events, the weakness of the defence set up by an injudicious advocate does not necessarily infer the guilt of the accused. There is also an oriental witness, at least negatively, in favour of Richard; the continuator of Tabari (see Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades*) says that the murderers, when about to be executed, refused to confess by whom they had been employed; and, lastly, Mr. Falconet and others, with whom we agree, argue, from the generosity and magnanimity of the Plantagenet, the impossibility of his being concerned in a base and treacherous assassination. Mr. Falconet is of opinion that the true author of the murder was Humphrey, lord of Thoron, the first husband of Isabella, daughter of Almeric, and heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem, who, provoked at the annulling of his marriage, and at seeing his wife and the crown passing to Conrad, employed the Assassins to avenge him.

The reign of Jellal-ed-deen, the son of Mohammed, was a period of repose for Asia. He directed all his efforts to the restoration of religion and piety; sent circular letters, to that effect, to the Caliph and Sultan, and other princes; was dignified by the doctors of the law, whom he succeeded in convincing of his sincerity, with the appellation of New Mussulman; and obtained from the Caliph the title of prince, which had never been conceded to any of his predecessors. His harem made the great pilgrimage to Mecca, and the Caliph gave precedence to the banners of the pilgrims from Alamoot over those of the mighty Sultan of Khowaresm. The Grand Master, also, with the consent of the Caliph, espoused the daughter of Kai Kawas, prince of Ghilan. But the reign of Jellal-ed-deen was too short to undo the evil introduced by his two predecessors; and on his death, occasioned by poison, the dagger again raged among his kindred, to avenge him, at the command of his son and successor, Ala-ed-deen, a boy of nine years. For such was the idea of the Ismailites concerning the Imaum, that they obeyed his commands, as proceeding from one inspired by the Deity, with cheerful submission, satisfied that the ignorance or imbecility of the Vicar of God could not extend to his inspired dictates.

Ala-ed-deen, after a blood-stained reign, was, like several of those who had preceded him, murdered; and the direction of the society devolved on his son, Roken-ed-deen, who had conspired against him. In the time of this last, the entreaties of the feeble Caliph of Bagdad, and of the judge of Casveen, invoked the mighty Mangoo Kaan, to free the earth from this murderous band, who made existence a misery to those who dared to provoke their resentment; and the conqueror of the world issued his mandate to his brother, Hulagoo, to exterminate the dangerous race. His mandate was obeyed; the treachery of Nasseer-ed-deen, the great astronomer and vizier of the Assassin prince, facilitated the operations of the Tartars; Alamoot surrendered; Roken-ed-deen entered the camp of Hulagoo as a prisoner; the other fortresses followed the example of Alamoot; Kirdcoo alone, for three years, resisted the efforts of the Tartar troops; orders for the indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins, wherever found, were given by Mangoo; and, without distinction of age or sex, they fell by thousands beneath the sword of justice and of vengeance. Fourteen years after, the Syrian branch was destroyed by Bibars, the great Mameluke sultan; and though the sect, like the Jesuits, still clung together, in hopes of once more attaining to power, the opportunity never offered; and the merchants and peasants, who still hold the speculative tenets of the Order, have scarcely a recollection of the bloody part it once enacted on the theatre of the world.

We have thus endeavoured to convey to our readers a sketch of the history and constitution of the Order of the Assassins; but it is only in M. Hammer's book that full and satisfactory information can be obtained, and that not concerning the Ismailites alone, but on many most important points of Oriental history and manners; for, from time to time, he makes a pause, and casts a glance over the then state of the Mohammedan world, and numerous are the details, anecdotes, and reflections we have been obliged, unwillingly, to leave unnoticed.

In the opinion of competent judges, M. Von Hammer's work is complete; it contains all that is, or can be, known in the east or west respecting the Order. The correspondence, too, which he is at all times anxious to trace out between them, the Templars, Jesuits, and Illuminati, is often striking, but frequently, to our apprehension, merely fanciful. Slight analogies should have less influence on a powerful mind! and it is to be regretted that he should indulge in such a remark as this: "*The Ancient of the Mountain resided in the hill-fort of Alamoot, clad in white, like the Ancient of Days in Daniel.*" The following, however, is remarkable:—

"The first and last of the monarchs of the western and eastern Roman empires, of the Seljuicides, of the rulers of Thaberistan, the Prophet of the Moslems, and the last of his successors of the house of Abbas, bore the same appellation. The names of Augustus, Constantine, Mohammed, Togrul, Kaumers, commence and close the series of the Roman, Byzantine, Arabian, Seljuicide, and Persian royal lines;

and perhaps the Turkish empire in Europe will end with an Osman as it began with an Osman.*

M. Von Hammer, we doubt not, worships truth with sincerity, but he writes too much in the spirit of a partisan; and he curses and hates the Hassans and Mohammeds of Alamoot as sincerely as if he were a contemporary dreading the visit of a Fedavee. But he is, we should remember, a subject of the sworn foe of secret institutions, and, we doubt not, was in part stimulated to trace thus minutely the history of the great eastern society, as in its destructive career he conceived he saw an exemplification of the evils to be dreaded from secret associations, and a justification of the measures of the cabinet of Vienna. But his censures are too indiscriminate; even the Ismailites were perhaps not so ruthless and abandoned as they are painted; their historians are the orthodox, and the subjects of legitimate autocrats. We know how groundless were many of the charges made against the Templars and the Jesuits; and had Christianity, which was in its origin a secret society, been crushed, all its genuine records, like those of the Assassins, destroyed, and only those of its triumphant enemies preserved, what would be now our idea of its doctrines, and of the characters of its Divine Founder and his missionaries?

Few, very few, of M. Von Hammer's countrymen have as yet attained to the true style of historic composition; and we shall look in vain among them for the elegant simplicity of Hume, or the sober dignity of Robertson. In their writings we are either perplexed and disgusted with tiresome circumlocution and mile-long sentences, couched in the obscure dialect of their national metaphysics, or we encounter the metaphors and similes of poetry and extravagant eloquence. The present work is, in the last particular, eminently faulty. It is completely oriental in every respect but language; its style and its subject are so in an equal degree. Another fault is, that the writer takes for granted too great a proportion of knowledge in the reader. Eastern history, romance, poetry, manners and customs, are as

frequently and as concisely alluded to, as those of Greece and Italy in the works of other authors. We know not how this may answer with the learned Germans, but with us, should the work be, as it deserves, added to our literature, a copious selection of notes would be absolutely indispensable to make it perfectly intelligible.

The History of the Assassins is, in every point of view, a valuable work. It contains, as we have already observed, all that is or can be known of them; for all the books and records of the society were destroyed at the taking of Alamoot, and that is matter, for the most part, hitherto totally unknown in Europe. It fills up an important chasm in the history of the world, and of the human mind; and it is not among the least important benefits which the genius and the industry of its author have bestowed upon literature. The libraries of the east, by M. Von Hammer's account, contain immense treasures hitherto little known and little used; and we trust that his example will stimulate many an Orientalist to make communications from them to the west. From the present work, we may, in the concluding words of our author, "easily estimate what hidden rarities and precious pearls still lie on the unexplored bottom of the ocean of Oriental history. Success attend the diver!"

Mr. Von Hammer has recently published the first volume of his *History of the Ottoman Empire*; of this work we propose giving an account in an early Number.

From the London Weekly Journal.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

A Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Maunder.

THIS little volume, though not entitled to the extravagant encomiums bestowed on it by two of our contemporaries, is certainly no contemptible production. Though the principal poem in the volume is full of imperfections, it is also sprinkled over with many beautiful thoughts and vivid images, that could only have emanated from a truly poetic mind. As Mr. Montgomery is a very young man, we may fairly anticipate, from his future exertions, far better things, unless, indeed, the judgment of the critics alluded to may be considered infallible. In that case, we should advise him to lay aside his pen for the rest of his life, and repose under the shadow of his full-grown laurels. According to these sagacious oracles, he has attained the climax of poetic fame. The Literary Chronicle assures its readers (that is to say, upwards of thirty or forty persons), that his "*thoughts and language are perfectly astounding*"!!! and Five Ear's Family Journal pronounces the Omnipresence of the Deity, "*a magnificent and sublime composition*," in which the author has already "*reached the pöbber, the noblest aspirations of the myt*." The is obviously to be inferred from th
dations, that he has even now, is moving on; both Shakspeare and Milton, pur, isin, and die, could be said of the formittid out

* In spite of philosophy, even the strongest minds will be affected by, and dwell on, these casual coincidences. Niebuhr devotes more than a page of his immortal work to showing how the twelve Sæcula, which, according to Tuscan augury, the twelve vultures seen by Romulus, portended as the duration of Rome, ended in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, and remarks, that the six portended by the legitimate Augurium of Renuus, terminated with liberty in the days of Sulla or Cæsar. He farther mentions, from Servius, that, according to one tradition, 360 years intervened between the taking of Troy and the building of Rome; and adds, that from thence to the taking by the Gauls was 360; and, in his note, points out the strange sport of chance, in there being 360 years from that time to the taking of Alexandria, and founding of the monarchy; and 360 more to the building of Constantinople.

"thoughts and language are perfectly astounding;" or of the latter, than that he has produced a "*magnificent and sublime composition*," in which he has "reached the noblest aspirations of the muse?" If these critics were unquestionable authority, we should caution our author not to hazard his present elevation by further efforts, for great might be the fall. He has no cause to blush for his equals. Montgomery—Shakspeare, and Milton, form a matchless trio! Even supposing him hereafter to surpass his rivals (the mightiest spirits the world has yet worshipped), no additional wreath could be awarded him,—the language of glory is exhausted, and we should be compelled to "muse his praise" in silence. But, alas! for many an ambitious minstrel, the dicta of our modern critics are not always echoed by the voice of Fame. The bigoted populace irreverently reject the new Gods, and continue the worship of their ancient Idols. As proofs of the lamentable stupidity of the times, we may as well take this opportunity to record the following disgraceful facts. 'A living poet of the name of Pennie is the author of an Epic Poem, the only "*fault*" of which is (if we may credit his critic), that it is "*too full of excellencies—the splendour is overpowering*"!!! Will it be believed, that this gentleman is lingering in poverty and obscurity, and that his work is no more regarded, than if it were a common *catch Pennie*? A poem, entitled "The Course of Time," by a young clergyman of the name of Pollok, has lately been published in the Modern Athens, which the learned and ingenious editor of the Eclectic Review (a publication of much weight), has solemnly assured us, is of such an extraordinary description, that of the two poems—the Paradise Lost, and the Course of Time—he would greatly prefer being the author of the latter! and yet the mellifluous twin-names of Pollok and Pennie have no enchantment for the public ear! The writer of the "Course of Time,"—the most stupendous effort of human intellect,—has been utterly neglected; while the name of an inferior individual—a Mr. John Milton, is indelibly engraven on the hearts of all men! In Fine Ear's Family Journal, but little more than three brief months ago, another "astounding" genius was introduced, in the most solemn manner, to the unbelieving and ungrateful world. We will subjoin this magnificent announcement.

"Of William Kennedy, (esq.) it had never been our fortune to hear; and his book came upon us with an effect, immensely increased by the circumstance that no previous warning was given, of even the existence of a genius of so high an order. It was like the hurricane at midnight LAST WEEK; the torrent, the flash, and the rolling bolt, descended at once,—and our astonishment really exceeded what we can find words to express!—But we have supplied all that our space permits, for this appearance of a new star in the poetical horizon.—We have now only to leave him to that *high celebrity*, as a poet, which he has so deservedly earned!"—*Literary Gazette*, Oct. 20, 1827.

Immortal infamy to the age we live in! this "new star" has already disappeared from the "poetical horizon;" and but three persons in

the whole universe have any recollection of its former lustre—Mr. Kennedy, his publisher, and his critic! So *short-lived* is the "*high celebrity*" of a modern genius! Not to multiply instances of the obstinacy and bigotry of the public, who have invariably rejected the revelations of the Literary Gazette, we may just add, that a Poem, called "Lycus, the Centaur," by a young gentleman of the name of Hood, published but a few months ago, was affirmed, by that *discriminating* Journal, to contain a number of passages evincing such *intense power*, that they would do honour to any poet, (Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, &c.) age, or country." This glorious composition is now so little known, that scarcely a dozen literary men in London have any remembrance of its existence.

We hope these few circumstances (which we have taken almost at random from thousands of a similar description,) will convince Mr. Montgomery of the fallibility of our contemporaries, and make him doubt his footing on the mountain of Parnassus. It is our own opinion that he has given evidence of considerable industry and energy; and, if he is not rendered blind and indolent by self-conceit, he may hereafter attain a much higher position than he has yet occupied.

The Omnipresence of the Deity, as the title imports, is intended to illustrate the universal presence and pervading influence of the Almighty, to teach us "to look through nature up to nature's God;" and "justifying the ways of God to man." It is unnecessary to follow the pompous analysis prefixed, by the author, to the head of each of the three portions, into which the poem is divided. It will be sufficient to remark, that the first part commences with an apostrophe to the Deity, and is chiefly devoted to the various proofs of his presence and power in external nature. The second part demonstrates the immediate influence of God on the affairs of human life; and the third concludes the poem, with a consideration of the folly and impiety of Atheism, and a description of the day of judgment. We shall now proceed to present our readers with a few of the best passages in the poem.

The following description of the cessation of a storm, is elegant and picturesque:

List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their
roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh
and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely
change!

First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious
charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—

Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms
shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the tempest dies—and bright, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!

p. 13—14.

The next brief extract is pretty:

How sweet, upon yon mountain's tranquil brow,
While ruddy sunbeams gild the crags below,
To stand, and mark with meditative view,
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,
While on the bosom of the midway deep
The emerald waves in flashing beauty leap!—
Here, as we view the burning God of time,
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,—
Thoughts of immortal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth!

p. 16—17.

The following passage, though too closely
resembling the "Human Life" of the elegant
and tender Rogers, has considerable merit:

Survey the scene of life:—in yonder room,
Pillow'd in beauty 'neath the cradle gloom,
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,—
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile:
Those budding lips, that faintly-fringed eye,
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,
The little limbs in soft embrace entwined,
Like flower-leaves folded from the gelid wind;
All in their tender charms, her babe endear,
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

Next, mark her infant, raised to childhood's
stage,

Bound in the bloom of that delightful age—
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,
And eye that woe has scarcely taught to weep!
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,
Each rival attribute of mimic'd men,
The swift decision, and unbridled way,
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.
Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat
By winding streams, and woody banks re-
mote,

Or climbs the meadow tree or trails the kite,
Till clouds aerial veil his wond'ring sight;
Or wanders forth among far woods alone,
To catch with ravish'd ear the cuckoo's tone,—
A hand above o'er shades the venturesome boy,
And draws the daily circle of his joy!

And thus, when manhood brings its weight of
care,

To swell the heart, and curb the giddy air,
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan;
Till age o'ersteal his mellow'd form at last,
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past;
Then, like the sun slow-wheeling to the wave,
He sinks with glory to a welcome grave!

p. 66—68.

The description of the last dread scene is ex-
tremely spirited.—The closing line of the sub-
joined extract is particularly fine:

O! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And Earth be dash'd into Eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun,
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!

The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail-drops, from their depths will
bound,

And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down shot
star,—

Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds un-
furl'd! p. 101—102.

The description of the resurrection of all
men is equally spirited and forcible:

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-
sound

Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west, it
rolls,

A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed;
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

And lo! the living harvest of the Earth,
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of
air;

*While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly fea-
tures gleam,*

Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.
p. 104—107.

The above are the most favourable speci-
mens of the author's powers, we have been
able to select from the "Omnipresence of the
Deity;" but there are a few lines in a Poem
at the end of the volume, entitled "The Cru-
cifixion," which in justice to the author we
cannot think of omitting. The following pas-
sage has much force and beauty:

Earth quail'd,
As though some spirit of the skies had come
To heave her huge foundations! Every rock
And mountain shook, while o'er the muttering
deep

The dismal waters coil'd,—as if they fear'd!
And last, the graves unlock'd themselves, and
shades

Stalk'd out, and glided through the quaking
town,

*And floated by the living, like faint gleams
Of fairy moonlight o'er a pallid wall!*

p. 179—180.

And the next, perhaps, is still more beautiful.
Two thousand years have swiftly travell'd
down

The gulf of time, since on the glorious Cross,
Divinest Martyr, Thou wert nail'd!—The
World,

With all its pageantry and pride, is moving on;
Men smile and struggle,—labour, sin, and die,
As if Thy blood had never blotted out

The crimes of earth; as if, at last, Thy might
And majesty should not appear. Still, Thou
Hast said! and Thou wilt visit earth again!
But not the homeless orphan of the world,
To wander on in pain and woe,—and weep and
starve,

And perish on the tree;—but, on Thy car
Of lightning, rolling from the unfathom'd
depths

Of heaven! while spirits, robed in light,
Brandish their glittering banners o'er Thy
throne,

And all the clouds, like burning billows, flash,
And bound beneath Thy feet!—The trump
shall peal

That dead-awakening blast, more full and
deep

Than thunder in its maddest roar! The Sea
Shall yawn, and all her buried hosts arise!
The graves burst open, and the dust unite
Into a living form!—and then shall come
The Judgment, and the Everlasting Doom!

p. 182—184.

From the portions of it, which we have now
laid before our readers, it will be sufficiently
evident that Mr. Montgomery's volume is not
without indications of poetic genius. We re-
ceive it as an earnest of future excellence:
though it contains no single poem which may
be considered, on the whole, as a successful
performance. In every page there are certain
puerilities of thought and language, which be-
tray the immaturity of the writer, whose taste
and judgment are exceedingly imperfect. As
we have supported our commendation by speci-
mens, we shall also prove the justice of our
censure in the same manner. One of the most
common faults in young poets is a love of an-
tithesis, which consists more in the opposition
of sound than of sense. The following lines
are mere nonsense; but the balance of the mu-
sic may hallow them in the writer's estima-
tion:—

"With joys that gladden, and with woes that
grieve.

"Unveils the villain, and condemns the man."

It is very odd, certainly, that joys should
make us joyful, or that woes should make us
sad: but how came the author to treat the vil-
lain differently from the man—why only un-
veil the villain, and actually condemn the man,
perhaps to a seven years' transportation? Another
proof of juvenility and bad taste is the contin-
ual repetition of the same word or rhyme.
The word *tone* is not only used too frequently,
but often incorrectly.

"Ere matter form'd at thy creative *tone*."

"And Seraphs shudder at thy dreadful *tone*."

"Beneath the terror of thy tempest *tones*."

"And when with bended knee and reverent
tone."

"She shook not—shriek'd not—raised no ma-
niac *tone*."

"Roars the deep thunder of his judgment
tone."

"Adown the brushy dale their tinkling *tones*."

Pope tells us, in his Essay on Criticism, of

"Those who ring round the same unvaried
chimes,

"—sure returns of still expected rhymes:—

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line it 'whispers through the
trees;'

If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs
creep,'

The reader's threaten'd—not in vain—with
'sleep;'

and so it is with Mr. Montgomery. He has
couplets of favourite rhymes which are quite
inseparable, and therefore the appearance of
the one is the announcement of the other.

"Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,
Ray of his glory, quicken'd at his nod."

"And while Creation stagger'd at his nod,
Mock the dread presence of the mighty God."

"And here, while sitting 'neath the gaze of
God,
Think how the universe obeys his nod."

"Sublime! supreme! and universal God,
Though orbs unnumber'd hang beneath thy
nod."

Among his peculiar phrases are "*racked surges*"
—"*racking* nature,"—"a dizzy *twine* of *yel-
low lustre*!" What is this?—"billows of music"
—"billowy bosom of the air"—"*deathly gaze*,"
&c. &c. In the following couplet the stars are
represented as very cozy and comfortable, and
not easily put out in the wettest weather:

"Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the listening night."

As the Night herself keeps watch, there is
of course no occasion for her sentries to trou-
ble themselves.

We have next some curious metaphors and
similes.

"The ramping winds fast sweep
Their bristled pinions on the darken'd deep."

"Borne like a sunbeam on the writhing waves,
One mariner alone the tempest braves."

"While round her neck her streamy ringlets
fell,
Like threaded sunbeams on a pallid cloud."

Of Napoleon it is said—
"Nature and him were giants twin."

Our next extracts are specimens of mere
nonsense.

"With what a gloom the ushering scene ap-
pears,
The leaves all shivering with expectant fears."

"An omnipresence so supreme as thine!"

A supreme omnipresence! The *expectant
fears* remind us of Capt. Seely's "*retrospective
recollections*." The following couplet contains
a very original thought, which was marked by
one of our contemporaries as a very beautiful
one.

"Thou saidst—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for a birth-day
morn!"

We must just add two specimens of the occa-
sional inaccuracy of Mr. Montgomery's ear,
and then conclude the disagreeable occupation
of finding fault.

"Some parch'd-up forms, with bony cheek
and beamless stare."

"Warriors, patriots, and philosophers—all."
 "To wander on in pain and wo; and weep
 and starve."

We shall now close our account with Mr. Montgomery for the present; and he is very much mistaken if he imagines we are not as friendly to his good name as the senseless critics who would persuade him that he has already outrivalled the celebrated names of antiquity.

From the London Weekly Review.

GERMAN LYRICS.

Goethe's Werke. Tubingen, 1828. Cotta.

THE Lyric is the most original and fertile of all the poetic sources; the development of epic or dramatic poetry being more the work of cold calculation than of that divine impulse which inspires the lyric poet in embodying his conceptions; and if, in the epos or drama, any passage particularly awaken our sympathies, it is when the poet, ceasing as it were to be epic or dramatic, is borne by lyric enthusiasm to something more unearthly and sublime. In fact, if we consider the origin of the epos and drama, we find them to have been primarily enlarged lyrical poems, and that those countries that possessed no native lyric poetry, had neither an original epos or drama, as in the cases of Rome and France. To the chivalrous spirit of the Spanish romances literature is indebted for the wonderful productions of Calderon and Lope; and it was the deep interest of the old Saxon and Teutonic ballads that conjured up the mighty shades of Hamlet and Macbeth, Faustus and William Tell. In order, therefore, to form a just estimate of the poetry of a nation, we must be well acquainted with its lyric writers, and to us it appears surprising that our translators from the German should not have employed their exertions on this point, instead of pandering to a vitiated taste, by presenting only tales of ghosts and goblins, robbers and boisterous knights, or the still more contemptible scenes of maudlin sentimentalism, with which they have been pleased to afflict the public. Few attempts have been made to introduce the German lyrics amongst us, and those few have not afforded any real information on this very interesting portion of German literature. We shall endeavour, at least in some degree, to supply the deficiency, and, with this view, propose to present our readers with a series of articles on the lyrical poets of Germany from Haller (1777,) down to the present time, and to give biographical sketches of those among them who are least generally known. As chronological arrangement forms no part of our design, we shall take the field with Goethe, from respect to the living genius of

"Il signor dell' altissimo canto,
 Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola."

Goethe's smaller pieces unquestionably contain some of the most original conceptions of modern poetry, uniting, as they do, the simplicity of the Greek with the depth of the German, and perfectly free from that besetting sin of our

times—a straining after effect by florid diction and forced display. The author's principal power in these smaller poems arises from his fine perception and description of nature, not, like Wordsworth, attaching himself to vulgarities, but perceiving and calling forth beauties in objects unnoticed or despised by the ordinary observer. He is the Raphael of Poetry, whose chaste delineations are for all people and all times. Goethe's smaller poems, flowing, ingenious and elegant in thought and expression, have become, as it were, the national property of Germany, resounding alike in the palace and the peasant's humble dwelling. This is the true standard by which poetry should be tried, for, when thus delighting the simplest as the most cultivated taste, she is evidently the child of Nature, breathing the universal language of the human heart.

The poet himself has divided his shorter pieces into Lieder (songs), Romanzen (romances), Sonaten (sonnets), Elegien (elegies), and Varmischten Gedichte (miscellaneous poems). On the present occasion we will confine ourselves to a few selections from the Lieder.

Some critic, speaking of Romeo and Juliet, has said that love was the author's assistant in that composition, a remark which may be applied regarding the amatory poems of Goethe. They are full of the most tender feeling, and express all the various emotions of a lover's overflowing breast.

"Lass mein aug'den abschied sagen."

Taking farewell of a beloved object, has so frequently exercised poets in general, that (like the *Madonna* for a painter) it requires the hand of a master to throw the charm of novelty around it.

O let me look Farewell.

O let me look the fond farewell
 Which my faltering lips refuse!
 The pang of parting who can tell
 When grief the soul of man subdues!

Sad now is ev'ry pledge become
 Of love, which once could sweetly bless,
 The pressure of thy hand is numb,
 And cold the lip I fondly press!

O how has ev'ry stolen kiss
 In happier hours entranced my heart,
 Like to the fragrant balmy bliss
 Which spring's first violets impart!

No longer now I cull the flow'rs,
 Nor twine the rosy wreath for thee,
 For ah! though Spring may lead the hours,
 'Tis Sorrow's harvest-time for me!

"Nahe der Geliebten."

This little poem beautifully expresses the mighty power of love, which from inanimate nature calls forth the image and voice of the beloved and distant fair.

Near the beloved One.

I think of thee, love! when the morning's ray
 O'er ocean gleams;
 I think of thee, love! when the moonbeams play
 On glassy streams.

I see thee, dearest! on the distant strath
When dust-clouds rise;
In deepest night, when o'er the small bridge path
The wand'rer hies!

I hear thee, dearest! when the torrent strays
With murmur'ing fall;
In silent groves for thee I go to gaze
When hush'd is all!

I am by thee, love! though thou'rt ne'er so far,
To me thou'rt near!
Now sinks the sun, and smiles the rising star,—
O, wert thou here!

"An die Entfernte."

In these stanzas the poet breathes his deep
longing after her whom destiny has torn from
him.

To the distant Fair.

Have I then lost thee, maiden dear!
And fairest! art thou flown?
Still, still thy voice I seem to hear,
Each wonted word and tone.

As when at morn the wand'rer's eye
Is heav'nward turn'd in vain,
While viewless in the vaulted sky
The lark sings forth his strain:

So seek I thee with anxious gaze
Through meadow, wood, and grove,
And call thy name in all my lays—
Then O return, my love!

"Schäfers Klagelied."

This short poem may be said to unite the
pastoral, descriptive, and elegiac styles of poetry,
in the expression of

The Shepherd's Lament.

To yonder hill I daily go,
And, leaning on my crook,
Into the smiling vale below
I gaze with wistful look.

My careful watch-dog guards the sheep
That feed upon the brow,
And downward to the vale we creep,
I know not, reckon not how.

And there the meadow's beauties bloom,
And there they sweetly breathe,
I cull them, knowing not for whom
To twine the fragrant wreath!

In rain, and storm, and thunder's roar,
I stand beneath the tree,
Nor seek yon shelt'ring cottage-door—
A mournful sight to me!

I view the rainbow's beauteous spread
Above that cot expand!
But she, who dwelt therein, hath fled
To some far foreign land!

To some far land, and farther—yes—
Perchance beyond the sea,
And hence, my sheep, so comfortless
Your shepherd's days must be!

"An den Mond."

The influence of the "melancholy star,"
whose rays seem to search the depths of a

poetic soul, is here expressed in a strain of tender
feeling, as the shades of former joys pass
before the poet's view.

To the Moon.

Bright now over wood and plain,
And clothed in cloudy vest,
Shines thy radiance, and again
Relieves my longing breast.

Wide o'er all the landscape nigh
Thy soft'ning rays I see,
Mild as beams from Friendship's eye,
Above my destiny.

What various feelings through the night
This fervent heart oppress!
Alternate sorrow and delight
Are mine in loneliness.

Flow on, flow on, thou gentle stream!
Ah! how can I be gay,
When Love's and Truth's and Pleasure's
dream

Like thee have pass'd away?

I once that precious bliss possess'd
Which man can ne'er forget;
But ah! its memory haunts the breast
With sad and vain regret!

Sweet river! roll the vale along,
Still roll on restlessly,
And whisper murmurs to my song
In mournful melody:

Whether in the winter night
Thy rushing torrent roars,
Or laves in spring the flow'rets bright
That bloom along thy shores!

O blest is he, who, not in hate,
Can fly from crowds and noise—
One only friend to share his fate,
With whom his heart enjoys

The thoughts that men or do not know,
Or value not aright,
Which through the bosom's mazes glow
In silence of the night.

"Wandrer's Nachtlied."

We conclude our selections for the present
with the Wanderer's Night Song, expressive
of the feeling which fills the philosophical mind
after the alternate joys and griefs of this ever-
varying state.

The Wanderer's Night Song.

Spirit of a loftier sphere,
Soothe of our anguish here!
Who, in sorrow's darkest hour,
Dost revive the spirit's power,—
A weary wand'rer prays release,
By varying joys and woes oppress'd,
Gentle Peace!

Come, oh come into my breast!

These few specimens, falling, as they necessarily must, infinitely short of the originals, may yet serve to justify the praise which we have given to Goethe as a lyric poet. Similar beauties pervade all his smaller poems, and we shall take an early opportunity of making some selections from his elegies, romances, &c.

From the London Weekly Review.

ANECDOTES OF THE HINDOOS.*

THERE are few publications that would form a more appropriate and interesting addition to the library of any young person proceeding to the East Indies, either in a civil or military capacity, than this series of letters. Though not without occasional inaccuracies, both in style and matter, they contain a considerable portion of useful information, much good advice, and many curious and characteristic anecdotes. The writer is an observing and benevolent person, who has acquired from a long residence in the East, a rather extensive knowledge of the character and customs of the native; but being grieved at the ignorance and unfeeling conduct of many of his countrymen, on their first arrival, and extremely anxious to impress their minds with a favourable opinion of the people, it must be acknowledged that he has, in some respects, exaggerated their virtues, and has too often suppressed many of those unpleasing traits, against which it is actually necessary to caution the youthful stranger. It would certainly be little suspected by any one who should confine his reading to this publication, that the generality of native servants are so lamentably deficient in common honesty, that the most palpable discovery of their fraud and falsehood produces neither shame nor contrition in them. But the fact is almost universally admitted, and no where more frequently than in the public courts of justice, where the perjury and corruption of the Bengalees, (who usually compose the domestic establishments of the Europeans,) are as notorious as the drunkenness and debauchery of our English sailors, during their brief stay at Calcutta. Of the native Sepoys, however, too favourable an opinion cannot be well entertained. They are respectful, enthusiastic, brave, and honourable; and are invariably men of high caste, from the northern provinces of India. The Bengalees, though a more subtle and ingenious race, are mean-spirited and effeminate, and form no portion even of those Indian troops included under the general denomination of the *Bengal army*. The following anecdote is characteristic of the native soldier:—

“A singular instance of self devotion and chivalrous gallantry occurred during the siege of Bhurtpoor in 1805. The British army had been four times repulsed with heavy loss in attempting to storm. On the fifth and last attack, a native serjeant, attached as orderly to Lord Lake, perceiving him very thoughtful and anxious, asked his Excellency's permission to join his own (the grenadier) company, which was just about to quit the trenches to form part of the storming party. His request was not immediately attended to, till pressed through a staff-officer on the spot. Lord Lake recommended him to wait till it was his tour of duty, but after being much urged by his orderly, he allowed him to go—when putting his hand to

his cap, he said, ‘Do not despair, General. The rascals! see how we will thrash them. Bhurtpoor, my Lord, shall fall this day, or you shall never see my face again.’ The storming party went on, and the Sepoy grenadiers, headed by their gallant European officer, succeeded in gaining a footing on the rampart, and even planted on it the British colours. A desperate effort was made to retain their position, but being unsupported, after sustaining a heavy loss, and seeing their European officers severely wounded, the Sepoys were compelled to fall back. All but Lord Lake's native orderly serjeant returned. In vain was every effort made to induce him to retreat; he had behaved nobly, but was still unhurt. Disdaining to quit the spot, he stood on the top of the breach, loading a firelock he had picked up from among the slain; and when called to by his wounded officer, for God's sake to retire, he turned round and said, ‘Tell Lord Lake where you left me; Bhurtpoor has not fallen, and I cannot show him my face.’ He had scarcely uttered these words when he was seen to fall, and in an instant was hewn to pieces by the enemy.”—p. 44–5.

The author very properly takes occasion to remark on the impolicy and injustice of leaving the native army so scantily supplied with European officers as it is now, and has been for many years; and after the repeated representations of the local government on this subject to the Court of Directors, it is unaccountable how so great an evil should so long remain unremedied.

“To each company and troop in the army is appointed one or two European officers, but it seldom happens in time of peace even that one officer is present with each company: and in the field, when most wanted, the casualties of a single campaign have in some instances reduced the number so considerably, that many of our regiments have been led into action by subalterns, and not unfrequently two or three European officers only have been present to carry the regiment to battle.”—p. 40–1.

The extreme ingenuity and indefatigable exertions of the native police are well illustrated by the following anecdotes:—

“Two remarkable instances of the vigilance of the Indian police have come under my own observation. The one was that of a horse stolen, which was traced for five days, and was recovered at the distance of 150 miles from the place whence he was taken. The other was in following the tracks of nine men and a dog, which were pursued from village to village for more than fifty miles across the country, and five of the robbers were taken at different places after they had separated. On such occasions the watchmen measure the footsteps minutely and frequently, to identify them when they happen to be several,—and they will in this manner track a man through a crowd, and follow him from one street to another till he quits the village, and then continue the pursuit till they come up with him. There is a remarkable but well authenticated fact of a thief-taker, who, having in vain followed the tracks of a man who had stolen a horse from the lines of a regiment of European dragoons, accidentally recognised the same footsteps six months

* Letters addressed to a Young Person in India; calculated to afford instruction for his conduct in general, &c. By Lieut. Col. John Briggs, late resident at Satara. 12mo. London, 1828. Murray.

in the middle of a fair at some town several miles off. The foot was particularly hollow, and left a very remarkable impression, by which it was known, and after several hours' tracking, the police-man traced the thief out of the fair, and apprehended him on his road to a neighbouring village, when he confessed the robbery of the horse, and led to its recovery."

It would be very convenient to many persons in this country, whose time is too valuable to be wasted on the garrulous and long-lingering visiter, if the custom mentioned in our next brief extract were as allowable here as in India:—"In Europe it is usual to wait till the visiter rises before the ceremony ends; in the *East the master of the house determines the length of the visit* by ordering spices, perfumes, and pân (the leaf eaten by the Indians after their meals.) to be brought, which he presents with his own hand, the leaf always being presented last by the host to the principal guest. When perfumes and pân are not at hand (which is sometimes the case in camp and at the houses of Europeans,) the visit is brought to a close by the master of the house observing, he hopes to see his guests soon again some other time, and by apologizing for not having the usual spices," &c. p. 182.

The following anecdote is very amusing:—"The bull is an object of worship, and in most Hindoo towns of eminence you will meet with tame bulls overburdened with fat, lolling their length in the streets and highways, obstructing passengers and carriages. They are fed by the people, or rather they feed themselves, for they make no scruple at shoving their heads into whole baskets full of grain or vegetables, exposed for sale in the shop-windows, or in open stalls; and although driven away by the waving of handkerchiefs in their faces, or by other gentle methods, yet no Hindoo of any character would think of striking one of these animals with such severity as to endanger its life, or would run the risk of maiming the sacred brute. And, ridiculous as it may sound, you may often see a Hindoo driving away one of these animals from his grain basket by hearty slaps on the face and on the back, addressing him at the same time by the respectful title of 'mahraj! mahraj!' meaning 'your holiness,' or 'your worship.'"

It appears that the Mahomedans have adopted many of the prejudices of the Hindoos, and refuse to allow persons of low caste to touch their culinary vessels, or to bring them water. The author remarks, that Europeans disregard all distinctions of this nature; but this is by no means the fact, for no English gentleman in India would allow a Pariah to wait at his table. It would be considered an insult to his guests, and be so disreputable in the eyes of the natives, that he would find it difficult to induce another servant of any respectability to remain with him. The more wealthy and well-informed Mahomedans pay considerable respect to these peculiarities of the Hindoos, and sometimes but very little attention to the dogmas of the Koran. The writer of this review has dined in company with Nawaubs, when pork has been a conspicuous dish: and was once present at an entertainment given by an English judge, when the company were kept waiting for a

Yorkshire ham, which the servants declined bringing to the table. The Nawaub Shumahar Bahadur, of Bandah, in Bundelcund, as it happened, was one of the party; and, on hearing the cause of the delay, went himself into the Babachee Khannah, or cook-room, and brought in the dish in his own hands. When the servants beheld this, they very reasonably remarked, that it was well enough for so great a prince, who might do any thing with impunity, and even with éclat, but that such conduct might be the ruin of an humbler man.

Though the author of these letters is generally correct in his assertions, he has fallen into a few trifling errors, which are nevertheless of such a description as to excite our wonder, in a person of so much experience. He observes, for instance (at page 76), that "it is proper to mention the extreme disgust the Hindoos evince to the habit of spitting." Now it is a curious fact, that however cleanly the Hindoos are in most particulars, they are guilty of this custom to a remarkable excess. A *pig-dannee*, or brass spittoon, is an indispensable piece of furniture in every Hindoo habitation; and it is known to every officer in the Bengal army, that at exercise-parades, after any fatiguing manœuvres, the Sepoys are directed by the commanding officer to halt—stand at ease—and spit; when immediately, from one end of the line to the other, the native officers and privates indulge in this disgusting practice.

It is with much pleasure that we coincide in the opinion expressed in this work, that no person, whether in the civil or military service of the East India Company, may despair of honour and promotion who will carefully study the native languages, and attend the duties of his profession. Any young man of superior industry and intelligence, with a competent knowledge of the native languages, is almost certain of some lucrative appointment. The pecuniary reward however (so pompously offered in general orders) of a few months extra pay to those officers who should attain a proficiency in several of the most difficult oriental dialects, is too paltry, to encourage a single student. The mere salary of his moonshee, and the purchase of his books, would be nearly twenty times the amount. There is a report circulating among those interested in Indian politics, that the Court of Directors have at length agreed to admit a large class of persons into their service who have been hitherto unjustly excluded from all reputable employment in the East—we mean the Indo-Britains, or Anglo-Asiatics or Half-Castes, by whatever name it may be thought proper to designate them; for there has been a considerable controversy among themselves and the Bengal public on the subject of their nomenclature. If this report of the Indo-British emancipation be correct, as we have reason to believe it is, it will reflect more credit on the Company than the miserable government order before alluded to, or indeed any of their late public acts. Up to this period, any person unfortunately born of an Indian mother, however high the rank of the English father, has been held inadmissible to any respectable society, and disowned and despised alike by natives and Europeans.

Sir John Malcolm's excellent code of In-

structions to the servants of the East India Company, is bound up with the volume before us, and will add greatly to the utility of the work.

From the Literary Gazette.

ONE HUNDRED FABLES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. By James Northcote, R.A., &c. &c. Embellished with Two Hundred and Eighty Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. G. Lawford.

ALTHOUGH, from their invention by Æsop, or rather by Hesiod, fables have been, at all times and in all countries, a favourite mode of communicating instruction to the young, we confess that we have frequently had our doubts with regard to their beneficial tendency in that respect. The very fiction on which they are founded,—the ascribing to beasts, and birds, and reptiles, not merely human speech, but human passions and human reason,—is calculated to confound and mislead the infant mind; incapable as it must be of distinguishing between what is required in narratives of fact, and what is permitted in creations of fancy. Add to this, that the moral of a fable is not always sound; and that the morals of different fables are frequently contradictory.—In the case of “children of a larger growth,” however, these objections (at least some of them) are not equally applicable; and a brief and forcible apologue may frequently convey a lesson more effectively than any grave and elaborate didactic composition; and with a much better chance of being remembered.

Mr. Northcote observes, that his chief inducement in making the present collection was the amusement and employment it afforded him, in the way of his profession as a painter, in sketching designs for each fable.—Many of these designs are highly ingenious, and possess great merit. They are engraved on wood by some of our best artists in that line; and are, generally speaking, executed with much skill. If, occasionally, there may appear in them a little want of clearness, a little adhesion of one part to another, it is most likely that these deficiencies are attributable to the impracticability, even with the utmost care and attention, of giving to the impressions from blocks when printed in the page with type, the same beauty which they exhibit when printed by themselves.—The ornamental letter at the beginning, and the vignette at the end of every fable, are the invention of Mr. William Harvey, whom Mr. Northcote justly calls “one of the most distinguished artists in his profession.” Most of them are admirable; and the adaptation of the vignettes to the respective fables which precede them, is in many instances singularly happy. Mr. Harvey also, it seems, made the drawings on the wood, from Mr. Northcote’s designs, for the prints at the head of every fable.

Of the fables themselves, some are derived from foreign sources; but the greater number are of Mr. Northcote’s own invention. Mr. Northcote evinces in them considerable saga-

city and discrimination; although sometimes, perhaps, the view which he takes of human nature may be liable to the imputation of being rather cynical. The following extracts will show that his diction is generally perspicuous and unaffected; though we must except the beginning of the fable of the Lion and the Ape, which is the very reverse.

“*The Hunted Fox.*—An active young fox, who was exceedingly notorious for his depredations on the poultry in his neighbourhood, was once discovered in the fact, and so closely pursued by the enraged peasants, whose property he had invaded, that he did not escape without several severe blows and wounds, of which he made grievous complaint and great outcry when he arrived among his companions, declaring, at the same time, that he neither knew nor could imagine who they were that had thus cruelly assaulted him. A grave old fox who heard him, replied, that as he declared he could not conceive who they were who had so roughly treated him, he must of necessity be liable to one of these two odious accusations, either of which would be sufficient to exclude him from being an object of pity: that of having offended so many as to be confounded by the number of his enemies, or that of forgetting those to whom he had done injuries worthy of resentment.—*Application.* We too often meet with men who very much resemble the fox in this fable, who, from a violent partiality to themselves and their own interests, can with great facility gloss over their meanest actions, which are soon dismissed from their memories, leaving no more impression than if they had been written on the surface of the water; whilst, on the contrary, the slightest injuries done them, fix in their minds like inscriptions written with a pen of iron on a rock. But our actions in our own view are like the last syllables of words, which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit.”

“*The vain Glow-Worm.*—A certain glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge where he made a figure; and every night would condescend to illumine them with the splendour of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing, ‘that his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions!’ ‘No,’ no, replied the grovelling spirited glow-worm, ‘that is not to my taste; for, between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance. Whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm.’—*Application.* There are certain dispositions of the mind that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate: and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained.

flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals; and preferred before the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance; nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed, and from that mean motive shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. None are so empty as those who are full of themselves."

"*The Lion and the Ape.*—An old lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to out-do his companions in servility;—when a pert malicious ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competitors for court favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the lion had taken to be his best friends—saying, the fox had accused him of tyranny—the horse had complained he was blood-thirsty—the bull that he was selfish and cruel—and the stag, that he knew not what mercy was. At length the lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied: 'Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me; and that thou canst escape my vengeance by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others by the terror of thy example.' So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces.—*Application.* There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their intimates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and, under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain, which they deserve to incur: but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt; for their visits are soon found to forebode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face."

"*The Congregation of Pious Animals.*—Once upon a time it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy

talents and dispositions with which they vainly thought they were blessed. The peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the hog for his love of cleanliness—the viper for his harmless disposition—the cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes—and the goose for the gracefulness of her carriage; and so on. Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very particular as to specify those endowments was quite unnecessary, as the particular gifts which each of them had to boast of, were best known to himself, who gave them.—*Application.* It frequently happens, that nature, in her freaks, makes men so perverse, as to pride themselves highly in thinking they possess those talents (in) which every one else can see they are deficient. Even in our acts of piety, we ought to be well aware of vanity and self-opinion, and not arrogantly imagine that we have greater claims to Heaven's promised favour than many of our neighbours, notwithstanding the appearance of things to our own partial and flattering perception."

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From the Literary Gazette.

SALATHIEL: *a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

AN early copy of this work, justly, we believe, ascribed to a very distinguished writer in the varied walks of literature, has reached us too late in the week to admit of our entering upon even a general outline. The hero is the Wandering Jew; and the first volume relates chiefly to his adventures in Judea, from the origin of the Christian era—with some Roman accessories. The second volume is of a different and gayer cast, the scene being laid in Italy, Syria, and Arabia. The third returns the Wanderer to Jerusalem, and narrates its fatal siege and destruction by Titus. We presume, of course, that this entire publication occupies that division of the title-page indicated by the word "past;" and that we may hope for the "present," (barring the bull,) as well as the future, hereafter. Without discussing this, however, we shall simply, by way of foretaste, quote a few specimens of the story, which, being unpublished, is as yet unfair game for the critic.

The Cedars of Lebanon.—"As we entered the last defile, the minstrels and singers of the caravan commenced a psalm. Altars fumed from various points of the chasm above; and the Syrian priests were seen in their robes performing the empty rites of idolatry. I turned away from this perversion of human reason, and pressed forward through the lingering multitude, until the forest rose in its majesty before me. My step was checked in solemn admiration. I saw the earliest produce of the earth—the patriarchs of the vegetable world. The first generation of the reviving globe had sat beneath these green and lovely arches; the final generation was to sit beneath them

No roof so noble ever rose above the heads of monarchs, though it were covered with gold and diamonds. The forest had been greatly impaired in its extent and beauty by the sacrilegious hand of war. The perpetual conflicts of the Syrian and Egyptian dynasties laid the axe to it with remorseless violation. It once spread over the whole range of the mountains; its diminished strength now, like the relics of a mighty army, made its stand among the central fortresses of its native region; and there majestically bade defiance to the further assault of steel and fire. The forms of the trees seemed made for duration; the trunks were of prodigious thickness, smooth and round as pillars of marble; some rising to a great height, and throwing out a vast level roof of foliage; some dividing into a cluster of trunks, and with their various heights of branch and leaf, making a succession of verdurous caves; some propagating themselves by circles of young cedars, risen where the fruit had dropped upon the ground: the whole bore the aspect of a colossal temple of nature—the shafted column, the deep arch, the solid buttresses branching off into the richest caprices of oriental architecture; the solemn roof high above, pale, yet painted by the strong sunlight through the leaves with transparent and tassellated dyes, rich as the colours of the Indian mine. In the momentary feeling of awe and wonder, I could comprehend why paganism loved to worship under the shade of forests; and why the poets of paganism filled that shade with the attributes and presence of deities. The airy whisperings, the loneliness, the rich twilight, were the very food of mystery. Even the forms that towered before the eye; those ancient trees, the survivors of the general law of mortality, gigantic, hoary, covered with their weedy robes, bowing their aged heads in the blast, and uttering strange sounds and groanings in the struggle, gave to the high-wrought superstition of the soul the images of things unearthly; the oracle and the God;—or was this impression but the obscure revival of one of those lovely truths that shone upon the days of paradise, when man drew knowledge from its fount in nature; and all but his own passions was disclosed to the first-born of creation?"

A theatre destroyed at Rome by fire may be, just now, an appropriate extract.

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration * * * *

All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and

scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava. * * *

"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest: a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible.—He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below: a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."

There is an equally forcible and superb pic

ture of a lion-fight before Nero : but a conflict between pirates and a Roman squadron may be a more diversified example of style and graphic power.

"The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard. The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on, filled with destruction. We were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that showed the prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain. 'Some lurking spy,' said he, 'that was born to pay for his knowledge.' With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves. 'Now for the sentinel,' were his words, as he plunged into the sea. The act was rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and the boat floated empty beside me on the next billow. But there was no time for search. We were within an oar's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain, (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on. A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads. Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano, that lighted sky, sea, and shore. Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire-galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half-way by a chain, and turned round, scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove them back, and the Roman pike was an over-match for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of lances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and, in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if as bold, are

as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamours for the captain. The clamours rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard. I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet, more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers. 'Fools!' I exclaimed, 'what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans. Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you.' A shallop that had returned with the defeated boarders lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing on us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking. 'One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board.' I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the livid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill; and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were to be piked, drowned, or burned. The flame was already rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps, and iron-work were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I was giving up all for lost, when a mountainous billow swept the vessel's stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame! Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and, uncertain of the number of the assailants, they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various points of the land. The sight reanimated me. I climbed up the side of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria. But my kingdom was without subjects. None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe. I now began to feel my situation.

The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the meanwhile rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively boarded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and coloured the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore. I heard the victorious shouts, and mine rose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables; the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, burst away from her anchors: the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-rain, struck her; and, on the back of a huge reflux wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire."

With these, hardly chosen, examples, we must rest for the present; for, whatever are its merits, *Salathiel* is not a production from which it is easy for the reviewer to make any extracts which can afford a just idea of its character.

From the London Weekly Review.

LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

—4 vols. 8vo. London, 1823. Murray.—[unpublished.]

THOUGH we have a complete copy of this work in our possession, we shall not this week present our readers with a review of it. A few extracts relating to Columbus's first voyage, and the discovery of America, shall suffice for the present.—The author says, that on the day before the New World was discovered, "Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

"In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that

very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

"The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety, and now, when he was wrapt from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction: the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanches of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

"It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of

aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fane, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

"It was on the morning of Friday, 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitant were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked, and from their attitudes and gestures appeared to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vincent Janes his brother, put off in company in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F. and I., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Isabel, surmounted by crowns.

"As they approached the shores, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue but unknown kind, growing among the trees which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands, give them a wonderful beauty, and must have had their effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land, than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and, assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobido, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest that had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns.

"The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men,

hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favourites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral, in their overflowing zeal. Some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insulence, now crouched as it were at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort: the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue, nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strong and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies."

"The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were en-

"The idea that the white men came from heaven was universally entertained by the inhabitants of the New World. When in the course of subsequent voyages the Spaniards conversed with the Cacique Nicaragua, he inquired how they came down from the skies, whether flying or whether they descended on clouds. Herera, *decad. 3, l. iv., cap. 5.*"

tirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours. With some it was confined merely to some part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well-shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

"As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has ever since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World.

"The Spaniards soon discovered that these islanders were friendly and gentle in their dispositions, and extremely simple and artless. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the tooth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

"Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. These they received as inestimable gifts, hanging the beads round their necks, and being wonderfully delighted with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island; they did not return to their ships until late in the evening, delighted with all that they had seen.

"On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives, who, having lost all dread of what at first appeared to be monsters of the deep, came swimming off to the ships; others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes.

"They showed great eagerness to procure more of the toys and trinkets of the white men, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because every thing from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought with them from heaven. They even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer

in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterwards an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making it into a broad thin cake, which afterwards dried hard, would keep for a long time, and had to be steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

"The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, which some of the natives wore in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, whenever it should be found in any quantity.

"He enquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south; and he understood them that in that quarter there was a king of great wealth, insomuch that he was served in great vessels of wrought gold. He understood also, that there was land to the south, the south-west, and the north-west; and that the people from the latter frequently proceeded to the south-west in quest of gold and precious stones, and in their way made descents upon the islands, carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him the scars of wounds which they informed him they had received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was the mere construction of the hopes and wishes of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colours to every object. He was persuaded that he had arrived among those islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese sea, and he construed every thing to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the north-west, he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveller as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king who was served out of vessels of gold must be the monarch, whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

"The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives, Guanahanè. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English, Cat Island." p. 22.—249.

Of *Exumeta*, the next island discovered, the author observes:—"Delightful as were the others he had visited, he declares that this surpassed them all. Like those, it was covered with trees and shrubs and herbs of unknown kind, and of rich tropical vegetation. The climate had the same soft temperature; the air was delicate and balmy; the land was higher, with a fine verdant hill; the coast of a fine sand, gently laved by transparent billows.

"Columbus was enchanted by the lovely scenery of this island: 'I know not,' says he, 'where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure.' At the south-west end of the island he found fine lakes of fresh water, overhung with groves, and surrounded by banks covered with herbage. Here he ordered all the casks of the ships to be filled. 'Here are large lakes,' says he, in his journal, 'and the groves about them are marvellous, and here and in all the island every thing is green, and the herbage as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence; there are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun, and other birds, large and small, of so many kinds and so different from ours, that it is wonderful; and beside, there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit, and all of marvellous flavour, so that I am in the greatest trouble in the world not to know them, for I am very certain that they are each of great value. I shall bring home some of them as specimens, and also some of the herbs.' Columbus was intent on discovering the drugs and spices of the east, and, on approaching this island, had fancied he perceived, in the air which came from it, the spicy odours said to be wafted from the islands of the Indian seas. 'As I arrived at this cape,' says he, 'there came thence a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers or trees of the land, that it was the sweetest thing in the world. I believe there are here many herbs and trees which would be of great price in Spain for tinctures, medicines, and spices, but I know nothing of them, which gives me great vexation.'

"The fish, which abounded in these seas, partook of the novelty which characterized most of the objects in this new world. They rivalled the birds in the tropical brilliancy of their colours, the scales of some of them glancing back the rays of light like precious stones; as they sported about the ships, they flashed gleams of gold and silver through the clear waves; and the dolphins, taken out of their element, delighted the eye with the changes of colours ascribed in fable to the camelion." vol. i. p. 261—263.

With one more extract we shall conclude for the present:—"As he approached this noble island (Cuba), he was struck with its magnitude, and the grandeur of its features; its high and airy mountains, which reminded him of those of Sicily; its fertile valleys, and long sweeping plains watered by noble rivers; its stately fo-

rests; its bold promontories, and stretching headlands, which melted away into the remotest distance. He anchored in a beautiful river, free from rocks or shoals, of transparent water, its banks overhung with trees. Here, landing, and taking possession of the island, he gave it the name of Juana, in honour of Prince Juan, and to the river the name of San Salvador.

"Returning to his boat, he proceeded for some distance up the river, more and more enchanted with the beauty of the country. The forests which covered each bank were of high and wide-spreading trees; some bearing fruits, others flowers, while in some, both fruit and flower were mingled, bespeaking a perpetual round of fertility: among them were many palms, but different from those of Spain and Africa; with the great leaves of these, the natives thatched their cabins.

"The continual eulogies made by Columbus on the beauty of the scenery were warranted by the kind of scenery he was beholding. There is a wonderful splendour, variety, and luxuriance in the vegetation of those quick and ardent climates. The verdure of the groves, and the colours of the flowers and blossoms, derive a vividness to the eye from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. The forests, too, are full of life, swarming with birds of brilliant plumage. Painted varieties of parrots, and woodpeckers, create a glitter amidst the verdure of the grove, and humming birds rove from flower to flower, resembling, as has well been said, animated particles of a rainbow. The scarlet flamingos, too, seen sometimes through an opening of a forest in a distant savannah, have the appearance of soldiers drawn up in battalion, with an advanced scout on the alert, to give notice of approaching danger. Nor is the least beautiful part of animated nature the various tribes of insects that people every plant, displaying brilliant coats of mail, which sparkle to the eye like precious gems."

"Such is the splendour of animal and vegetable creation in these tropical climates, where an ardent sun imparts, in a manner, his own lustre to every object, and quickens nature into exuberant fecundity. The birds, in general, are not remarkable for their notes, for it has been observed that in the feathered race sweetness of song rarely accompanies brilliancy of plumage. Columbus remarks, however, that there were various kinds which sang sweetly among the trees, and he frequently deceived himself in fancying that he heard the voice of the nightingale, a bird unknown in these countries. He was, in fact, in a mood to see every thing through a fond and favouring medium. His heart was full even to overflowing, for he was enjoying the fulfilment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils. Every thing round him was beheld with the enamoured and exulting eye of a discoverer, where triumph mingles with admiration; and it is difficult to conceive the raptur-

"The ladies of Havanah, on gala occasions, wear in their hair numbers of those insects, which have a brilliancy equal to rubies, sapphires, or diamonds."

ous state of his feelings, while thus exploring the charms of a virgin world, won by his enterprise and valour.

"From his continual remarks on the beauty of the scenery, and from the pleasure which he evidently derived from rural sounds and objects, he appears to have been extremely open to those delicious influences, exercised over some spirits, by the graces and wonders of nature. He gives utterance to these feelings with characteristic enthusiasm, and at the same time with the artlessness and simplicity of diction of a child. When speaking of some lovely scene among the groves, or along the flowery shore of this favoured island, he says, 'one could live there for ever.'—Cuba broke upon him like an elysium. 'It is the most beautiful island,' he says, 'that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers.' The climate was more temperate here than in the other islands, the nights being neither hot nor cold, while the birds and grasshoppers sang all night long. Indeed there is a beauty in a tropical night, in the depth of the dark blue sky, the lambent purity of the stars, and the resplendent clearness of the moon, that spreads, over the rich landscape and the palmy groves, a charm more touching than the splendour of the day.

"In the sweet smell of the woods, and the odour of the flowers, which loaded every breeze, Columbus fancied he perceived the fragrance of oriental spices; and along the shores he found shells of the kind of oyster which produces pearls. From the grass growing to the very edge of the water, he inferred the peacefulness of the ocean which bathes these islands, never lashing the shore with angry surges. Ever since his arrival among these Antilles, he had experienced nothing but soft and gentle weather, and he concluded that a perpetual serenity reigned over these happy seas. He was little suspicious of the occasional bursts of fury to which they are liable." vol. i. p. 267—272.

From Mr. Washington Irving's previous publications, which have all been of a light nature, we should not have suspected that this author was capable of historical composition. A style playful, humorous, and quaintly elegant, but without ardour and energy, though well suited to the lively essay and the gossiping tale, seemed to promise but little when called upon to represent the severe majesty of history. But even an ordinary writer appears to acquire strength and dignity from the contemplation of extraordinary and heroic achievements, which kindles up the passions, and puts into quick motion the currents of the soul. And when the passions are on fire, and the fancy is cheered and illuminated by brilliant images, the language, though habitually languid, grows also impassioned, and, like Ulysses under the influence of Minerva, expands into larger dimensions, and assumes a more majestic gait. In this way we account for the superior strength and gravity of Mr. Washington Irving's style in the work before us.

In matters of greater moment than style, in the arrangement and disposition of the subject, Mr. Irving has been peculiarly success-

ful. The narrative flows on rapidly and agreeably, and where broken, is broken only by indispensable disquisition. Events follow each other in clear succession, and the influence of circumstances upon man, and of man upon circumstances, is described vividly and pleasantly. The principal actors in the grand drama are ably painted, and if the whole picture has not that terrible sublimity which the pencil of a Tacitus or a Gibbon would have given it, still we must acknowledge it to be worthy of no ordinary degree of praise. The work has, moreover, another excellence which vulgar critics will be apt to overlook; it has few reflections. Of course, the absence of these shoots of ostentation and ignorance will be considered an awful deficiency by the herd of Aristarchuses; but all sensible readers will respect the author for his forbearance. Reflections, at least such as we meet with in our would-be-philosophical historians, are the vulgarst and most useless trash in the world, and serve no purpose but to amaze and mislead the ignorant. Instead of these, Mr. Washington Irving has very judiciously substituted sensible and well-written dissertations on all the various subjects collaterally connected with the history of Columbus or his great discovery, so that the reader may find in the four volumes before us every thing he can wish to know on the subject of the work. Upon the whole, we confess that the history is somewhat too long; but as it is instructive and deeply interesting, we were hardly conscious of this during the perusal of it, and suspect that the experience of our readers will very nearly resemble our own. Having premised thus much on the character of the writer and his work, we proceed to give some slight account of the subject, together with such extracts as may convey some idea of the character and fortunes of Columbus.

Columbus, for the early part of whose history there appear to be but very slender materials, was born at Genoa, about the year 1435, or 1436. Like Shakspeare, he was the son of a wool-comber, who, having three other children, seems to have been unable to bestow upon the great navigator a learned education, or the ordinary means of rising to distinction in the world. That Columbus made the most, however, of his opportunities, may be inferred from the fact that, although he went to sea at the age of fourteen, he wrote a remarkably fine hand, was skilled in arithmetic, drawing, and painting, and understood Latin well. It has been often repeated that genius always educates itself; that, in fact, it is like an extinguishable fire which feeds on every thing it reaches, and changes it into its own essence; and, undoubtedly, a powerful and active mind, ever making incursions into the domains of speculation, and hiving up numerous and vivid ideas, whatever aids it may possess, may be said to educate itself. What is vulgarly termed education, is nothing but the transfusion from one mind to another of a barren knowledge; while the education which genius or a train of extraordinary circumstances bestows, converts the mind into a ready instrument with which a man can open to himself a way to reputation and power. The man of ordi-

nary education, within the range of his ideas, is probably equal to the self-instructed individual, but the latter has a fertility of resources, a flexibility and force of character, which nothing but the school of vicissitude and danger can bestow.

For many years, during which he led an active, enterprising life, Columbus appears to have seen but dimly his way towards fame and greatness. Throughout Europe an ardour for discovery, a thirst of enterprise, a desire to extend the empire of civilization, were awakened, and Columbus felt, perhaps more strongly than any one, the influence of this spirit. The celebrity of the Portuguese navigators at length attracted him, in the year 1470, to Lisbon, where he shortly afterwards married a lady, of Italian descent, for love. Minds of an heroic cast are always strongly addicted to this passion, not only as a means of acquiring immortality by succession, but as the only means under heaven of securing the undivided sympathies of a congenial soul. Columbus, however, when he turned his attention to love, was already a mature man, and thought had covered his temples with locks of gray; but we will borrow the historian's description of his person:—

"Minute descriptions are given of his person by his son Fernando, by Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts, he was tall, well formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanour. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek-bones were rather high, his eyes light gray, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light colour; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life, that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observed rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinged." Vol. i. p. 40—41.

When Columbus found himself in possession of the object of his affections, he does not seem to have been altogether sure of providing her and her offspring with bread, which, it seems, he for some time obtained by constructing maps and charts. In these his evil days, however, he abated not one jot of the grandeur of his expectations, which seems to be the blossom, as it were, of a great soul, ripening and enlarging itself in secret. Though many aim at celebrity, and endeavour to cozen the world into admiration of them, none but great minds are conscious of deserving renown,

and these, bearing about with them, even in the night of adversity, the splendour which burns inwardly, and is unveiled to the world only by success, are not cast down, though they be obscure, and behold many inferior persons rush before them into the sunshine of public favour.

We have dwelt with great delight upon the manner in which, according to his able historian, Columbus discovered and treasured up in his soul the scattered and slender indications of the existence of a new world beyond the ocean, which chance and circumstance threw in his way. Like a prophet big with some mighty revelation, too vast to be comprehended even by his own mind, Columbus appeared to be oppressed, and worn down by the weight and agitation of his ideas. The ocean, he observed, bore eastward upon its bosom evidence that in rolling round the world it washed shores hitherto unvisited, not only by civilized man, but by those arts which are the first instruments of civilization. On the coast of the Azores were picked up fragments of oars or paddles, curiously carved, and apparently without the assistance of iron. Besides these, huge reeds, trunks of pine trees, of a kind unknown in the old world, and what was still more extraordinary, the bodies of two men of an unknown species, were carried to the shores of these islands,—the farthest outposts of civilization,—by the fury of the Atlantic tempests.

While anxiously collecting these dumb witnesses, despatched by the new world to the old, Columbus, impatient of tranquillity, sailed as far north as an island, which he denominates Thule, now supposed to have been Iceland. But we cannot thus minutely follow him in his glorious career, and must hasten towards the New World. However, we will just mention, that having, as the public already know, in vain offered his services to the King of Portugal, and, as is reported, to Genoa and Venice, he proceeded to Spain, where he arrived friendless and destitute.

"The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little seaport of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town, stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and, observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learnt the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego." Vol. i. p. 95—96.

Having described the circumstances which enabled Columbus to appear at the Spanish court, the historian presents his readers with a clever sketch of the principal personages

who figured there. But as kings, queens, and courtiers are much less interesting than great men, we forbear quoting any thing about Ferdinand and Isabella, who have already had their share of celebrity. It may, however, be amusing to introduce Columbus to our readers, as he appeared before the council of the University of Salamanca, which, for absurdity and bigotry, may be regarded as the genuine prototype of most modern universities. Our readers will observe the inveterate propensity of learned bodies to oppose authority to reason, and to prefer the stupid opinions of St. Augustine and Lactantius, to the testimony of science and the senses.

"The greater part of this learned junto, it is very probable, came prepossessed against him, as men in place and dignity are apt to be against poor applicants. There is always a proneness to consider a man under examination as a kind of delinquent, or impostor, whose faults and errors are to be detected and exposed. Columbus, too, appeared in a most unfavourable light before a scholastic body; an obscure navigator, member of no learned institution, destitute of all the trappings and circumstances which sometimes give oracular authority to dulness, and depending upon the mere force of natural genius. Some of the junto entertained the popular notion that he was an adventurer, or at best a visionary, and others had that morbid impatience, of any innovation upon established doctrine, which is apt to grow upon dull and pedantic men in cloistered life. What a striking spectacle must the hall of the old convent have presented at this memorable conference! A simple mariner, standing forth in the midst of an imposing array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the church; maintaining his theory with natural eloquence, and, as it were, pleading the cause of the New World. We are told, that when he began to state the grounds of his belief, the friars of St. Stephen alone paid attention to him; that convent being more learned in the sciences than the rest of the university. The others appeared to have entrenched themselves behind one dogged position, that, after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was a great presumption in an ordinary man to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make. Several of the objections opposed by this learned body have been handed down to us, and have provoked many a sneer at the expense of the University of Salamanca. But these are proofs, not so much of the peculiar deficiency of that institution, as of the imperfect state of science at the time, and of the manner in which knowledge, though rapidly extending, was still impeded in its progress by monastic bigotry. All subjects were still contemplated through the obscure medium of those ages when the lights of antiquity were trampled out, and faith was left to fill the place of inquiry. Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps, and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of

the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers. Thus the possibility of antipodes in the southern hemisphere, an opinion so generally maintained by the wisest of the ancients, as to be pronounced by Pliny the great contest between the learned and the ignorant, became a stumbling block with some of the sages of Salamanca. Several of them stoutly contradicted this basis of the theory of Columbus, supporting themselves by quotations from Lactantius and St. Augustine, who were considered in those days as almost evangelical authority. But, though these writers were men of consummate erudition, and two of the greatest luminaries of what has been called the golden age of ecclesiastical learning, yet their writings were calculated to perpetuate darkness in respect to the sciences.

"The passage cited from Lactantius to confute Columbus is in a strain of gross ridicule, unworthy of so grave a theologian. 'Is there any one so foolish,' he asks, 'as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth,' he adds, 'was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes with their heels in the air; for these philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another.' More grave objections were advanced on the authority of St. Augustine. He pronounces the doctrines of antipodes incompatible with the historical foundations of our faith; since, to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have passed the intervening ocean. This would be, therefore, to discredit the Bible, which expressly declares, that all men are descended from one common parent.

"Such were the unlooked for prejudices which Columbus had to encounter at the very outset of his conference, and which certainly relish more of the convent than the university. To his simplest proposition, the spherical form of the earth, were opposed figurative texts of scripture. They observed, that in the Psalms, the heavens are said to be extended like a hide; that is, according to commentators, the cur-

* *Extendens eolum sicut pellem.* Psal. ciii. In the English translation it is Psalm civ. v.

tain, or covering of a tent, which, among the ancient pastoral nations, was formed of the hides of animals; and that St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, compares the heavens to a tabernacle, or tent, extended over the earth, which they thence inferred must be flat. Columbus, who was a devoutly religious man, found that he was in danger of being convicted, not merely of error, but of heterodoxy. Others, more versed in science, admitted the globular form of the earth, and the possibility of an opposite and inhabitable hemisphere; but they brought up the chimera of the ancients, and maintained that it would be impossible to arrive there, in consequence of the insupportable heat of the torrid zone. Even granting this could be passed, they observed, that the circumference of the earth must be so great as to require at least three years to the voyage, and those who should undertake it must perish of hunger and thirst, from the impossibility of carrying provisions for so long a period. He was told, on the authority of Epicurus, that, admitting the earth to be spherical, it was only inhabitable in the northern hemisphere, and in that section only was canopied by the heavens; that the opposite half was a chaos, a gulf, or a mere waste of water. Not the least absurd objection advanced, was, that should a ship even succeed in reaching, in this way, the extremity of India, she could never get back again; for the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible for her to sail with the most favourable wind." Vol. i. p. 119—125.

We last week extracted our author's account of the first landing of the Spaniards in America, and two or three interesting descriptions of savage manners; but as the tribes found by the early discoverers no longer exist, or have lost their primitive manners, we shall extract a few more particulars concerning them, which have been copied from the only memorials of them that now exist. But first let us copy what Columbus himself says of the scenery of Cuba, one of the seats of these simple savages:—"His description of one place, to which he gave the name of Puerto Santo, is a specimen of his vivid and artless feeling for the beauties of nature. 'The amenity of this river, and the clearness of the water, through which the sand at the bottom may be seen; the multitude of palm-trees of various forms, the highest and most beautiful that I have met with, and an infinity of other great and green trees; the birds in rich plumage and the verdure of the fields, render this country, most serene princes, of such marvellous beauty, that it surpasses all others in charms and graces, as the day doth the night in lustre. For which reason I often say to my people, that, much as I endeavour to give a complete account of it to your Majesties, my tongue cannot express the whole truth, nor my pen describe it; and I have been so overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty, that I have not known how to relate it.'" vol. i. p. 300.

In the following paragraph the author describes the discovery of the island of Hayti, doomed unquestionably to be "unfortunate," but doomed also to be "free."—"In the trans-

parent atmosphere of the tropics, objects are described at a great distance, and the purity of the air and the serenity of the deep blue sky give a magical effect to the scenery. Under these advantages, the beautiful island of Hayti revealed itself to the eye as they approached. Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands; but the rocks reared themselves from among rich forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of cultivated fields, with the numerous fires at night, and the columns of smoke which rose in various parts by day, all showed it to be populous. It rose before them in all the splendour of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate." vol. i. p. 304.

The primitive manners of the aboriginal inhabitants of Hispaniola were so hospitable, mild, and generous, that it is no wonder Columbus was delighted with the country, and thought he had found the golden age of the poets realized. It was a woman that paved the way to a good understanding between the Spaniards and the natives:—"As three sailors were rambling about the vicinity, they beheld a large number of the natives, who immediately took flight; but the sailors pursued them, and, with great difficulty, succeeded in overtaking a young and handsome female, and brought their wild beauty in triumph to the ships. She was perfectly naked, which was a bad omen as to the civilization of the island, but an ornament of gold, which she wore in the nose, gave hope that the precious metal was to be found there. The admiral soon soothed her terror by his kindness. He had her clothed, and made her presents of beads, brass rings, hawks' bells, and other trinkets, and sent her on shore accompanied by several of the crew, and three of the Indian interpreters. So well pleased was this simple savage with her finery, and so won by the kind treatment she had experienced, that she would gladly have remained with the Indian women whom she found on board. The party which had been sent with her returned on board late in the night, finding that her village was far distant, and fearing to venture inland. Confident of the favourable impression which the report given by the woman must produce, the admiral, on the following day, despatched nine stout-hearted, well-armed men, to seek the village, accompanied by a native of Cuba as an interpreter. They found the village about four and a half leagues to the south-east, situated in a fine valley, on the banks of a beautiful river. It contained one thousand houses, but all deserted, for they had beheld the inhabitants flying as they approached. The interpreter was sent after them, who, with great difficulty, quieted their terrors, assuring them of the goodness of these strangers, who had descended from the skies, and went about the world making precious and beautiful presents. Thus assured, the natives ventured back to the number of two thousand. They approached the nine Spaniards with slow and trembling steps, often pausing and putting their hands upon their heads, in token of profound reverence and submission. They were

a well-formed race, fairer and handsomer than the natives of the other islands. While the Spaniards were conversing with them by means of their interpreter, they beheld another multitude approaching. These were headed by the husband of the female Indian who had been entertained on board of the ships the preceding evening. They brought her in triumph on their shoulders, and the husband was profuse in his gratitude for the kindness with which she had been treated, and the magnificent presents which had been bestowed upon her.

"The Indians having now become more familiar with the Spaniards, and having, in some measure, recovered from their extreme fear, conducted them to their houses, and set before them cassava bread, fish, roots, and fruits of various kinds. Learning from the interpreter that the Spaniards were fond of parrots, they brought great numbers of them which they had domesticated, and indeed offered freely whatever they possessed; such was the frank hospitality which reigned throughout the island, where, as yet, the passion of avarice was unknown. The great river which flowed through this valley was bordered with noble forests, among which were palms, bananas, and many trees covered with fruit and flowers. The air was mild as in April; the birds sang all day long, and some were even heard in the night. The Spaniards had not learned as yet to account for the difference of seasons in this opposite part of the globe; they were astonished to hear the voice of this supposed nightingale singing in the midst of December, and considered it a proof that there was no winter in this happy climate. They returned to the ships enraptured with the beauty of the country, surpassing, as they said, even the luxuriant plains of Cordova. All that they complained of was, that they saw no signs of riches among the natives. And here it is impossible to refrain from dwelling on the picture given by the first discoverers, of the state of manners in this eventful island before the arrival of the white men. According to their accounts, the people of Hayti existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity, which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth; surrounded by natural blessings, without even a knowledge of artificial wants. The fertile earth produced the chief part of their food almost without culture, their rivers and sea-coast abounded with fish, and they caught the utia, the guana, and a variety of birds. This, to beings of their frugal and temperate habits, was great abundance, and what nature furnished thus spontaneously, they willingly shared with all the world. Hospitality, we are told, was with them a law of nature universally observed; there was no need of being known to receive its succours, every house was as open to the stranger as his own. Columbus, too, in a letter to Luis de St. Angel, observes, 'True it is that after they felt confidence, and lost their fear of us, they were so liberal with what they possessed, that it would not be believed by those who had not seen it. If any thing was asked of them, they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much amity as if they gave their very hearts; and whether the thing were

of value, or of little price, they were content with whatever was given in return. * * * In all these islands it appears to me that the men are all content with one wife, but they give twenty to their chieftain or king. The women seem to work more than the men; and I have not been able to understand whether they possess individual property; but rather think that whatever one has, all the rest share, especially in all articles of provisions.'

"One of the most pleasing descriptions of the inhabitants of this island is given by old Peter Martyr, who gathered it, as he says, from the conversations of the admiral himself. 'It is certain,' says he, 'that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water; and that "mine and thine," the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that in so large a country they have rather superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, living in open gardens; not entrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, and without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man, who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provision for the increase of such roots whereof they make their bread, contented with such simple diet, whereby health is preserved and disease avoided.' " i. p. 307—314.

To complete the picture, we must copy the following short passage:—

"The shipwrecked crew also, living on shore, and mingling freely with the natives, became fascinated with their easy and idle mode of life. Exempted by their simplicity from the painful cares and toils which civilized man inflicts upon himself by his many artificial wants, the existence of these islanders seemed to the Spaniards like a pleasant dream. They disquieted themselves about nothing. A few fields, cultivated almost without labour, furnished the roots and vegetables which formed a great part of their diet. Their rivers and coasts abounded with fish; their trees were laden with fruits of golden or blushing hue, and heightened by a tropical sun to delicious flavour and fragrance. Softened by the indulgence of nature, a great part of their day was passed in indolent repose, in that luxury of sensation inspired by a serene sky and a voluptuous climate; and in the evenings they danced in their fragrant groves, to their national songs, or the rude sound of their sylvan drums." vol. i. 339—340.

We would willingly dwell at greater length upon these lovely scenes and simple manners, which shed an indescribable charm over the account of the first voyage; but we must here cut short our article, with a promise to return to the subject next week.

Having already expressed our opinion of this very excellent work, we shall now merely make a few additional extracts. Our readers, who will contrast the description given last week of Columbus's appearance before the bigoted and ignorant doctors of Salamanca, with the following account of his triumphant

entry into Spain after the discovery of America, will find the contrast a considerable "aid to reflection." After narrating Columbus's cold reception in Portugal, the danger he ran of being assassinated there, and the death, from remorse, of his envious rival Alonzo Pinzon, the historian says—"Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favourable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville or elsewhere that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them, by the return of the courier, what was to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of 'Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;' at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the New World.

"The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumour, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly founded country with all kinds of wonders.

"It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favoured climate contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed

to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

"To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his grey hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

"At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable

wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

"The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence: all present followed their example, a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, 'so that,' says the venerable Las Casas, 'it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.' Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world." vol. i. p. 417—24.

The most delightful moment of Columbus's life was undoubtedly that in which the mountains and forests of the new world first burst upon his eye—but the present, when he had confounded his enemies, and established his reputation in Spain, was the most glorious; and although he never tarnished his renown by dishonourable deeds, we may say of him, what Cicero said of Pompey, when all Italy was putting up prayers for him to the Gods—it had been fortunate for him had he died then! For returning to the new world, and performing many memorable and glorious actions, he yet could not escape the fangs of envy, and was doomed to make his next voyage to Spain as a prisoner and in chains. We cannot, of course, enter into the details of the events which brought to pass this terrible reverse of fortune; it may be sufficient to state that the Spanish monarch, envious of the glory which Columbus had acquired, and respecting no greatness but that of position, listened to every slanderer's accusation against Columbus, and sent out a petty tyrant to wrest from him his honours and deprive him of his power. It is possible that the ruffian exceeded his orders, but he seized upon the person of the discoverer, threw him into prison in chains, and transported him like a felon to Spain.

To give our readers a full idea of the character of Columbus, we shall extract the historian's summing up, which appears to be conceived in a spirit of benevolence not at all inconsistent with truth:—"Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided

conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

"His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labour and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labour, and a disappointment of ambition, in the enterprise;—on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one-eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.

"The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine.

"In the discharge of his office he maintained the state and ceremonial of a viceroy, and was tenacious of his rank and privileges, not from a mere vulgar love of titles, but because he prized them as testimonials and trophies of his achievements: these he zealously cherished as his great rewards. In his repeated applications to the king, he insisted merely on the restitution of his dignities. As to his pecuniary dues, he would leave them to arbitration, or even to the disposition of the king; 'but these things,' said he, nobly, 'affect my honour.' In his testament, he enjoined on his son Diego, and whoever after him should inherit his estates, whatever dignities and titles might afterwards be granted by the king, always to sign himself simply 'the admiral,' by way of perpetuating in the family its real source of greatness.

"His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of traversing the newly-found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoveries, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbours: he was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them; of conciliating and civilizing the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting

every thing to the control of law, order, and religion; and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command: with whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint. They interrupted all useful works by their seditions: provoked the peaceful Indians to hostility; and after they had thus heaped misery and warfare upon their own heads, and overwhelmed Columbus with the ruins of the edifice he was building, they charged him with being the cause of the confusion.

"Well would it have been for Spain had those who followed in the track of Columbus possessed his sound policy and liberal views. The New World, in such case, would have been settled by pacific colonists, and civilized by enlightened legislators; instead of being overrun by desperate adventurers, and desolated by avaricious conquerors.

"Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

"His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, 'full of dew and sweetness,' the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He proclaims that each new discovery is more beautiful than the last, and each the most beautiful in the world; until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns, that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them all in excellence.

"In the same ardent and unstudied way he expresses his emotions on various occasions, readily affected by impulses of joy or grief, of pleasure or indignation. When surrounded and overwhelmed by the ingratitude and violence of worthless men, he often, in the retirement of his cabin, gave way to bursts of sorrow, and relieved his overlaid heart by sighs and groans. When he returned in chains to Spain, and came into the presence of Isabella, instead of continuing the lofty pride with which he had hitherto sustained his injuries, he was touched with grief and tenderness at her sympathy, and burst forth into sobs and tears.

"He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina*, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger; but he carried his religion still further, and his piety was darkened by the bigotry of the age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all the nations who did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feelings which he had originally entertained and expressed towards this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character, to observe, that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so

that the question was finally settled in favour of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

"These remarks in palliation of the conduct of Columbus, are required by candour. It is proper to show him in connexion with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

"A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed—that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

"He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

"To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so

many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age.'

"With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"—vol. iv. p. 48—61.

With these extracts we conclude our notice of a work which unquestionably entitles its author to rank among the ablest historians of the age.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

How sweet was this landscape, by summer array'd

In the splendour of bloom, and the freshness of shade!—

A vision of glory outspread, it would seem,
For Beauty to wander, or Poet to dream;
Ere Innocence vanish'd, more lovely to see
The valleys of Paradise scarcely could be.

I came in the morning—all pure was the sky—

An earth-spanning arch of cerulean dye;
The dew-drops were glistening above and below,

On hawthorn and hare-bells beginning to blow;
And green were the pastures and blue were the rills,

And grandly majestic the face of the hills;
And balmy the zephyrs, just breathing to stir
The gardens of wild-rose, and forests of fir.—

From her nest in the copse-wood, forsaking her young,

The lark woke to music, and soar'd as she sung;—

Up-piercing the beautiful firmament high,
Till dwindled from vision—a voice in the sky.

I came at the eventide;—brightly abroad
The sun from the tent of the occident glow'd;
Magnificent, splendidly girdled around
By clouds, that with purple and yellow were bound;

O'er topping the hills, with the pride of a sire,
 When his children are joyful, from palace of
 fire,
 He gazed, in his garment of glory, gazed forth
 From the west to the east, from the south to
 the north,
 And saw that the forests and valleys were fair,
 Within the immeasured circumference there—
 I stood on a precipice; far, far below
 Was the furze in its bloom, and the stream in
 its flow;
 And the knell of the curfew arose o'er the
 trees;
 And the notes of the blackbird were loud on
 the breeze;
 And the lark and the linnet in concert were
 singing,
 All the air seem'd alive, and the echoes were
 ringing;
 While the tints of the west grew more pale on
 the sight,
 And the empire of Heaven was divided by
 Night;
 And the shadows of twilight came onward, to
 veil
 With a wide-spreading mantle of azure the
 dale;
 And the fair star of Evening serenely arose,
 Like the spirit of Virtue surmounting its
 woes.

How different, alas! is the landscape—be-
 hold,
 Where now are its perfumes, its blossoms of
 gold,
 Its mirth, and its music? All vanish'd away,
 Like the demon of Night from the eye-star of
 Day;
 Like the painting of Fancy, the vision of
 Youth,
 Disenchanted by touch of the sceptre of Truth.

No longer I list to the song of the bird;
 The bee with its murmur no longer is heard;
 The swallows, which darted like spectres
 around,
 Now vaulting the sky, and now skimming the
 ground,
 O'er the billows of Ocean have taken their
 flight
 To the realms, where the nightingale sings to
 the night.
 Bell, Cowslip, and Kingcup, no more are es-
 pied;
 The wild-rose hath wither'd; the daisy hath
 died;
 The forest is stripp'd of its many-hued green,
 And the leaves of the summer are things that
 have been.

From its source, mid the dim-hazy moun-
 tains, comes down,
 O'erflowing its banks, the deep river of brown;
 Cold, cold is the East Wind, and white is the
 snow,
 That mantles the desolate valleys below,
 Where moaning, with dull hollow murmur,
 the trees
 Bend lowly and leafless their boughs to the
 breeze;
 A pall of obscurity, sombre, and dun,
 O'erhangs like a death-shroud the disc of the
 sun,

And the clouds, fleeting past, in unceasing ar-
 ray,
 Hurry on—hurry on, to the southward away;
 Where, lifting their summits gigantic and
 drear,
 The far hills in hoary succession appear,
 Cleft, cranny, and precipice, darkening su-
 blime,
 Like Titans begirt with the furrows of Time.
 Oh, dull were the Fancy, that here could
 not find,
 Mid the dim desolation meet food for the mind;
 And learn that the tenor of Life is a stream,
 The past a regret, and the future a dream!

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From the London Weekly Review.

MEMOIRES INEDITES DE LOUIS HEN-
 RI DE LOMENIE, COMTE DE BRI-
 ENNE, SECRETAIRE D'ETAT SOUS
 LOUIS XIV. *Publiés sur les MSS. Auto-
 graphes, &c. Par F. Barrière, Éditeur des
 Mémoires de Madame Campan. 2 vols. Pa-
 ris, 1823. Ponthieu & Cie. London: Treut-
 tel and Wurtz.*

THE age of Louis XIV., or as it has been em-
 phatically termed, *le grand siècle*, derived
 much of its factitious splendour, we suspect,
 from a comparison with that which immedi-
 ately preceded, and that which followed it.
 Contrasted, indeed, with the barbarous cha-
 racter, and more barbarous civil dissensions,
 that marked the period of the regency, and
 with the court profligacy and corruption un-
 der Louis XV., that paved the way for the Re-
 volution, the reign of his predecessor doubtless
 appears to advantage. In itself, however, it
 can lay no positive claims to any thing truly
 great and splendid, whether considered in its
 foreign or domestic policy; as little guided by
 wisdom as by humanity. The nearer we view
 the subject, and the more light it continues to
 receive from the publication of secret history
 and memoirs by contemporary writers and ac-
 tors in the grand political drama, the less rea-
 son does there appear for indulging our admi-
 ration. In a political view, therefore, there is
 little to interest, and less to edify us in the Me-
 moirs before us; the writer adds no fresh touch-
 es to the picture, that can give it value in the
 eyes of the statesman, or the man of the world.
 The chief figure stands prominently forward in
 as bad a light as before: the same bad compound
 of ostentatious pride, ambition, dissimulation
 and fanaticism, added to the hereditary vice of
 gross sensuality, the only one in which there
 appears any degree of family resemblance to
 the more celebrated Henry IV. These fea-
 tures of his character are not improved by the
 style of flattery in which they are drawn; no
 slight imputation upon the judgment, indeed,
 if not upon the correct feeling of the writer.
 To exact this fulsome incense, was one of
 Louis the Great's prerogatives, with which he
 seldom dispensed; inasmuch that even the se-
 cret memoir writers of the age, however im-
 partial, or however oppressed by his capricious
 cruelty they may have been, could not wholly
 divest themselves of it. Consequently, in a

political sense, these volumes are utterly worthless; they have no character, and no connexion with any views higher than the court characters and anecdotes of the day.

To this last source we must look for the sole interest they possess. As a personal narrative of indisputable authenticity, containing some new anecdotes and traits of character, they are often interesting, and always more or less amusing. The work exhibits also a curious picture of the customs and manners of the times, for the better elucidation of which the editor has prefixed a long and well-written essay. In the Memoirs themselves there is little method or arrangement observed, and as little connexion between the different portions, written as they are by different hands—commencing with anecdotes of Cardinal Richelieu, and ending with the reign of Louis XIV. We are presented merely with a scattered series of portraits, a little retouched, and adorned with trifling incidents, and traits of the court characters who flourished in the 17th century. These are abundantly interspersed throughout the Memoirs, in the editor's notes and the historical illustrations, and are many of them sufficiently new to furnish us with specimens at once interesting and amusing. The portraits of the ministers Richelieu and Mazarin, of the Queen, Anne of Austria, and of Louvois, are sketched in a very masterly manner, and doubtless from exact acquaintance with the originals. For our present purpose, however, we shall only select such traits and anecdotes as we find most novel and entertaining. We shall moreover take them as they occur, without any attempt at historical illustration, or any regular order, to which the work itself lays no pretensions. In the first instance, we select an anecdote of the Duke de la Ferté, given by the editor in his Essay on the manners and customs of the 17th century—after all, perhaps most strikingly illustrated by the incidents and anecdotes themselves. "The Duke was accustomed to justify his passion for wine by such excellent moral reasons, that I hope to be excused for here citing them.—France was at war with Savoy, and he held the rank of Lieutenant-General under the Maréchal de Catinat in Piedmont. The army was provided with execrable wine, of which the Duke de la Ferté nevertheless drank much more than was becoming one of his rank, even had it been better than it was. 'Monsieur le Duc,' cried some of his companions, how can you drink that wine—and in such quantities as you do?' 'Ah, gentlemen,' replied the Duke, 'we ought all of us to learn how to love our friends with all their defects.'"—vol. i. p. 167.

The account of the assassination of the Maréchal d'Ancre by the Baron Vitri, at the instigation of Louis XIII., displays the ferocious character of the times. The manner in which he received the King's commission is described as follows:—"The Sieur Dubuisson received the King's orders to make the said proposition to the Baron de Vitri, and to assure him, as a recompense for this action, of being elevated to the rank of Marshal of France. The Baron, having listened to it favourably, hastened, the same day, to thank the King for the choice he had made, and the con-

fidence thus reposed in him regarding an affair of so much importance."—Note of the Editor, p. 285.

To this idea of the royal prerogative to commit murder, is added the opinion of the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, who observes that "this incomparable stroke of justice by this great prince, clearly shows that he must have been inspired from above, to secure the safety of the state and the peace of his subjects."

In describing the successful intrigues of the Cardinal Mazarin, and his method of ridding himself of his political rivals, we are presented with the following specimen, that may serve as a model, perhaps, of most prime ministers:—"After removing Chavigny (his first and greatest benefactor), the Cardinal found himself gradually freed from all competitors in the ministry. M. Desnoyers, who had stood high in public estimation, committed the great error of withdrawing even previous to the death of Louis XIII. This he had conceived a master-stroke of ability, showing that he had no share in the declaration, naturally so very displeasing to the Queen, and he might thus confidently appeal to her patronage, under the approaching regency. But he was too sanguine; or rather fell a victim to a bold manœuvre of the Cardinal. He solicited him to offer his resignation to Louis XIII., which the Cardinal did; but he brought him back only half of the King's message. 'My excellent friend and colleague, M. Desnoyers,' he observed, 'again solicits me to offer your Majesty his resignation.' 'If he wish to stay with me,' said his Majesty, 'go and bring him to me now: if he should not, I give him my promise to let him go wherever he may please.' The Cardinal, without acquainting his friend that he had any choice, told him only part of what the King had said—namely, that he had full permission to retire, which we might term in good French—a pill to be taken after the Italian—a true *coup de Jarnac*; and M. Desnoyers never recovered from it."—312-13.

We shall next give rather a curious anecdote of the Cardinal Mazarin, which has at least the merit of being wholly new, and apparently well authenticated:—"The Cardinal had for some time retired, and resided at his retreat of Bouillon. There the Abbé Fouquet went to visit him, in order to induce him to return to the court. He held out the hope of his being well received, and Mazarin had already received secret assurance to the same effect. He had, moreover, had a letter from the Queen, expressly enjoining him to return without farther delay. In fact, he had before resolved to obey so very pleasing an injunction, though he still affected the utmost degree of doubt and irresolution: and as he was naturally *tabarin*, after long discussion *pro* and *con*, he observed gravely to the Abbé: 'Well, come then, *Mon-sou Abbé*, let us see how fate will decide for us in this important matter. There—you see that tree (they were then walking in the forest of Ardennes); I will throw my cane into that pine, and if it should stick in the branches, I will take it as an infallible sign that, on returning to court, I shall also remain at it; but if the cane falls to the ground, it will be quite as evident that I ought to stay where I am.'

"Saying this, he flung the cane into the top of the tree, where it stuck so fast that it may perhaps be there still, unless the wind has blown it down. This consummate master of duplicity, on observing it, exclaimed with affected astonishment, 'Come, *Monsou Abbé*, let us depart; Heaven favours us; and this same tree of good augury will ensure us a safe journey.'"—i. 328.

There are several curious and characteristic details relating to the close of Mazarin's career, from which, however, we can only extract the following. A fire having occurred at the Louvre during his illness, he was removed with difficulty to his own palace, where an immediate consultation was held by twelve physicians. "Among these Guenaud was the only one who ventured to pronounce his approaching end. Not one of his companions was found willing to take this unpleasant office upon himself: 'It is of no use, my Lord, to flatter you. Our remedies, indeed, may prolong your life a little, but cannot remove the cause of your disease. You will certainly die of it, but not immediately. Your Eminence will prepare yourself, then, for this terrible change: and if my colleagues flatter you with hope, they only deceive you.—I am bound to tell you the truth.'"

"The Cardinal received the tidings without much emotion, and simply replied—'How long have I yet to live?' 'Two months, at least,' replied Guenaud. 'That is enough,' said his Excellency; 'Adieu, and come often to see me. I am as much obliged to you as a friend well can be. Avail yourself of the short time that remains for me to advance your fortune. Think in what way I can serve you.' Having said this, he shut himself up in his cabinet, and began to reflect seriously on his latter end.

"A few days afterwards, I happened to be walking in the new apartments of his palace. I was in the small gallery, where hung a piece of tapestry representing Scipio, worked in needle, after the designs of Giulio Romano. It had belonged to the *Maréchal de St. André*, and was the most beautiful in the Cardinal's possession. I heard him approaching, by the noise of his slippers, which he seemed to drag along like a man completely overpowered, just recovering from some dreadful malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and when he approached I heard him say—'And all this I must leave.' He stopped almost at every step; for he was very weak; and first rested on one side, and then on the other. Again casting his eyes on the objects that surrounded him, he said, as if from the bottom of his heart, 'Ah, I must indeed quit all this;' and turning round, 'and this, and this. With what trouble have I acquired all these things; how can I abandon them without regret? I shall never see them whither I am going.'—These words I heard very distinctly, and I gave a sigh which I could not repress. He caught it, and exclaimed—'Who is there?' 'It is I, please your Excellency, looking for an opportunity to speak with you touching a very important letter, which I have just received.' 'Come near, come near,' he replied, in a doleful tone: 'give me your hand, for I am very weak.' 'Your Excellency had better be seated,' I replied, at the same time offering him a chair.

'Nay,' he replied, 'I am glad to be able to walk a little, and then I have business to attend to in my library.' I offered him my arm, and began to talk on public affairs. But he stopped me, observing, 'I am no longer able to attend to them. Speak to the King, and do as he shall advise: I have other things now in my head;' and, recurring to his old train of reflections, 'Do you see, my friend, that fine picture of Correggio—that Venus, of Titian, and the incomparable Deluge by Annibal?—ah, I must leave them all.'"—*ii. p. 116—17.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

When the Lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The Rainbow's glory is shed.
When the Lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not;
When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the Lamp and Lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the Spirit is mute.

Shelley.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured
walls;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter thrown.
Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow;
Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought
through;
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was!—from her childhood's
years,—

A being of sudden smiles and tears,—
Passionate visions, quick light and shade,—
Such was that high-born Italian maid!
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,—
Or as the sounds in the Eolian strings,—
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings;
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
And waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Of, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
In the city's hour of moonlight glee,—
Oft would that gift of the southern sky,
O'erflow from her lips in melody;—
Oft amid festal halls it came,
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone
Of her Inspiration, was heard alone.
And Fame went with her, the bright, the
crown'd,
And Music floated her steps around;
And every lay of her soul was borne
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,
With a power so deep in her youthful breast?
Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye
So many changes and dreams went by?

And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought,
As if but born from the rush of thought?
—Yes! in the brightness of joy awhile
She moved, as a bark in the sunbeam's smile;
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
All, all on a happy love was pour'd!
How loves a heart, whence the stream of song
Flows like the life-blood, quick, bright, and
strong?

How loves a heart, which hath never proved
One breath of the world?—Even so she loved!
Blest, though the lord of her soul afar,
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,—
Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
Proud music breathed in her song, when Fame
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name;
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Ottoman
host,
In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,
For the day of triumph and return!
—The day is come! the flashing deep
Foams where the galleys of Victory sweep;
And the sceptred City of the wave,
With her festal splendour greets the brave;
Cymbal and clarion, and voice around,
Make the air one stream of exulting sound,
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
Robed for her warriors festival,
Moving a Queen 'midst the radiant throng,
Was She, th' inspired one, the Maid of Song!
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore;
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—
So came that being of Hope and Light!
—One moment, Erminia! one moment more,
And life, all the beauty of life is o'er!
The bark of her lover hath touched the strand—
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
Accorded well with the Grecian face,
And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose
cheek;
And he look'd on that beauty with tender
pride—
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern
bride!

But how stood She, the Forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
And there came from her quivering lip no
word—
Only the fall of her lute was heard,
As it dropt from her hand at her rival's feet,
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? her day was done;
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
The light, the vision, the gift of power,
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,

Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might
spring!

As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
So was her hope from its radiant height,
And her song went with it for evermore,
A gladness taken from sea and shore!
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
Silently, silently, died her name!
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a young flower decay,
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's
fire,
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
Wo for the Broken Heart and Lute!

F. H.

From the London Weekly Review.

LORD GODERICH.

THE statesmen of this country are divided into two great classes, which belong, as the French would say, to the new and the old *régime*. To lay aside all the niceties of the question, which would only encumber us in our present inquiry, we may say, at once, that one party is attached to things as they are,—and the other, to things as (in its opinion) they ought to be. The argument of the first is simply this—that things have done, and are doing, exceedingly well; and that it is the duty of every wise man, to let well alone. It is therefore averse to any innovation whatever, and looks upon every projected improvement on the wisdom of its grandmother, as something revolting and sacrilegious. Its opponents, on the other hand, laugh at such timidity; they point to what they call the “march of intellect,” to the progress of the arts and sciences, and inquire whether the art of government alone is to stand still. They ridicule the institutions that have merely antiquity to recommend them, and raise the veil with an indecent hand, from the most sacred mysteries of the body-politic. Both parties found their arguments upon the CONSTITUTION, which is the Bible of politicians; they only differ a little about the interpretation of the texts.

It is evident, from the nature of the human mind, and the construction of society at the present day, that the adherents of the last-mentioned party should not merely be by far the most numerous, but that, in reality, the most splendid and imposing talents (to set solidity out of the question,) should be ranked in the array of improvement. A third political party, therefore, is necessary to throw its weight into the scale, and to give sufficient popularity to a “stand-still” government, to enable it to retain its position. This party consists of individuals, who, from education or early habits—or even self-interest, are attached to the high-government class; but whose principles, being unsupported by what some will call firmness, and some the obstinacy of ignorance, have yielded, on a few of the great questions that agitate the nation, to the spirit of the age.

These men are the enemies of parliamentary reform, and the advocates of the extension of

royal patronage; but they are also, in some instances, the advocates of free trade; and in some, the enemies of religious persecution. They exercise a conciliatory influence on the public mind, and are, generally speaking, men of worth and talent. Among the most respectable and respected individuals of this class, is the nobleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article.

Frederick John Robinson was born on the 1st of November, 1752. He was educated at Harrow school, from whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he studied two years. So early as 1800, (in his twenty-fifth year,) he was Under Secretary of State with Lord Londonderry, but went out of office after his lordship's duel with Mr. Canning. When Mr. Yorke was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Robinson was one of his board: in 1812, after Mr. Perceval's death, he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade; in 1818, when Mr. Rose died, President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy; and in 1823, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such was the apprenticeship served by a man, who was one day to be Prime Minister. The most striking points in his character, developed during this succession of services, were an almost republican frankness of manner, and an unbending integrity of principle. His sentiments, popular or unpopular, were expressed plainly and fearlessly: he never got rid of an unpleasant discussion by "moving the previous question;" he met his enemies fairly, and advocated the cause he espoused, both with firmness and temperance. The following is the language he used in 1822, when opposing a popular measure; and it could have been uttered by very few statesmen indeed with more perfect truth and propriety:—"He knew that it might be imputed to him, and to those with whom he usually acted, that in opposing the motion, they were proceeding upon corrupt motives. It was their duty, however, to allow no imputation of the sort to interfere with their proceedings in any case where they were called upon to express their conscientious opinions; and if he thought that the individuals connected with his Majesty's government could be deterred from looking at the present question in all its bearings by any apprehension of this sort, he would be the first person to protest against their conduct." His views of many of the great state questions—the Catholic question, for instance, and the freedom of trade, were as just as they were liberal. He ridiculed the idea of opposing a barrier to the uncontrollable progress of rational liberty; and, in one of the most extraordinary speeches ever uttered by a minister of the crown, confessed, with a frankness and intrepidity characteristic of the man, that the progress of knowledge and education acted as a powerful check on royal influence. From this, indeed, he deduced the necessity of maintaining untouched the sinecure offices attacked by the Opposition; but to oppose this opinion successfully, it would be necessary to prove (and we have not room for the attempt) that the influence of the Crown was greater than that allotted to it by the Constitution, taking into account the existence of that moral counteraction to which he adverted.

While Chancellor of the Exchequer, his annual statements were received with respect and applause by both sides of the House; and even Mr. Brougham, when exhibiting the customary show of opposition, gave him "entire credit for the sound and enlightened principles his budget displayed. The following is the conclusion of his financial statement in 1825:—"Thus, then, I propose to give additional facilities to foreign commerce and internal consumption; thus I strike a blow at that giant, the smuggler; thus I exempt from the weight of direct taxation those who are the least able to bear it; and with these propositions in my hand, I would not fear to go into any assembly of my countrymen, at any time and in any place, and to claim, not I hope with overweening confidence or arrogant presumption, but with an honest consciousness of having endeavoured to do the state some service—respectfully and firmly to claim their approbation and support."

When the sudden death of Mr. Canning left the Government without a pilot, no thinking man in the empire doubted for a moment on whom the important office would devolve. With the official experience of eighteen years, with a deep and practical knowledge of those points of legislation which a British minister considers of paramount importance, and with a character untainted even by the breath of calumny, Mr. Robinson—now Lord Goderich—was called to the government of his country.

Although enjoying the assistance of some of the most efficient members of the late Tory administration, and the co-operation of nearly the whole body of the Whigs, this Government the nation saw, with astonishment and consternation, fall in pieces before the news of its very existence could have been carried to the extremities of the empire. With something of the same spirit which governs the enlightened population of Constantinople, who demand, on every cross-grained occurrence, the vizier's head for a satisfaction, the people of England were furious against the Prime Minister. The terms folly, stupidity, imbecility, were on every tongue. "Why," it was asked, "did he not turn out at once the understrapper Herries, since this was the only stumbling-block in his way? How could he think of bothering his Majesty with the affairs of the nation, at the time when the royal mind was engrossed by the cares of the Pimlico Palace and the Caméléopard?" We shall endeavour to answer these questions by a review of the circumstances in which the Minister was placed.

When Lord Goderich found himself at the helm of the state, there was nothing really difficult or remarkable in the situation of the country. Our relations with Portugal, indeed, were not altogether unravelled; and the affairs of the East demanded careful and constant observation. While the new minister, however, directed his earnest attention to those subjects, nothing was forgotten at home. Following the dictates of his judgment and experience, on a subject which he was peculiarly well qualified by both to examine, he determined on appointing a Committee of Finance. His coadjutors were men of such approved knowledge and ability, that he could not dream of difficulty; and although aware of the importance of

choosing a proper chairman for the committee, his views being totally unbiassed by personal considerations, he tacitly left the choice to them. The character of Mr. Huskisson has not been over-rated, viewing him as a member of the House of Commons; that of Mr. Herries has been under-rated. He is, in reality, a most useful person; and, indeed, we question whether there is a banker's clerk in Lombard-street more *au fait* in all clerical duties. Such men are not merely useful, but absolutely necessary, in an assembly formed, in great part, of raw lads, from the Universities, and grown gentlemen, who are as barren in ideas, as they are costive in words. Without the Mr. Herrieses of the day, we should have these conscript fathers getting up every now and then to say, "Really now, 'pon honour!" like Miss Edgeworth's Colonel, without the fear of being demolished by a fact; and Mr. Ilume, some night, without a human being to cry "Hold, hold!" would double the national debt, and propose to pay it off with the produce of the salt tax.

How Messrs. Huskisson and Herries managed the affair between them, we do not know. On another occasion, we shall have to inquire into the former gentleman's share of it: that of the latter, we must take on his own word; but having ourselves heard him receive the lie in as direct a manner as a gentleman could well give it, in the House of Commons, we really are not prepared to say what reiance ought to be placed on his assertion. However this may be, Mr. Huskisson committed himself, beyond retrieve, by offering Lord Althorpe the chair of the Committee; and Mr. Herries, on pretence of some informality, with regard to himself, threatened to resign, if the nomination was confirmed. Lord Goderich, therefore, had only to choose, as it would appear, between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson. He could not, in conscience, by accepting the latter resignation, deprive the government of its most efficient member, and so introduce disgust and disorganization in the Cabinet; but he could still less think of dismissing Mr. Herries—a man who had been hoisted into the Chancellorship, by the operation of the very highest influence in the state. It is sheer folly to talk of the insignificance of Mr. Herries—if simply hinting to the King the chance or propriety which existed of that insignificant gentleman's going out, had afterwards the effect of breaking up the ministry, what would have been the consequence of his arbitrary dismissal by the minister?

These were the horns of the dilemma. What was Lord Goderich's conduct? He did not choose to act either against his conscience, or against the existence of his government;—but with a spirit worthy of an English nobleman, and a constitutional minister, he went to his sovereign, and stated plainly to him the circumstances in which he had been placed by the man who had been thought worthy to fill the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer by his Majesty himself. His lordship was made to feel that he had been indiscreet in drawing, with the rude fingers of business, the silken curtains of the pavilion of royalty; but the consequences would have been precisely the same had he acted on his own authority. Lord God-

derich was dismissed; the ministry that had been hailed with acclamations of joy and gratitude, from one end of the kingdom to the other, was kicked aside; and in the nineteenth century, and in the reign of George IV., the government of the British empire was placed in the hands of the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces!

At this point we must stop. We have arrived at the last outpost of responsibility. There is no agent recognised by the constitution that we know of between the minister and the king. The minister did his duty—the rest will serve for a chapter when we come to write the life of George IV.

In conclusion, we have to congratulate Lord Goderich on retiring from the government with the same spotless honour with which he entered it; and after having left, by his conduct, a still stronger impression on the minds of all reflecting people, that he is qualified, by his talents and integrity, for the very highest offices in the state.

Lord Goderich is the second son of the late Lord Grantham: his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke. On the 1st of September, 1814, he was married to Sarah Albinia Louisa, only daughter, and, subsequently, heiress of the Earl of Buckinghamshire; two children, a boy and a girl, were the fruits of this union, but they are both dead. On the 25th of April, 1827, he was raised to the Peerage, with the title of Viscount Goderich of Goderich Castle in the county of Hereford. His lordship is now in the prime of life; in person he is about the middle height, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. His countenance is expressive of much benevolence, and his manner presents a happy compound of manly frankness and gentlemanly courtesy.

From the London Weekly Review.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN MASON GOOD.*

JOHN MASON GOOD was born of reputable parents at Epping, on the 25th of May, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport, where, with an activity peculiar to himself, he set himself immediately to pound medicines, play cricket and the German flute, practise fencing and poetry, study Italian, and compose a Dictionary of Poetic Endings, besides sundry other literary pieces. In 1783 and 1784 he attended Lectures in London, and wrote a treatise on the Theory of Earthquakes, containing a great deal of reasoning as elaborate as it was erroneous. In 1784 he entered into partnership with a surgeon at Sudbury, and in the following year into a still more intimate one—that of matrimony, with Miss Godfrey, a young lady of nineteen. The latter was dissolved by death in little more than six months.

Four years after, he married a Miss Fenn, and in due time became the father of six chil-

* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M. D. By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. London, 1828. Fisher.

dren, two of whom, daughters, still survive. Agreeably to the wishes of these ladies, however, who found that Dr. Gregory could not write of them without praise, the biographer determined reluctantly to mention their names as little as possible in the course of their father's history. In 1792 Mr. Good, either owing to "suretyship," or the imprudent practice of lending money to his friends, became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. This had the happy effect of stimulating him to literary exertion: he wrote plays, translations, and poetry, but without the desired effect; he then tried philosophy, but without discovering the secret of transmutation; and at last, to somewhat more purpose, opened a correspondence with a metropolitan newspaper and review.

In 1793 he removed, with his family, to London, and entered into partnership with a Mr. W. by whose misconduct the business soon after failed. "His character," says Dr. Gregory, "soon began to be duly appreciated among medical men; and, on the 7th of November he was admitted a Member of the College of Surgeons." We do not understand the conjunction here; perhaps there is a typographical mistake. However, he obtained a less questionable honour in becoming an active Member of the Medical Society, and of the General Pharmaceutical Association; and, at the suggestion of some of his colleagues in the latter, wrote a "History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of the Apothecary," which was published in 1795.

In 1797 he began a translation of Lucretius; and, two years after, set himself to study the German language, having previously made considerable progress in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The Arabic and Persian he afterwards added to his acquisitions. In 1799, he finished his translation of Lucretius, which was composed in the streets of London during the translator's walks to visit his patients. This is not so extraordinary a circumstance as Dr. Gregory imagines; if the business of literature stood still except when the artists are in their workshops, a weekly reviewer would not require a two-inch thick table like this before us, to support the subjects for his hebdomadal dissection.

Mr. Good's literary productions now followed each other in rapid succession till 1812. Of these, his "Song of Songs," "Translation of the Book of Job," and his contributions to the "Pantologia," are the best known. In 1810 he began to deliver Lectures at the Surrey Institution, the first course of which treated of the nature of the Material World, the second of that of the Animate World, and the third of that of the Mind; the whole of which were afterwards published under the general title of "The Book of Nature." In 1820, by authority of a diploma, dated from the ancient and anti-mercenary university of Aberdeen, he began to practise as a physician; and, from the extraordinary success that attended his career from this moment, had reason to regret that he had not aspired at an earlier period to the highest branch of his profession. In the same year he published "A Physiological System of Nosology," and, in 1822, "The Study of Medicine," one of the most successful of his works.

Up to this period, and indeed for some time after, his health had been almost uniformly good, which will not be deemed so extraordinary even in a man who read, wrote, and thought so much as Dr. Good, when it is recollected that his bodily exertions were, of necessity, almost equal to those of his mind. Even in London, when visiting his patients on foot, he must have walked enough to counterbalance the effects of more than one sheet *per diem*: and when the lazy luxury of a coach was substituted for this healthful exercise, it is not wonderful that the mental pressure of study should have increased, even to the extinction of life. On the 2d of January, 1827, in the 63d year of his age, John Mason Good died of a carriage, a disease of fatal, and, we believe, not very unfrequent recurrence in the history of physicians.

Dr. Good was a man of great and versatile talents. As a medical writer his name stands high; and as a physician his practice was extensive and successful. He was not, and, from his education and opportunities, could not be profoundly learned; but the stores of knowledge, collected by unwearied industry, carried on with a kind of enthusiasm in research, were in him as valuable, for all practical purposes, as abstruse learning. In religion, he began by being a Trinitarian, in the sequel he was a Socinian, and in conclusion, a strict Christian according to the doctrines of the Church of England. It is not known at what precise period his mind reverted to the truth; but, in 1807, he intimated by letter to the minister he had been in the habit of attending, that he could no longer countenance by his presence "a system which, even admitting it to be right, was at least repugnant to his own heart and his own understanding." The terms in which this renunciation was made are, at the least, ill-chosen, and among verbal critics might be made the subject of some controversy. In private life he was a good husband, a good father, and a good man.

Such is the groundwork on which this heavy superstructure of letter-press has been raised. As it partakes, however, more of the nature of the fungus than of any thing more tough or solid, it will not prove such a *crux lectorum* as might be imagined. Let the religious part be abridged, the miserable verses that occupy a great part of the volume, under the felonious *alias* of poetry, cancelled, and nine-tenths of the reflections omitted, and the residuum will prove just such a volume as Dr. Good deserves, and as a rational friend would desire to consecrate to his memory.

From the London Weekly Review.

MORNINGS IN SPRING; or Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By Nathan Drake, M. D. H. A. L., Author of "Essays on Periodical Literature," &c. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

THESE two volumes are the production of an amiable literary veteran, whose name has long been familiar to the public as the author of nu-

merous miscellaneous essays. Though deficient in power, freshness and vivacity, there is such a tone of benevolence, and such a gentle enthusiasm, in most of his writings, that he is held in considerable esteem by a large class of readers, who acknowledge, in these indications of a mild and philanthropic spirit, a sufficient atonement for much dullness and insipidity. Nothing, for example, but considerations of this nature could make any one tolerate for a moment his absurd patronage of various obscure versifiers, whom a writer with less of the milk of human kindness, or more critical acumen, would disdain to extricate from their merited oblivion.

An article of upwards of 100 pages, as full of eulogy as it can hold, is devoted to the Reverend Richard Hole, LL. B. the author of "Arthur," a Poetical Romance in Seven Books!! This work was printed and published no less than thirty-seven years ago, and, to the astonishment of our worthy critic, no second edition has yet been called for. In fact, he verily "believes that it has faded nearly, if not altogether, from the memory of the public,"—a circumstance of which we are by no means sceptical.

As among the more sensible and pleasant articles in these volumes, we should mention that "On the Influence of an early acquired Love for Literature;" "The Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney and his Sister;" "On. Drummond;" and "The Interview of Milton and Galileo at Tuscany." From this last we shall present our readers with an interesting extract.

"One of the most pleasing, and, at the same time, most interesting circumstances in the early life of Milton, and during the period of his travels on the Continent, is his interview with the celebrated Galileo. 'There it was,' he says, speaking of Italy in his speech for unlicensed printing, 'that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensors thought.'

"It is probable that the attention of our immortal countryman had been peculiarly directed to this illustrious victim of bigotry and superstition, by the compassionate sympathy of Hugo Grotius, who, during the very month in which the poet was introduced to him by Lord Scudamore, then our ambassador at the court of Paris, thus mentions Galileo in a letter to his friend Vossius: 'This old man, to whom the universe is so deeply indebted, worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind, gives us little reason to hope that his life can be long; common prudence, therefore, suggests to us to make the utmost of the time, while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor.'

"Little could be wanting to induce Milton to visit, and, with reverential awe, to offer an unfeigned homage to this truly memorable sufferer in the cause of science. Shortly, therefore, after reaching Florence, he sought out his abode, and found him at his seat near Arcetri, in Tuscany. Galileo in 1639, the period of Milton's visit, was seventy-five years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of

his philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation in December, 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the duchy of Tuscany.

"Let us now place before our eyes the picture which tradition has left us of this great and much injured character, when, at the close of a life of persecution, when 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues,' the youthful Milton stood before him.—Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had, a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have befallen a person thus engaged, he bore with Christian fortitude, with the piety, indeed, of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigour of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying, in a great measure, the defect by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or country, had he confined himself to these pursuits; his learning was general and extensive; both theoretically and practically he was an architect and designer; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic, and he played upon the lute with the most exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, whose malevolence and oppression, indeed, have scarcely had a parallel, he was yet cheerful, affable, and open in his temper, and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent.

"That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his pupils, and that when visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favourite disciple, then a youth of seventeen, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became his biographer, and a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never during the remainder of his life, (and he reached the age of eighty-one,) subscribed his name without the addition of the 'scholar of Galileo;' and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise.

"How must Milton have been interested and affected by the spectacle which opened to him on entering beneath the roof of Galileo how deeply must he have felt and penetrated into the feelings of the characters then placed before him; the sublime fortitude and resignation of the aged but persecuted astronomer, and the delighted love and admiration of his youthful companion! It is, indeed, highly pr

bable, that the poet's deep-rooted abhorrence of bigotry and oppression was first imbibed on beholding this illustrious martyr of intolerance. There can also be little doubt but that the conference which, on this occasion, took place between the philosopher and the bard, led, as the Italian biographer of Milton has remarked, to those ideas in the *Paradise Lost* which approximate to the Newtonian doctrine of the planetary system. It can also admit of less, that, when Milton, old and deprived of sight, was composing his immortal poem, he must often have recalled to memory this interview with the blind and suffering Galileo, under feelings of peculiar sympathy and commiseration; and with the same Christian patience and firmness which so remarkably distinguished the great Florentine, he could truly say,

‘I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.’

“Independent of a succinct annunciation, in the eighth book of his poem, of the system of the universe as taught by Galileo, he has twice by name distinctly alluded to him: thus in the first book, when describing the shield of Satan, he says, its

‘broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the *Tuscan artist* views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.’

“And again in his fifth book:

‘As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.’

“It is somewhat remarkable that Milton, who appears to have been well acquainted with the Copernican theory of the world as taught, and, I may say, indeed, demonstrated by Galileo, should have hesitated a moment in his choice between the system of his great contemporary and that of Ptolemy; yet this dubiety, this trimming, as it were, between the ancient and modern doctrines, is but too apparent in his sublime account of the creation, and interrupts in some measure the satisfaction of the philosophical reader. ‘If Pliny in regard to Hipparchus,’ says a pleasing and popular writer, ‘could extravagantly say, *Ausum rem Deo improban annumerare posteris stellas*, what would that historian of nature have said, had it been foretold him, that in the latter days a man would arise who should enable posterity to enumerate more new stars than Hipparchus had counted of the old; who should assign four moons to Jupiter, and in our moon point out higher mountains than any here below; who should in the sun, the fountain of light, discover dark spots as broad as two quarters of the earth, and, by these spots, ascertain his motion round his axis; who, by the varying phases of the planets, should compose the shortest and plainest demonstration of the solar system? Yet these were but part of the annuncia-

tions to the world of a single person, of Galileo, of unperishing memory.”

“This great and good man died at Arcetri, near Florence, in 1642, three years after Milton's visit, and in the same year which gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton, who, as hath been well observed, took up from Galileo the thread of astronomical science, and carried it from world to world, through regions as yet unexplored and unknown.” vol. ii. p. 313—321.

From the *Athenæum*.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

The reputation of this writer is very disproportionate to the extent of his definite and tangible performances. He stands, in general estimation, among the highest names of our day for speculative science, for politics, legislation, history, and rhetoric. Yet the works which have gained for him this high character are few and small—two or three pamphlets, a score of speeches, and as many anonymous papers in the *Edinburgh Review*. The merit of these, both for ability of thought and beauty of composition, is a sufficient warrant for the nature of the source from which they came; and we only lament that so bright a water should flow forth in such scanty streams. These writings have been sufficient to convince the world that Sir James Mackintosh is one of a small neglected class, the lovers of wisdom. But men have done him more justice than they ordinarily render to his brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire:† and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than, when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He has less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

His greatest talent is the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of our day, if not of all living Englishmen whatever, he is incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its

* “Adam's *Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 477.”

† If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any contemporary writer of our country : and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, is, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he is not very exclusively wedded to any peculiar system or even science. Many of the chroniclers or commentators of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or, even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute, the most deserving of attention ; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian ocean is a creek of the Persian gulf, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error : and we are inclined to think, that the most valuable service, he has it in his power to render to the world, would be by publishing a history of philosophy from the tenth to the seventeenth century ; not because he has thought the thoughts, or felt the feelings, of those ages, but because he would give us fair and candid abstracts of the books which he had studied, and would supply questions to be answered by the oracle, of which he is not himself a priest ; so that men of a more catholic, and less latitudinarian spirit, might find in his pages the elements of a wisdom to which he can minister, though he cannot teach it. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing ; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion which would have made him an apostle of truth, and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions, because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range. But having an acute intellectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him, *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which have been cultivated till now in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruit, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found little but its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there ; he has classed opinions, and brought them into comparison ; and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another ; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left ; and scarce rejecting or believing any thing strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages, and darkens its windows. He

has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon, which points out to him the sanctuary ; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers block up the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler ; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury ; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and difficulties, and nicely balanced systems. It is all arranged and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic ; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But, to know it, it must be felt. And here the man of talent is often at fault, while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition, rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature ; nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good, which will needs speak boldly wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt ; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments ; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

He seems to us to be a man of doubting and qualifying mind, who would willingly find out the best if he had courage to despise the throng, to desert their paths, and boldly go in search of it. He heads the crowd in the road they are travelling ; but he will not seek to lead them in a new direction. Nor is it only in any one particular department of thought that he seeks to support himself by the doctrines of his predecessors, and the prejudices of his contemporaries ; in short, to move the future by the rotten lever of the past. It is a propensity which guides and governs him in all his labours. In

politics, he is a professed whig ; that is, a man who, provided no great and startling improvements are attempted, is perfectly willing that mankind, as they creep onward, should fling off, grain by grain, the load with which they now are burdened : though he holds it certain that we are doomed by nature to sweat and groan for ever under by far the larger portion of our present fardels. He will not venture to conclude that the whole of a political system is bad ; but his reason and his good feelings tell him that the separate parts are all indefensible. He halts perpetually between two opinions ; and while decidedly a friend to the people, he is not near so certainly an enemy to bad government. He is too wise and too virtuous not to know that reform must begin ; but he is too cautious and timid to pronounce how far it shall be allowed to go. What he would do in politics, is all good ; but he seems afraid to proceed to extremity, even in improvement. This propensity arises in part from his natural hesitation and weakness of temperament : but is strengthened, and in his views sanctioned, by the effects of his historical studies. For he seems to have been very much influenced by the feeling of exclusive respect for the past, which is so apt to creep unconsciously and gradually, like the rust of time upon a coin, over the minds of those who devote themselves chiefly to by-gone ages. They do not see how far the path is open before us, because their eyes are constantly turned backwards ; and from the same cause, they are liable, in moving onward, to stumble over the slightest impediment. Sir James Mackintosh has obviously escaped (thanks to his speculative and benevolent habit of feeling) from the worst degree of this tendency ; and, in charging him with it all, we are not sure that his attempt to reform the criminal law might not be held up to us as a sufficient and complete answer. But it certainly does seem, that it has acted upon him in a certain degree, in connexion with the bent of his moral and metaphysical opinions, to prevent him from hoping, and therefore from attempting, any great amelioration of mankind. He is, moreover, from his habits of research and study, far too much of the professor, to be all that he ought to be of the statesman. With his eloquence, his knowledge of the laws, his station in general opinion, and his seat in Parliament, he might make himself an instrument of the wisest good. But, alas ! he retreats from the senate to the library, and, when he casually emerges into affairs, he, who might be the guiding star of his country, if he be not a mere partisan, appears as little better than a book-worm.

It is truly wonderful to consider, recognised by all as the talents and acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh, how little effect he produces upon the public mind. Every body is willing to respect his judgment, and to learn from his knowledge ; but the prophet will not speak. He holds a sceptre which he will not wield, and is gifted with a futile supremacy. He is one of the many able men who do nothing, because they cannot do all. He seems to spend his time in storing up information for the 'moth and rust to corrupt.' He has none of the eager earnestness of mind, which would

make him impatient at seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. He forgets that, if he had written ten times as much, it would probably be only a few degrees less precious than what he has accomplished : and the world would have been influenced nearly ten times more by his abilities and knowledge. He would, doubtless, then have been prevented from heaping into his memory so much of the deeds and sayings of other men ; but he would have done more good, and said more truth, himself. He would not so thoroughly have known past history ; but he would have been a nobler subject for future historians. Even his opinions on the constitution and laws of the human mind, he has never put forth boldly and formally ; nor would it be easy to prove, from either his avowed or his anonymous productions, at what point he stands between Kant and Hume. On one great subject, namely, the essential difference between right and wrong, he has more than once declared himself ; and as this point is at present of great interest, and larger masses of belief seem daily ranging themselves on opposite sides, it is one with regard to which we will venture to say a very few words. It is the theory of Sir James Mackintosh that expediency is the foundation of morality, but a large and universal expediency, which embodies itself in rules that admit of no question or compromise. He thus stands among the advocates of 'utility,' but on the border nearest to their antagonists. His principle is obviously much less liable to fluctuation and uncertainty, than that of the reasoners who, like him, basing their system on expediency, perpetually recur to the first principle of the doctrine, and will never take for granted, however general may be the assent of mankind, that any rule of conduct is right, unless they can demonstrate its beneficial consequence. The whole question, however, is evidently one of fact, and it would be futile to say that a different notion from that of the 'Utilitarians' would be more useful than theirs, supposing that, as they pretend, their creed can be proved to be the true one. But on this ground we are content to place the matter ; and we are just as certain, as of the existence of our senses, that there is, in the human mind, a simple and primary idea of the distinction between right and wrong, not produced by experience, but developing itself in proportion to the growth of the mind. We do not say that the contrary belief is false, because it produces the state of moral disease which, we think, we can observe in the greater number of its supporters ; but we maintain, that it is at once the result and the evidence, in short, the symptom, of that unhealthy condition. It is one of the characteristics of that mental habit in which there is so much of narrowness both in thought and feeling, and which has so strong a tendency to repress all that there is within us of nobler and more hopeful power. It seems certain that the habitual recurrence to expediency, as the standard of our conduct, must have the tendency to make us less and less moral, and more and more selfish beings ; until it has completely extinguished those sympathies which unite us to all our race, and which never were acted upon uniformly by any one who was ac-

customed to calculate their reaction upon himself.

That Sir James Mackintosh holds the theory of expediency in such a manner as to diminish his benevolence, we certainly do not believe. Like all the good men who have adopted this system, he probably feels a power which his intellect denies; and it is this which adds all the sanction and glory, which he and they are conscious of, to the relations that connect them with their species. But that his denial of any other basis of moral distinction than expediency has tended very much to cramp the general strain of his speculations, we are just as certain; and we think that the traces of this result, or rather of the character of mind which produced both evils, may be observed in his earliest production. The '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*' is a very clever book to have been written by a very young man. There is in it a completeness and vigour of reasoning, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which would do credit to any time of life, and justly brought distinction to the youth of Sir James Mackintosh. But there is perhaps in that very nearness to excellence an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles, and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas of which as yet we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects. It is not that he has an imperfect view of an extensive field, but that he seems circumscribed by a boundary, within which all is clear to him, but beyond which he does not attempt to look. There are no chasms, such as in thinking over a subject almost every young man must have felt that he did not know how to fill up, but which he knew, at the same time, required to be closed by some idea which he could not at the time command. There is nothing of this sort from beginning to end of the book; and therefore a philosopher might have predicted even then that the writer would never reform a science, or create a system. The department of thought in which, from the time he is understood to have given to it, and from its own exceeding imperfection, he would have been most likely to work out some great regeneration, is the philosophy of international law. Yet it stands very nearly where it did: and Sir James Mackintosh does not seem even to have attempted to introduce new principles, into a mass of rule and custom that is still, in a great degree, what it was made by the necessities or ignorance of our semi-barbarous forefathers. He seems to us, in short, to be distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without any thing of poetical imagination.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.—A FRAGMENT.

BY JAJA-EL.

By wood and stream and moonlit waste
A warrior urged his steed,
And onwards spur'd with fiery haste,
As life hung on his speed:

High in the star-gemm'd heav'n that night
The moon rose full and clear,
And gleam'd on helm and corslet bright,
As he pass'd in his wild career!

Up the steep hill, and down below,
Along the level heath
He springs—as mountain-torrents flow—
Loud-dashing far beneath!

Oh! pause, Sir Knight, yon lovely stream
Far-winding through the wold,
And dancing in the silv'ry beam,
Is beauteous to behold!

Yon mould'ring tower—sweet minstrel
rhymes
Have sung its lofty praise—
It tells, Sir Knight, of other times,
Of deeds of other days!

He heeds it not. Oh! stay thee now,
Thy courser pants for breath;
And wipe the cold sweat from thy brow—
It is the damp of death!

Away, away! with lips compress'd,
As if to chain his soul,
And hand upon his blood-stain'd vest,
He springs towards his goal!

By haunted dell, and holy roof,
By tower and stately hall,
Still, still descends the clattering hoof,
Like the dash of the water-fall!

Less swiftly shoots the startled hind,
Less fleet the falcon flies;
He passes like the rushing wind,
Or meteor 'thwart the skies:

But pale his cheek, and sunk his eyes,
And who had seen had said,
Before to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Will he be with the dead!

* * * * *
A lady sat on a moss-grown seat,
Her little page stood nigh,
And sang of love and battle-feat,
And deeds of chivalry.

And oft she sigh'd as he touch'd the chord,
And breathed the minstrel strain,
For she thought of her own betrothed lord,
Far off on the battle plain.

Yet smiled she on that lovely boy,
As the sweet sounds died away,
And his young heart gaily leap'd with joy,
As only the young heart may!

He had sung to her in moonlit bower,
And she had loved him well,
And been a friend from that far dim hour
When his father in battle fell.

Full sore he wept when his sire died,
 But short was his childish sorrow;
 The tears of the young are quickly dried,
 And he laugh'd again on the morrow!

And now no joy seem'd half so bright
 To the heart of that grateful child,
 As when in that bower, by calm moonlight,
 He sang, and his mistress smiled.

They met—that Knight and his Lady-love—
 That *so* the fond should meet!

He had flown o'er the land like the wounded
 dove,

To die in his loved retreat!

From the London Weekly Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JOHN LEDYARD, *from his Journals and Correspondence. By Jared Sparks. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.*

WE particularly delight to follow a bold adventurer in his wanderings through the wilderness of this world; to observe him from the moment when he creeps into life at the base of the pyramid of society, until he scales the summit, or dies struggling in the ascent. It is, in fact, to observe the triumph of mental energy over circumstances, over the opposition of fortune, and the tendency of our corporeal nature to ignoble and debasing repose. In looking abroad upon society, we invariably mark the predilections of vulgar minds point towards ease, security, pleasure; while in the creator of his own rank and fortune the workings of a very different spirit are visible. The latter sets out on the journey of life with pride and courage for his staff and scrip. He measures his intellectual stature with that of his neighbours, and discovering that, though they may stand upon higher ground, and affect to look down upon him with scorn from their accidental elevation, they are but pigmies in reality; he learns to entertain a scorn for mere rank, and more deep-rooted reverence of himself. In speaking thus of the maker of his own fortune, we do not of course allude at all to the Jews and jobbers and dwarf-minded knaves who thrive upon the offals of power in the obscene avenues of a court. Our discourse refers to the man who, entering the world, as it were, as a cypher, quickly causes his presence to be felt, and arms his mind with all those intellectual weapons with which we achieve fame. The mere vulgar adventurer is of course a very different kind of personage. His unquiet eye is cast, not upon intellectual pre-eminence, but upon the good things of this life; and if he struggles hard, and perseveres through evil and through good report, and at the expense of his friends, his conscience, and his God, to retain them, it is simply because his passions are a tide without a flood, and never lift him into the regions of enthusiasm.

John Ledyard, the subject of the present article, and an adventurer of mixed character, was born at Groton in Connecticut, in 1751. He was originally designed for the profession

of the law, and for a short time studied its principles under a respectable practitioner; but growing disgusted in a very little while with the Cokes and the Lyttletons, his next project was to become a Missionary. To accomplish himself for the fulfilment of his mission, which was to have been among the savages of North America, he became a student at Dr. Wheelock's establishment at Hanover, New Hampshire (now Dartmouth College), but he does not appear to have made any very great progress in the science of Theology. In fact, he had but a weak predilection for study of any kind. He learned but little at college, where, according to his biographer, he evinced a greater fondness for the life of a strolling player than for that of a missionary. However, to reconnoitre the ground in which he was one day to sow the good seeds of faith, he absconded from Hanover, and rambled for more than three months among the savages. This little excursion seems to have cured him of his zeal for proselytism, for he very soon after abandoned all thoughts of becoming a missionary, for which he was certainly no way fitted, and abstracted himself from college. The mode in which this little affair was managed was so characteristic of the man, and so very unlike the way in which a youth would run away from school in Europe, that we are tempted to copy Mr. Spark's account of it.

"On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labour he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long, and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and bidding adieu to these haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

"With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson, in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament, and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellow's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being

instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighbourhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes on the river. On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house, in the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford and empties itself into the Connecticut river, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse it was moved forward none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connexions, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition, for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians." p. 21-4.

We next find him exceedingly anxious to get a comfortable living as a regular clergyman, which he thought much better than dwelling as a missionary among savages; and while this fit was upon him, he was accustomed, we are told, in imitation of St. Anthony, who harangued the fishes, to go regularly into the woods, to preach to the trees, for the sake of practice. As the trees of North America are no controversialists, Mr. Ledyard had it all his own way in these little preachments; but when he came to try his eloquence upon mankind, he was found to be extremely ignorant, and refused admission into the church.

He now felt the *amor patriæ* cool a little within him, and began to think of projecting his genius into a new sphere. Accordingly, finding that the captain of a small trading vessel was disposed to afford him entertainment on board during a voyage to Gibraltar, and back to the West Indies, he left America; and, in order to diversify life a little, and amuse the worthy captain, who was an old friend of his father, he enlisted as a common soldier in an English regiment at Gibraltar. The honest old tar was a good deal vexed of course at this freak of Mr. Ledyard, but he exerted himself to obtain his liberation, and our hero magnanimously consented to do him the honour of eating his beef and biscuits for two or three months longer, if he would procure his release.

It seems that the family of the Ledyards was originally from Bristol, and that, at the time to which our adventurer's history relates, several respectable members of it were settled

as merchants in London. John, who had heard something of these wealthy relatives, now conceived the project of visiting them, but having no money, was compelled to work for his passage to England, where he arrived without a penny, without friends, without even a single letter of recommendation. He, however, begged his way to London, and was fortunate enough to see the name of Ledyard on a carriage in the street, which enabled him to discover his relatives. They appear to have received him tolerably well, considering the condition in which he presented himself to them, and his utter incapacity to prove his kindred. Disappointed in his romantic expectations, he now enlisted in the marines, and contrived to introduce himself to Captain Cook, then about to leave England for his last voyage round the world. The great navigator seems to have been pleased with his enthusiasm. He promoted him to the rank of corporal, and in this rank he accompanied the expedition. We shall not now stop to describe the countries visited or discovered in this celebrated voyage, but a love adventure, which took place in one of the South Sea Islands, is too interesting to be passed over.

"While the ships lay at anchor in Queen Charlotte's Sound, a singular love adventure occurred between a young English sailor and a New Zealand girl, the particulars of which are related in Ledyard's journal, as they are also in Cook's Voyages, and which prove the softer sex among savages, even the daughters of cannibals, to be capable of deep affection and strong attachment. An intimacy was contracted between a sailor and a native girl about fourteen years of age, which grew stronger from day to day, till at length all the time he could spare from his duties was devoted to her society. He furnished her with combs to decorate her hair, and with ornaments for her person; and, to make himself more attractive in her eyes, he submitted to be tattooed according to the custom of the country. His passion was reciprocated in the most ardent and artless manner by the maiden, Gowannahee, whom no conventional rules had taught to conceal the emotions of nature; and although they understood not each other's language, yet love whispered in accents which they found no difficulty in comprehending. Thus their days and hours flew rapidly away till the time of separation approached. Gowannahee was much distressed when such an event was hinted at; she would throw her arms around her lover's neck, and insist that he should not go; and such were the alluring arts she used, and such the willingness of the youth to be led by them, that he resolved to desert from the ship and remain behind. He contrived to remove his clothing and other effects on shore, and to escape by the stratagem of dressing himself in the costume of the natives and mingling in the crowd, just as orders were given to sail, and the New Zealanders were required to leave the ships. When the roll was called to ascertain if all hands were on board, his absence was discovered. The cause was easily apprehended, and some of the officers were disposed to let such an instance of true love have its reward, and not to disturb the enamoured sailor in his

dreams of future felicity among the savages of New Zealand. The less sentimental Cook was not moved by these mild counsels; he saw mischief in such a precedent, and he was inflexible: a guard of marines was despatched to search for the truant, and bring him back to duty. He had proceeded to the interior, and secreted himself with his faithful Gowannahee; but his hiding-place was at last discovered. As soon as she perceived their intention to take him away, she was overwhelmed with anguish; and at the parting scene on the beach she yielded herself up to expressions of grief and despair, which the stoutest heart could not witness unmoved. The young sailor was examined and tried for his nusdemancor; but Cook was so much amused with the schemes he had devised for himself, and the picture he had drawn of his future prospects and greatness, as the husband of Gowannahee, and a chief of renown, that he forbore to aggravate the pains of disappointed hope by any formal punishment." p. 60—63.

From the Southern Ocean the expedition next sailed through Behring's Straits into the Asiatic regions; and during this part of the voyage Ledyard exhibited, on the island of Onalaska, the following proof of daring courage.

"I was at this time, and indeed ever after, an intimate friend of John Gore, first lieutenant of the Resolution, a native of America as well as myself, and superior to me in command. He recommended me to captain Cook to undertake the expedition, with which I immediately acquiesced. Captain Cook assured me, that he was happy I had undertaken it, as he was convinced I should persevere; and after giving me some instructions how to proceed, he wished me well, and desired I would not be longer absent than a week if possible, at the expiration of which he should expect me to return. If I did not return by that time he should wait another week for me and no longer. The young chief before-mentioned, and his two attendants, were to be my guides. I took with me some presents adapted to the taste of the Indians, brandy in bottles, and bread, but no other provisions. I went entirely unarmed, by the advice of Captain Cook. The first day we proceeded about fifteen miles into the interior part of the Island, without any remarkable occurrence, until we approached a village just before night. This village consisted of about thirty huts, some of them large and spacious, though not very high. The huts are composed of a kind of slight frame, erected over a square hole sunk about four feet into the ground; the frame is covered at the bottom with turf, and upwards it is thatched with coarse grass; the whole village was out to see us, and men, women, and children crowded about me. I was conducted by the young chief, who was my guide, and seemed proud and assiduous to serve me, into one of the largest huts. I was surprised at the behaviour of the Indians, for though they were curious to see me, yet they did not express that extraordinary curiosity, that would be expected had they never seen an European before, and I was glad to perceive it, as it was an evidence in favour of what I wish-

ed to find true, namely, that there were Europeans now among them.

"About three hours before dark we came to a large bay, which appeared to be four leagues over. Here my guide Perpheela, took a canoe and all our baggage, and set off, seemingly to cross the bay. He appeared to leave me in an abrupt manner, and told me to follow the two attendants; this gave me some uneasiness. I now followed Perpheela's two attendants, keeping the bay in view; but we had not gone above six miles before we saw a canoe approaching us from the opposite side of the bay, in which were two Indians. As soon as my guides saw the canoe, we ran to the shore from the hills and hailed them, and finding they did not hear us, we got some bushes and waved them in the air, which they saw, and stood directly for us. This canoe was sent by Perpheela to bring me across the bay, and shorten the distance of the journey.

"It was beginning to be dark when the canoe came to us. It was a skin canoe, after the Esquimaux plan, with two holes to accommodate two sitters. The Indians that came in the canoe talked a little with my two guides; and then came to me and desired I would get into the canoe. This I did not very readily agree to, however, as there was no other place for me but to be thrust into the space between the holes, extended at length upon my back, and wholly excluded from seeing the way I went, or the power of extricating myself upon an emergency. But as there was no alternative, I submitted thus to be stowed away in bulk, and went head foremost very swift through the water about an hour, when I felt the canoe strike a beach, and afterwards lifted up and carried some distance, and then set down again; after which I was drawn out by the shoulders by three or four men, for it was now so dark that I could not tell who they were, though I was conscious I heard a language that was new. I was conducted by two of these persons, who appeared to be strangers, about forty rods, when I saw lights, and a number of huts like those I left in the morning. As we approached one of them, a door opened, and discovered a lamp, by which, to my joy and surprise, I discovered that the two men, who held me by each arm, were Europeans, fair and comely, and concluded from their appearance they were Russians, which I soon after found to be true."—p. 105—111.

On returning to the Southern Ocean, Ledyard witnessed the death of Captain Cook, at Hawyhee; an event which was certainly brought about in a great measure by the ill conduct of the illustrious victim himself. Ledyard describes the circumstances which attended it as follows:—

"The appearance of our parade, both by water and on shore, though conducted with the utmost silence, and with as little ostentation as possible, had alarmed the towns on both sides of the bay, but particularly Kiverua, where the people were in complete order for an onset; otherwise it would have been a matter of surprise, that though Cook did not see twenty men in passing through the town, yet before he had conversed ten minutes with Teraibou, he was surrounded by three or four

hundred people, and above half of them chiefs. Cook grew uneasy when he observed this, and was the more urgent in his persuasions with Teraibu to go on board, and actually persuaded the old man to go at length, and led him within a rod or two of the shore; but the just fears and conjectures of the chiefs at last interposed. They held the old man back, and one of the chiefs threatened Cook, when he attempted to make them quit Teraibu. Some of the crowd now cried out, that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him, and there was one in particular that advanced towards Cook in an attitude that alarmed one of the guard, who presented his bayonet and opposed him, acquainting Cook in the meantime of the danger of his situation, and that the Indians in a few minutes would attack him; that he had overheard the man, whom he had just stopped from rushing in upon him, say that our boats which were out in the harbour had just killed his brother, and he would be revenged. Cook attended to what this man said, and desired him to show him the Indian, that had dared to attempt a combat with him, and as soon as he was pointed out, Cook fired at him with a blank. The Indian, perceiving he received no damage from the fire, rushed from without the crowd a second time, and threatened any one that should oppose him. Cook perceiving this, fired a ball, which, entering the Indian's groin, he fell, and was drawn off by the rest.

"Cook, perceiving the people determined to oppose his designs, and that he should not succeed without further bloodshed, ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men and get them into the boats, which were then lying ready to receive them. This was effected by the serjeant: but the instant they began to retreat, Cook was hit with a stone, and perceiving the man who threw it, shot him dead. The officer in the boats observing the guard retreat, and hearing this third discharge, ordered the boats to fire. This occasioned the guard to face about and fire, and then the attack became general. Cook and Mr. Phillips were together, a few paces in the rear of the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted Teraibu, and ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but not being able to make themselves heard, and being close pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having at length reached the margin of the water, between the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing and come in; and while he was doing this, a chief from behind stabbed him with one of our iron daggers, just under the shoulder blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water, and immediately expired." —p. 146-148.

Shortly after the termination of this voyage, Ledyard deserted from the English service, and repaired once more to his native place, where he in vain endeavoured to engage persons to unite with him in a trading voyage to the north-west coast of America. Failing entirely to obtain the necessary co-operation in his own country in a scheme which, like the discovery of America to Columbus, was now

the whole aim of his life, he again visited Europe, where his efforts, though they were vigorous and unceasing, were equally fruitless. He was now almost desperate, and, without well knowing to what purpose, he determined on traversing the Russian empire, by way of Siberia and Kamtschatka, to Behring's Straits. Without money, and with but few friends, he set out from Paris, penetrated through Lapland into Russia, and succeeded with invincible perseverance in touching almost the eastern extremity of Asia; but, just as he was on the point of reaching the limits of his journey, the object of his whole life, he was suspected of being a French spy, arrested, and transported back to Petersburg. He was now nearly at his wits' end; but, after a short pause, his courage and his ingenuity again revived, and he found means to convey himself to London, whence he very soon departed to explore the interior of Africa for the African Association. And now the career of our daring adventurer was suddenly to be closed. He had been but a very little while in Egypt, when a quantity of vitriolic acid, which he took for a bilious complaint, put a period to his wanderings and his life in November, 17—.

This work of Mr. Jared Sparks, notwithstanding a few blemishes of style, is written with considerable vigour and ability, and the narrative is intensely interesting.

From the London Weekly Review.

PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.*

CAPTAIN Blaquiere's publications are absolutely necessary to those who would form a correct idea of the Greek Revolution. Not that Captain Blaquiere is always right or unprejudiced, but that he has industriously collected information, and been an eye-witness of many of the actions he describes. His present work, portions of which have already been published in a daily paper, brings the narrative of Greek affairs down to the battle of Navarino; and although it is partly in the epistolary form, partly in an historical introduction, partly in appendixes and original documents, we consider it an interesting and useful publication. The reply to Mr. Green is more mild and temperate than was perhaps necessary, as that gentleman showed but little of mildness or moderation in his tirades against the Greeks.

As to the question on the comparative moral and intellectual worth of the Greeks and Turks, we conceive it may be easily settled, though not by narrow-minded and ignorant consuls. The Turks, as the governing people, have more daring, but less petty and contemptible vices than the Greeks; they are also more open, honest, and truth-telling; but in intellectual qualities, the indispensable basis of great virtues, they are incomparably inferior to their former slaves. But the question is not whether the Greeks are virtuous or vi-

* Letters from Greece; with Remarks on the Treaty of Intervention. By Edward Blaquiere Esq. Author of "An Historical Account of the Greek Revolution," &c. &c. 8vo. London 1827. Library.

cious, intellectual or stupid; but whether they are men; for if they are men, bad or good, they are entitled to freedom. It is, we confess, difficult to tell what to do with vicious people, either in this world or the next; and we every day hear it asserted that such or such a nation is not fitted to be free. But neither is any nation, that ever hopes to be better, fitted to be enslaved; for, however bad a people may be, slavery is sure to make it worse. It appears, at first, to be very philosophical to decide that *this* nation is sufficiently enlightened to be free, and *that* is not; but the truth is, that although by conquering its liberty early, a nation is sure to be exposed to great confusion and many changes, it is better to face these evils than to submit to any modification of despotism. Every species of government has a tendency to perpetuate itself; and therefore, for a people aiming at republican institutions to begin by bowing the neck to any kind of monarchy, is as absurd as it would be to be educated as a cook or a groom in order to fit ourselves to perform hereafter the duties of a senator. But there is no necessity for entering at present into this question, though it is perpetually urged, even by respectable writers, that it would have been better that the Greeks should have remained in slavery until they were fitted to enjoy freedom, which would have been to have remained enslaved for ever.

Speaking of the improvements effected by the English in Corfu, Mr. Blaquiere says:—"By far the most gratifying and solid improvements perceived on my arrival here now, is the establishment of a University, under the direction and auspices of Lord Guilford, the celebrated patron of modern Greek learning. On visiting this admirable institution, I was most agreeably surprised to find no less than four hundred students, receiving instructions in all the sciences, from sixteen professors, who, if report be true, are fully equal in talent to most of their own fraternity in other parts of Europe. These scholars consist indiscriminately of islanders and Greeks from the Continent and Archipelago. The advantages of such an establishment, in several points of view, are incalculable. If properly supported it will tend at once to enrich and civilize a people, who, it must be confessed, are still in sad ignorance and by no means overburdened with wealth." p. 2.

What the author adds in a note respecting Lord Guilford, now dead, is also well worthy of being copied:—"This amiable and excellent Nobleman has paid the debt of nature since the above was written, and in him Greece has lost the most munificent patron she could boast in modern times. Not less so indeed than the most distinguished of those who graced her history in former days, since instead of merely aiding the progress of learning under an enlightened government and liberal institutions, which would have been an easy task, he sought to revive learning where ignorance prevailed, and thus prepare the Greeks for enjoying and appreciating the blessings of civilization. To this laudable object, Lord Guilford devoted thirty years of his life, during which, a great part of his fortune has been expended in sup-

porting the Schools established in various parts of the Levant, and in maintaining numerous Greek students at the Universities of Europe." p. 4.

The cheapness of education at this Ionian University is remarkable:—"Those who are accustomed to pay for education in England, will be rather surprised to hear, that an adult may be boarded and receive instruction in all the most useful branches of knowledge at Corfu, for the moderate sum of ten dollars a month, little more than two pounds sterling." p. 3.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the character of the struggle maintained by the Greeks against their oppressors, is worthy of being copied, though, we believe, it has been in print before:—"The heroine in question, Sophia Condulimo, was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege. When the Turks entered the town, she was among the crowd which sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them: horrified at the fate which was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to the son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Mussulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents—four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground, apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavoured to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape shot struck the boy in the leg, and he also fell. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up: one of the party drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk and exclaimed—'Barbarian, do you not see that I am a woman!' This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and her son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary part of this story remains to be told. Being among the two hundred ransomed by the Continental Greek Committees, they were sent over to this island and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her imaginary murdered daughter was among the number!—To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Messolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, but she recovered, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cressula was rescued from bondage, and, what is more, thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her disconsolate parent!"* p. 6-7.

* "On my return to Corfu in June, I paid another visit to the mother of Cressula, and was glad to hear that both her son and daughter, had been placed in good situations, and were quite recovered from the effect of their sufferings while in captivity. The mother was still supported together with many other

Our countrymen at Malta appear, from the following passage, to be peculiarly easy on the subject of religion:—"You are not perhaps aware, that it is a special part of our policy not only to afford protection to all the religious rites and superstitions of Malta and the Ionian Islands, but even to assist in their performance. All the grand processions in the respective islands are attended by the British civil and military authorities, many of whom even carry wax lights, in honour of the Virgin or Saint, as it may be. This is a somewhat remarkable fact, as contrasted with those religious differences which continue to divide other parts of the empire." p. 15.

Egina, celebrated in ancient and modern story, is thus described:—"The situation of Egina, in the centre of the gulf bearing its name, is truly beautiful; and from the extreme salubrity of its climate, no wonder that it should have been the favourite resort of the Athenians in former days. The whole surface of the island is thickly covered with fragments of its early grandeur; the number of tombs excavated in a hard calcareous range of rocks near the town, are particularly worthy of notice; and besides the celebrated temple of Jupiter Panellenius, finely situated on the eastern side of the island, the foundations, and one column, of another upon a grand scale, are

redeemed captives by the Philanthropic Society. * * * The fate of poor Meyer, who had established and conducted the Greek Chronicle with great spirit for nearly two years, was most tragical. While at Napoli de Romania, I happened to meet the Chief, who accompanied Meyer and his wife, a young Mesolongiote, who had their first child at her breast. They had nearly reached the mountains when a party of Turkish cavalry were seen galloping towards them. Perceiving that there was no chance of escape for his wife and child, he determined not to abandon them or survive their captivity, Meyer entreated his companions to despatch him before the Turks came up. The scene which followed this request may be easily conceived. While the Greek captain and his soldiers were urging him to quicken his pace and endeavour to escape, the enemy approached with increased rapidity, till at last the party became hotly engaged, and my informant saw poor Meyer fall under the sabres of the Turks; after which he escaped with two or three of his soldiers, as it were by a miracle. It was afterwards ascertained that Madame Meyer and her infant were saved, but they are still captives; the funds of the Society at Corfu being too low to admit of continuing their benevolent labours.

"M. Meyer was a native of Prussia, and both from temperament and education, deeply imbued with those Republican sentiments, which are making such rapid strides throughout Germany. His frequent and severe strictures on the rapacity of the Capitani, and other leaders, made him many enemies; but his animadversions were not less just or well merited. When killed, he had on his person a minute journal of all the events of the siege, to which, the companions of his flight told me, he seemed to attach particular importance."

still seen close to the town and port. From whatever point of this favoured spot you view the surrounding scenery, a delightful and extensive prospect, embracing the whole western coast of Attica, Salamis, the Acropolis of Athens, and the eastern shores of the Argolis up to the Acrocorinthus, presents itself, and calls to mind a thousand interesting associations." p. 31-32.

We cannot omit the following testimony of the enlightened policy of Captain M'Phail, resident of Cerigo:—"Though naturally barren and unproductive, Cerigo is interesting from its classical associations (being the Cythera of antiquity), and is rendered so now, from having become a general refuge and asylum to a great number of Greek families, who have been driven from the Continent and the Archipelago, by the revolution. There is perhaps no other island of the Ionian Republic, which has benefited more than Cerigo from the effects of British influence and good government. The resident, Capt. M'Phail, has really done wonders for this place. I shall only allude to the admirable roads which he has made, frequently surmounting the greatest obstacles in cutting through long tracts of solid rocks, and connecting hills and valleys by well-constructed bridges, thus establishing lines of communication which cannot fail to be a source of future wealth, as it is now one of infinite convenience to the inhabitants. The attention of the resident has been also directed to improving the agriculture of the island, and in this very considerable progress has been made. But the most valuable part of his labours remain to be mentioned, as being entitled to the highest praise. A number of Lancasterian schools have been built in various parts of the island. I visited most of them, and judge of my astonishment in finding them not only full of pupils of both sexes, but conducted quite as well as any I have seen in England! The progress made by many of the scholars is really surprising. On inquiry, I found that out of a thousand pupils, the usual number under instruction, above two hundred and fifty have not only completed their education in less than three years, but are all provided with situations, either as clerks in mercantile houses, or supercargoes. This is an important result of the resident's labours, and there is little doubt that if he perseveres, Cerigo will become the medium of spreading the blessings of education throughout the Levant, as most of the pupils are the children of Greek refugees." p. 33-34.

The following little paragraph on Epidaurus is worth copying:—"Epidaurus is charmingly situated, and must, in the event of Greece obtaining her independence, become a place of considerable importance. There are two ports, both capable of containing ships of war, but somewhat exposed to particular winds. The promontory which divides those two inlets, is covered with ruins and cisterns. Many parts of the ancient wall which surrounded it, as well as of the old Acropolis, are still in perfect preservation. The cultivated country near this place, is exceedingly prolific in corn, wine, oil, and cotton. An extensive vineyard close to the Southern port, and on which part of the city formerly stood, produces some of the

wine made in Greece. From the nature and extent of the ruins, among which are the remains of a temple, triumphal arch and large baths, Epidaurus must have been extremely populous. The surrounding hills are covered with wood, a great part of which is fit for naval purposes—and, as in former days, still well stocked with the wild boar, one of the greatest luxuries to be found in this country. If I am not mistaken, the hills abound in minerals, more especially lead and iron, and probably copper, but this is common to most of the mountain districts of the confederacy." p. 47—48.

We must close our extracts with the author's account of the jackalls and wild boars of this part of Greece.—"The neighbourhood of Epidaurus, is infested by quantities of jackalls, or wild dogs as they are called by the natives. They approach the village regularly every evening soon after dusk, and commence howling in the most terrific manner, until they have roused their domesticated brethren, soon after which, the latter sally forth, and a general engagement ensues; this always ends by the former being beaten back to their native haunts in the caverns of the adjacent woods.

"The mode of hunting the wild boar, varies according to the nature of the ground, and difficulties which present themselves. In Epirus, where the breed is larger and more ferocious than in any other part of Greece, great precaution is necessary, and the hunters are frequently obliged to watch their prey from the tops of trees. Here, there is less danger, as the breed is small, and more timid. The hunting parties generally consist of five or six men armed with their muskets and attaghans. Having found the track, they trace the animal to its hiding place, and while some are occupied in driving him out, the rest place themselves in an advantageous position for taking sure aim. Nothing can be more picturesque than the return of one of these hunting parties, as they descend by the winding paths of the hill. The prize, suspended on a pole carried by two of the party, is borne before the rest, who sing some verses analogous to their triumph. This part of the ceremony strongly reminded me of those representations which are frequently seen on ancient bas-reliefs." p. 51.

We conclude, by recommending the work to all those who feel any interest in the cause of Greece.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE LATE MR. HENRY NEELE'S LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE.

As we intend to include Mr. Neele in the series of "Authors, Artists, Statesmen," &c. upon whom we mean to express our opinion, we abstain for the present from all remarks upon his literary character or productions. Our readers may, however, be gratified with the following specimen of his critical powers, exerted, to be sure, on a theme sufficiently hackneyed, though always grateful to the feelings of an Englishman. On Shakspeare it is easy to pile eulogy and eloquence; all the

herd of critics have done it; all have admired; all have praised. What we want is a critic capable of viewing him as a great dramatic writer, not as an idol; capable of estimating his strength, and his weakness, his merits and his defects, his beauties and his absurdities. From the following extract of Mr. Neele's Lecture, read by Mr. Britton at Stratford-upon-Avon in Sept. 1819, being the fiftieth year after Garrick's jubilee, it will be seen that Mr. Neele was by no means such a critic as we require; but he was a young man of much promise, and we sincerely lament his untimely fate.

"The reign of Elizabeth was the reign of poetry; it was the holiday of intellect—the carnival of imagination: the world of nature without was fresh and youthful, while the world of thought within was just bursting from the thralldom in which king-craft and priest-craft, fanaticism and despotism, had so long enveloped it; whilst the more subtle, but not less fatal chains which affectation, pedantry, servile imitation, and hypercritical heresy have lately weaved around it, and by which all its efforts have been paralyzed, was not known or heard of. Then sprung to life those vivid and unfading pictures on which the eyes of the world are still gazing, eager to enjoy the illusion, but hopeless to emulate their beauties. Every image of tenderness, beauty, and sublimity, which the most fertile imagination could suggest, was raised and called into existence, as by the wand of an enchanter. Every passion, every thought of the human mind was unlocked; every aerial phantom that lurked in the recesses of fancy was impelled to light, and invested with substantial beauty: scarcely the minutest variety of nature passed unnoticed:—not a flower of the field,—not a hue of the rainbow,—not a combination of atoms, however fantastic, or a cloud in the heavens, however fleeting,—but was endowed with immortality by the more than alchemic touch of wit and genius. The men who arose in those days were mental prodigies,—they were stars, of which the solitary brilliancy of each would have been enough to lighten the darkness of ages; but combined, they form one bright and glorious galaxy:—and the noblest of all,—the brightest beyond comparison,—the giant amidst a gigantic brood,—the mighty intellect which darkened and obscured all others, however brilliant, by the shadow of its own immensity, was Shakspeare!

His was the master spirit;—at his spells The heart gave up its secrets;—like the mount Of Horeb, smitten by the prophet's rod, Its hidden springs gush'd forth—Time, that grey rock

On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards Is dash'd to ruin, was the pedestal On which his genius rose; and, rooted there, Stands like a mighty statue, rear'd so high Above the clouds, and changes of the world, That heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams Have round its awful brows a glory shed Immortal as their own.

"The fame which this extraordinary man has acquired, and which seems (to use a simile of Schlegel's) 'to gather strength like an Al-

pine avalanche at every period of its descent,' is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with our subject. It is not simply from the approving judgments, or the delighted fancies of his partial readers, that Shakspeare derives his reputation and his power: his writings 'come home,' as Lord Bacon has expressed it, 'to men's business and bosoms.' They teach us something of ourselves, and 'of the stuff we're made of.' Like his own Hamlet

'They set us up a glass
Wherein we may see the inmost parts of us;'
They 'give to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

"Hence, as we have said, it is not merely approval, or even delight, which is excited by his powers: it is 'an appetite, a feeling and a love.' No poet was ever so *passionately* admired, because none ever so completely developed the springs of human nature, and thus rendered himself intelligible and interesting to all. Hence too the universality and the perpetuity of his fame. He has painted all the modes and qualities of human conditions; all the shades and peculiarities of human character. Wherever, therefore, those characters and those conditions exist, the works of Shakspeare can never become foreign or obsolete.

'Time cannot wither him, or custom stale
His infinite variety.'

"The surface of life may be altered, but the stream of human feelings and passions will continue its unalterable course beneath it. Reputation, built upon the ephemeral taste and fancies of a day, will vanish with the causes which produced it; but Shakspeare's, with its altar in the heart of man, is extensive as the world, and imperishable as humanity."

"If we might hazard an opinion, we should say that the master feeling in the mind of Shakspeare, and which has enabled him to subjugate the hearts of mankind, was *sympathy*. It has been well said, that 'when words come from one heart, they generally reach the other.' Shakspeare's feelings, there can be no doubt, were of the finest and acutest order: he is styled by his contemporaries, '*sweet Shakspeare*,' and '*gentle Shakspeare*,' as if to denote the susceptibility of his disposition, and his amiable manners. He painted correctly, because he felt strongly. It is impossible, as it appears to us, to account, in any other way, for his excellence in both provinces of the dramatic art. It is well known that spirits remarkable for their mirth and hilarity are most susceptible of tender and mournful impressions; and it has been observed, that the English, as a nation, are equally famous for wit and for melancholy. It is a common observation, that mirth begets mirth, and on the other hand, an old English poet, Drayton, has beautifully said, that,

'Tears,
Elixir-like, turn all to tears they touch.'

The feelings of his mind produced correspondent feelings in the minds of others, like a precious stone which casts its brilliant hues over every object that it approaches.

"But whatever may have been the strongest

marked feature in the mind of our author, we are convinced that the theory which refers his astonishing fame to the possession of *any one peculiar quality*, is erroneous: his distinguishing characteristic is the union of *many excellencies*; each of which he possessed in a degree unequalled by any other poet. Shakspeare will be found pre-eminent, if we consider his *sublimity*, his *pathos*, his *imagination*, his *wit* and his *humour*: the union in his own person of the *highest tragic and comic excellence*, and his knowledge of nature, inanimate, animate, and human. To excel in any one of these particulars would form a great poet: to unite two or three of them is a lot too lofty even for the ambition of highly-favoured mortals; but to combine *all*, as Shakspeare has done, in *one* tremendous intellect, is indeed

'To get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.'

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

CONNOR M'GLOGLHIN.

A TALE OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

CONNOR was the son of Jeremiah, or, as he was more commonly called, Rennie M'Gloghlin, whose father had renounced the errors of Popery to obtain a place in the Excise; which place he had turned to so good account among smuggling distillers, that "on retiring," he was able to purchase a small estate near the village of Ardeneer, in the valley of the Lower Shannon, and to raise his son to the dignity of a squire, or half sir. Rennie was captivated, at an early age, by the charms of a danseuse below even himself in rank, and of the proscribed caste in religion. It was not unnatural that he should marry a Papist, for the Protestant gentry utterly and with scorn excluded him from their society; yet the effect of this exclusion upon his mean mind and low-thoughted disposition, was but to exalt the said gentry in his estimation,—and, stranger still, to make him value himself on being, as he impudently said, and swore he was, a d—d good Protestant. Rennie's protestantism, however, limited itself to attending church occasionally upon high festivals, ridiculing and abusing all priests, and eating beef-steaks on Good Friday. Moyah M'Gloghlin, his wife, was a thorough bigot, who rested solely on the external observances of her church for salvation; feared her husband upon earth, for he was a harsh, violent man, but thought him sure of hell hereafter, unless, according to an expectation which she secretly cherished, he should send for the priest in his last agonies, and receive extreme unction, in which case she thought a few thousand years addition of purgatory might set all to rights. Under these circumstances, it may be readily imagined, that much conjugal felicity did not fall to the lot of Mr. Jeremiah M'Gloghlin. Two children, both sons, and born at an interval of ten years, were the fruit of the marriage. Connor, the elder, was the darling of his mother. From Mr. M'Gloghlin's views of

the gentility of the reformed faith, it followed, of course, that he imperatively required his son to be reared a Protestant. This was a sore trial to Moyad; but she well knew her husband to be "an hard man," and she dared not openly disobey him; she, therefore, contented herself with having the child secretly baptized by the priest, before he was "took to the minister," as she said; and as he grew up, she stole him away with her to mass whenever she could, and failed not, on these occasions, to moisten his brow with lustral holy water, thrice applied *infami digito*, in the form of a cross, and in the sacred names of the three persons of the Godhead.

Ill-tempered and wayward was the infancy of Connor M'Gloghlin. Continually conversant with all the little frauds and arts practised by his mother, without the knowledge of her husband, and continually enjoined to conceal them, he early became inured to deceit. He soon grew acquainted, too, with the power which these concealments gave him over his parent; and instead of any longer entertaining a dread of her displeasure when he did wrong, he presently learned that the price of his connivings at her petty misdoings, might be made a perfect immunity from punishment on his own part, however unpardonable his disobedience, or aggravated his fault. His father, he was taught, both by precept and example, to fear rather than to love,—a feeling which gradually gathered into settled aversion, as he alone exercised parental authority over him, and his own conduct, as well as his father's natural disposition, necessarily rendered the exercise of this authority severe, and sometimes violent. Thus Connor grew up to boyhood; his vices and his faults were screened by his mother whenever that was possible; and when they had the "ill-luck" to be detected by his father, they were punished in a fit of ungovernable passion, and consequently the punishment was ineffectual. Ere he had well reached the period of human puppyhood,—which is said to extend from the fifteenth to the twentieth year,—young M'Gloghlin was a thorough reprobate; he exceeded pedlars in lying, cursed and swore like a trooper, cheated at pitch and toss, and even the rumour ran that he could steal, and that his mother anxiously concealed his thefts.

Yet with all these gifts, Connor, as he grew up to manhood, was well received in the houses of most of the strong farmers in the neighbourhood. He was "a fine cliver bye," (boy,) that is to say, a tall, stout ruffler, with a face which, to the vulgar, appeared handsome, though, to the observant eye, it plainly betrayed marks of the low and froward mind which animated the inner man: but he rode a good horse, was heir to some scores of acres held in fee, and was a professing Protestant, which, amongst the lower orders in Ireland, is the next thing to being a gentleman. At the age of nineteen, he first became acquainted with Norah Sullivan. Norah had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had been taken in and reared by an uncle, the brother of her dead mother, a hard-favoured old man, who had spent his youth on board a man-of-war; and having accumulated prize money and wages to a con-

siderable amount, had returned to his native village in time to succour his widowed and now dying sister, in the extremity of her distress, and to take charge of her sole surviving child, then not quite five years old. Norah, now twelve years older than when her mother died, was almost a model of barn-door beauty, and not a little vain of her personal charms. Her coal-black hair nightly cost her a full hour's combing and brushing, and curling, and papering, after her daily task of house-keeping were done; her dark and merry eye sparkled over a ruddy cherry-cheek, blooming with health, and the matutinal application of a buttermilk wash. Yet this rural coquette, despite of vanity, had many valuable points to recommend her; she was a soft-hearted, good-natured girl, who loved her uncle tenderly, and was beloved by him in turn. Though the rough old sailor did not lavish very many fond words upon her, yet was he observed to take especial care that little Norah—as he still continued to call her, although she had now grown to what is termed, in western idiom, "a shout ship," should always be arrayed in the gayest and most costly attire the pack of the travelling merchant—in the vulgar, pedlar—could furnish. He planted her little garden near the house, too, with hollies, laburnums, lilacs, and laurestinas, and seemed to shoulder along to chapel on Sunday, with peculiar self complacency, when he pressed, or, as the neighbours termed it, "scrogged" Norry, drest in all her best, under his arm, and sported, in his button-hole, a little bouquet, of her own gathering and arranging, there.

It was at an entertainment in the house of a neighbouring farmer, given on the occasion of a christening, that Connor M'Gloghlin became acquainted with Norah Sullivan, the fame of whose beauty had already reached him. They danced together, and were mutually pleased. M'Gloghlin had dissimulation enough to disguise the worst points of his character, in the presence of strangers or of women; and his handsome person, bold manners, and somewhat too the imagined superiority of rank or of religion before alluded to, assisted in enabling him to insinuate himself into the good graces of the fair villager. M'Gloghlin, with rustic gallantry, rode over the next day to the Grange to visit farmer Hourighan, the damsel's uncle, and to pay his respects to his partner of the preceding evening; pleased the old man by "doing sensible," as he called it; that is, talking knowingly of farming, and cattle, and markets; and flattered the maiden, by the vehement assurance of his warm admiration of her beauty, her dress, and her dancing, concluding with a passionate declaration, that of all the tight girls that *wor* there, herself took the rag off the bush.

Mr. M'Gloghlin's reception encouraged him to return ere long; and he soon became a frequent visitor at the Grange.

As old Hourighan rented an extensive farm, he was much occupied out of doors; and the young man usually found Norah alone, or busied with household cares among the in-door servants. M'Gloghlin did not fail to improve these morning calls, as unlike "angel visits" in their object as their frequency, to captivate

the youthful affections of Hourighan's niece. Love for her he had none, beyond the mere desire of gratifying a lustful passion; his purpose was of a different and a deeper nature. Not long before he first met Norry, he had attended the Limeric races; and trusting partly to his own skill in horse-flesh, and partly to the assurances of a jockey, who professed to be his sworn and eternal friend, he had backed a particular horse to the amount of several hundred pounds. His favourite lost the race, and M'Gloghlin was reduced to a state of furious desperation; he raged, stamped, blasphemed, and swore that the jockey had played booty, and that all horse-racing was an infernal cheat; but still the debt was to be paid, and he had not the means.

With much difficulty he prevailed on the winner to accept of but about one-fifth of the amount at the time, which was all the ready money he could possibly raise without the knowledge of his father; and he passed his bill at nine months after date for the remainder, with the interest. Even these terms were not acceded to, without many an indirect taunt upon the silly vanity of persons who make wagers which they cannot afford to lose, and something was once or twice obscurely hinted of its being little better than swindling. Such insinuations are but a small part of the mortification which a ruined gambler must endure; and though they cut M'Gloghlin to the quick, he did not dare to resent them, both from a fear of exposure to his father, and because he knew that any attempt to obtain what the world calls satisfaction, would only entail upon him additional insult, as his station in society, that painful and ambiguous posture between the simple and the gentle, destitute alike of the honest, unpretending plainness of the one, and of the cultivated polish of the other, precluded him from challenging equal privileges with those who associated with him only on the race-ground, as they would readily do with any ruffian who offered to stake money.

The time, however, was rolling on, and young M'Gloghlin saw no prospect of being able to meet his engagement; his father was a close gripping man, who, though he loved to see his son well dressed, and even well mounted, calculated to the penny the sum that was requisite for that purpose, and made no loose allowance for pocket-money. The son well knew, too, that the discovery of his delinquency would throw the "old boy," as he termed him, into a fit of ungovernable fury, for he had often warned him against gambling of all sorts, and racing in particular; and it was on a false pretence, and in direct disobedience to his express orders, that he had been even present on the course. Besides, the sudden fit of passion was not the only, or the worst result, which young M'Gloghlin feared. He was well aware, that the little property his grandfather had purchased, was not settled on the successive heirs-at-law, but was completely in his father's power to will it to whom he pleased; and he greatly dreaded, that the effect on his determined character, would be to induce him to disinherit himself in favour of his younger brother, to whom the old man seemed already

much more attached. For all these reasons, he resolved to venture for once upon some desperate effort to relieve him from his present difficulties, without exposing him to the resentment of his father. His first thought, after his introduction to Norry Sullivan, was to marry her; her uncle, he knew, had saved a sum sufficient to extricate him from his distress, if he could get it into his hands; but when he sounded him on the subject of a marriage with his niece, he found that, although old Hourighan seemed not averse to the match, nor to engaging a suitable portion ultimately with Norry either, he yet was resolved to pay down no money during his own lifetime. M'Gloghlin, he said, was welcome to come live in his house, and take a share of his farm; and then what need for dirty, daunny bits of paper down in his hand? Now, these same "dirty, daunny bits of paper down in hand," were precisely what alone would serve the turn of young M'Gloghlin; and as he knew that Hourighan, according to the custom of all Irish farmers who are well to pass in the world, had good store of them wrapped up in an old worsted stocking, and secreted in some hole inside the thatch of his cottage, he resolved to come at these by fair means, or by foul.

Accordingly, when he found that all attempts to wheedle Hourighan into an arrangement more consistent with his wishes, were likely to prove ineffectual, he affected to be so passionately in love with Norry, as to consent, for her sake, to the terms proposed, and was received by both uncle and niece as her accepted lover. Various were the pretexts he devised for protracting the period of celebrating their nuptials, chiefly urging the difficulty of bringing his father to "listen to reason," and evince his approbation of the match, by "bestowing him something decent" to begin house-keeping with; while Hourighan and the girl, feeling that the hurrying on of the business ought not to come from their side, offered no remonstrances against this delay.

Meanwhile the peculiar relation in which he stood towards her, the total absence of that fastidious delicacy, which under similar circumstances amongst the more elevated classes, screens maiden purity not only from pollution, but even from the least utterance of the sully-breath of the spoiler, and the assured belief that she was almost immediately to be made his wedded wife, contributed to render Norah Sullivan an easy prey to the insidious arts of young M'Gloghlin. Her seduction was but the first step towards the consummation of his contemplated villany: when the poor girl had thus put herself completely in his power, he proceeded less ceremoniously to the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He no longer concealed from her the pressing exigency for money to which he was reduced, and scrupled not to make the filching of old Hourighan's notes by her, the indispensable condition of that union which he had so often and so solemnly sworn to celebrate. Long and bitterly did Norah weep at this humiliating demand, and strenuously did she endeavour to dissuade M'Gloghlin from his purpose. "Ith'n, is it yourself, Connor," sobbed she, "that would

have me be after robbin' my poor ould uncle that tuck me in, and sheltered me from every wave whin my poor mother died, God rest her soul in glory! and left me a desolate orphan, without kith or kin in the wide world to look on me but himself? Was it for this he rared me up like a lady, and thought nothin' too good for me; and wouldn't take on wid Mrs. Brady, the rich widdy that keeps the Inn, and was always mighty sweet upon him entirely, only he said he'd never bring in a step-mother over his little girl? Tim was his words, and he called me his daughter, so he did; and well he might, surely, for he always had a father's warm heart to poor Norry.—God in heaven bless him, and reward him!—for that same I pray Christ," and she crossed herself devoutly, as she pronounced the holy name of the Saviour. M'Gloghlin waited impatiently till her passion of tears subsided, and she could listen to the specious glosses with which he varnished over the crime.

"Arrah, whisht, Norry, ma vourneen," he replied, purposely adopting her own idiom, both as more familiar to himself than better language, and as more likely to soothe and coax the girl to his purpose. "Can't you be quite (quiet) now, and hear raison? Sure, don't you know it for certain, all as one as if Father Gahagan was after telling you from the altar, that it's all your own when your ould uncle goes? and where's the differ of taking it now when we want it badly, and sorrow a bit the wiser he need be about the matter?"

"O thin, Connor, aghra," said the girl, "how is it you can think of evenin' me to the likes o' this, after takin' an advantage of me, and decavin' me? It's cruel it is of you, and if you had the rale love for me you often said, you wouldn't bid me do it. But what d'ye mane about bein' never the wiser? Sure it isn't what you think my uncle dosen't know the differ betwane money and no money when he goes to his bag?"

"Mind what I tell you, Norry, jewel, and raison good; your uncle never goes to take away money out of his ould stockin', but to put more in, and I've a bundle of beautiful fine notes, only they won't pass, that I'll give you to put in the place of thin others, and no one, as I said, to know the difference, till they all come to ourselves again."

"But still," objected Norry, "I dunna whereabouts he keeps them weary notes you want so bad, at all, at all, for he was always a good warrant to keep his makin's safe enough."

"Then," replied M'Gloghlin, "you must find out, Norry, and I'll tell you what you'll do; your uncle is gone to the fair of Cruagh to sell three collops,* and as sure as he comes back to night, he'll go to the place to put in the muneys after he thinks every one fast asleep, so you must watch him, and find out where he hides it."

With a heavy heart, Norah gave, by her silence, a reluctant acquiescence. Hourigan returned late that evening, in high spirits and good-humour, having sold his cattle well, and taken more than one glass over the bargain.

"Well, Norry," said he, in his strange dia-

lect, which was a mixture of sea phrases, with his native patois, "what d'ye think I done with the lucky penny the rum old Quaker that I sould the collops to, refused to take?—why; I bought thee something to top thy rigging with;—there's a pair of streamers for you, honey," he added, as he unfolded two blue and crimson ribbons, which he had purchased at the fair, to adorn his niece's bonnet; "you'll be fine enough now for Connor, at any rate."

The pleasure that had momentarily lighted up the girl's countenance at the appearance and good-humoured talk of her affectionate uncle, died away at M'Gloghlin's name, and the recollection of the guilty promise she had made him in the morning.

"An' doesn't the ribbons plase you thin, Norry, that you look so sarious at thin?" said the old man. "Sure, it's meself that doesn't know much about thin sorts of things, but I thought it's what you'd like them best, or I'd iv brought you somethin' else. Maybe thin's not the colours Connor likes—eh, Norry?" And her uncle placed his arm affectionately round the girl's neck.—"Is that the raison?"

"O no, sir," said Norry. "They're very nice, very iligant ribbons, so they are, and it's too good you are to me, too good entirely."

The poor girl's heart was full, and she could speak no more, but bursting into tears, hid her face on her uncle's shoulder.

"In the name o' God! what's the matter wit you, child?" said he, alarmed.—"has anythin' come across you when I was away?"

"O no, uncle! nothin'—nothin' at all."

"And what makes you cry thin? was Connor M'Gloghlin here to-day?"

"He was, sir."

"And did he say anythin'—anythin' you didn't like? Bekase if he did, and if it's that that's grieven' you, I'll—" And here he swore with all the energy of an old seaman—"I'll make him repent it the longest day he lives—ould as I am, I'll break every bone in his skin before to-morrow night, if he has said an uncivil word to my little girl."

"O no, he didn't,—he didn't, indeed," said his niece, alarmed in her turn. "There's nothin' at all the matter wit me now, uncle, only I was low and sick all day, whin you wor away; an' it was just the aisin' of my heart that made me cry."

"Well," said her uncle, "I don't understand the ways of you women, Norry; but if it isn't well you are, jewel, you'd better go to bed, for it's time anyhow, an' so will I. Good night, and God bless you, child."

The blessing smote upon the ear of the guilty girl like the knell of a parental imprecation. The thought of the unworthy part she was acting sunk bitterly upon her heart: she bid her uncle good night, and eager to escape from the pain which she conceived his presence inspired, she quickly shut herself up in her little chamber.

But when alone, the distraction of the girl's feelings became even greater than it was before, as she had no need of an effort to command them, in order to save appearances. One moment she thought of her engagement to young M'Gloghlin, and the degraded situation in which she stood, if she dared to disoblige him.

* Collop, a head of black cattle.

The next, her mind dwelt upon the kind confidence and affectionate words of her uncle, and again she wept bitterly, and flung herself upon her bed in an agony of doubt as to the course she should take. Her first resolution was, to lie still, and to tell Connor the next day, that she could not bring herself to do what he had desired,—to trust that he would yield to the urgency of her excuses; or, should the worst come to the worst, to bear the shame and punishment of the error she had already committed, rather than go on in the ways of guilt. But scarcely was the resolution formed, when the thought of the probable consequences of it, came with redoubled force upon her imagination. She pictured to herself the fierce impatience of her lover,—which she had more than once lately been obliged to witness,—his anger, and perhaps his abandonment of her to shame and scorn. She thought of her uncle, and the effect that such an event would have upon him,—his affection for her perhaps turned to contempt,—his pride in her, become his shame and his disgrace. The sting of this reflection was more than the unhappy girl could bear; she sprang up from her bed—her candle had been extinguished, but a ray of light from the outer room gleamed through a crevice in the door of her little apartment. Almost without a consciousness of what she was doing, she stole softly to the door, and kneeling down looked through the crevice.

Her uncle was in the act of carrying over the table from the centre to one corner of the room, upon which he placed a chair, and mounting upon it, reached up his hand, and took from between the inner surface of the thatch and the rafter above his head, the old stocking which contained his treasure; then taking from his pocket the notes he had received at the fair, he thrust them into the stocking, and doubling it up, returned it to its hiding place.

Having removed the chair and table to their former situations, he took away the candle to his own room, and Norah looked upon darkness.

"Well," said she, talking to herself as she arose, "Connor M'Gloghlin, I've done your biddin', an' well it would have been for me that I never seen your face, for complyin' wit your wishes has made me commit sin every way.—Oh, hone!" she continued, wringing her hands, "would I have thought a twelvemont ago, that this blessed night, I'd have sat up to watch my poor ould uncle like a thief, to see where he put his money? O Connor, Connor, it's little I thought you'd make me suffer dthis-away!" and again the girl wept, and laying down, cried herself to sleep.

It is fortunate for those in the humbler conditions of life, that when suffering under the anxieties to which all conditions are liable, and destitute of those resources of comfort which friends and fortune put in the power of those of higher rank; the necessity they are under of actively applying themselves to their daily toil, serves to invigorate their minds, and to dissipate that weight of sorrow which would otherwise bow them to the earth. It was a fine sunny morning when Norah rose; her uncle had already gone out to the fields, and she too

had to set about her morning tasks. The cows were to be milked, the calves fed, the young turkeys to be looked after, and various other little matters to be attended to, which required active exertion in the open air; so that she had hardly time to think of her troubles, before her uncle came in to breakfast, and he was well pleased to find her, with so little sign of the agitation of the preceding evening.

"Morrow to ye, Norry," said he, as he came in. "Thim weary young turkeys, Norry,—did you see after thim this mornin'? If one doesn't keep a sharp look-out, they die, the cratur, for no raison at all at all, but just as if it was out of contrariness."

"I fed them all this mornin', and they're all quite well," said Norah.

"I'm glad you were able, child, to see after thim," returned her uncle, "and that you look better yourself this mornin'; some little bit of a squall upset you last night, but it's fine weather and smooth sailin' this mornin' wit you agin."

Norah suppressed a sigh, and assented. Twelve o'clock at noon brought young M'Gloghlin to the door, before which time Norah had made a resolution, which unfortunately she was in the sequel not able to keep. He did not waste much time in salutations, but proceeded immediately to his business.

"Did he sell the cattle yesterday?" said he.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, and did you do as I said?"

"Oh, Connor!" said she, "is it nothin' else but that mune you do be thinkin' of?"

"To be sure, why shouldn't I think of it?" replied he, "and surely," his face growing red with anger, as he spoke, "you didn't forget, Norry, what I told you to do yesterday?"

"Forget!" said the girl, "oh no! I wish I did, and thin I wouldn't have the sin on my conscience of watchin' him, and seein' him put up his own hard urnins, that he has a good right to put where he places, and I not to care, for he never begridged (grudged) thim on me."

"Then you know where the stockin' is?" said M'Gloghlin, with an eagerness that evinced his pleasure at what she had just told him.

"Where was it he kept it so snug?"

"I'll not tell you, Connor M'Gloghlin, said Norah, with an air of firmness which surprised and disconcerted him; "an' listen to me now, what I'm goin' to say. I know well enough what you have in your power, after what has passed between us two; you may, though I don't think you'd have the cruel heart, Connor, to do it—but I know you can, if you please, lave me in shame an' disgrace, to be scorned and looked down upon be the poorest of the neighbours; yet, bad as I'll be, I'll have some excuse that my heart led me astray, an' no one'll have it to say that I desinded to the mane villany of bein' a thief, an' robbin' my poor ould uncle of his hard-earned mune; and so, Connor, don't ask me agin, for I won't do it."

There was something in the girl's manner so decisive, that M'Gloghlin saw at once the necessity of finding some new motive to work her up to the vile act to which his scheme had all along tended, and there was a readiness about the villain which soon determined the new course he should take.

"Well, Norry," said he, with a softened tone, "what you say about the muneys is true enough, an' I like you the better for it; an' as for de-sartin' you, it's meself that would be long sorry to do any such roguish turn; but I am afraid I must bid you a long farewell for all that, for since I can't get the muneys, I must go to jail to-morrow evenin'; an' long enough I may be there, before any one'll relieve me."

"To jail!" said the terrified girl. "Oh, Connor, don't say that. My God, what will become of us!"

"It's true enough, Norry; if the muneys I owe is not paid by to-morrow at twelve o'clock, in the evening I'll be taken to Limerick jail, and put inside four bare walls, where I suppose I must die of cold and starvation, for my father will be so mad when he hears of it, that I know he'll never give me a halfpenny, nor send near me to know if I'm dead or alive."

"Connor, jewel," said Norah, crying; "you mustn't go to jail. Is there no way in the world that you could settle it?"

"None at all, barrin' I could get the muneys somewhere, even if it was for a little while; maybe I'd be able to pay it back afore long. But sure, if you think it wrong to take it, Norry, I must only meet my fate, an' I hope you'll sometimes think of poor Connor when he's in confinement, an' can't come near you."

"Oh, they shan't take you, Connor," sobbed the girl; "I'll get you the notes to-night, an' I pray Jasus you may be able to give them back to me soon, an' ase my conscience of the sin of takin' them."

"That's my good little girl," said M'Gloghlin, his countenance brightening at the success of his scheme. "I knew you wouldn't see me brought to such distress if you could help me. To be sure, I'll give you back the muneys as soon as ever I can; an' in the mane time, here's the notes I tould you of, to put in the place of them you take; they'll just do as well to fill the ould stockin' as any other," said he, as he gave Norah a bundle of flash notes, such as sharpers at races and fairs are generally supplied with. "An' I haven't forgot my promise neither, Norry," continued he. "Do you get the muneys as soon as your uncle is asleep, an' meet me as soon as day breaks in the mornin' at the little boat-quay; I'll have a boat ready, an' we'll start at oncet over to Kilrush, where the priest 'll be ready, an' you'll come home Mrs. M'Gloghlin, in less than no time."

"I'll do what you bid me, Connor," said Norah, well pleased that the marriage, which was becoming every day more necessary to her reputation, as well as to the comfort of her own feelings, was no longer to be postponed; "but will the priest marry us, d'ye think? for you know there is one of us," looking at M'Gloghlin, "that doesn't go to mass."

"Never you fear that," replied M'Gloghlin. "I'll warrant you he'll marry us when we ask him, wid one o' them notes you're to get me, in my hand; an', at all events, Father Gahagan here below could prove something for him, if ever he was attacked for marryin' me as a Protestant. An' now, Norry, jewel, I must bid you good-by till the mornin'. Be sure you got the muneys, or we are ruined, and come to us very early."

It was about three o'clock on a fine summer morning, in the grey light and chilling air of the half-hour that precedes sunrise, that Norah Sullivan, carefully drest in white beneath, but wrapped in a bluish-grey duffel cloak externally, stole down from her uncle's cottage, towards the bank of the river, with his hard earnings secreted in the bosom of her gown.

Scarcely had she reached half way to the shore, when, as she crossed the last field of her uncle's farm, a hare, startled by her early footsteps, bounded across the path, and Norah, as she blessed herself, could not help thinking it looked supernaturally large, and boded no auspicious issue to her journey. Often and fearfully did she look back at the cottage, to see that none had been awakened by her departure, or tracked her footsteps, nor did she feel secure until she saw M'Gloghlin advancing from the place where he had moored his boat.

"Have you brought the notes?" he eagerly inquired, in an under tone, as he held out both his hands to greet her. "Oh, it's the notes you want, and not me?" answered Norah, cheerily, as she now saw herself on the point, as she thought, of being made an honest woman again.—Well, I have them, sure enough; and I'll keep them too, 'till them words are said over us at Kilrush."

"Murder, Norry dear! Sure you don't think I'm goin' to run away from you at the church-door?" replied M'Gloghlin, in the same light tone, when he perceived that his design had fully succeeded—"No, no; honour bright. I'll never lave you now, jewel; so give me the dirty papers, an' there's no fear of my losin' them for want of pockets, not all as one,"—and he glanced at Norah's well-shaped gown, which obviously disdained all such old-fashioned and unbecoming appendages.

"Here they are, thin, an' a weary on them," said Norah; "God send us good luck with them, for they cost me a sorrowful night's watching any how;" and her conductor lifted her into the boat.

The management of the vessel, and the design he had in view, absolutely required the co-operation of another with himself, and in consequence, M'Gloghlin had the night before associated in his plan, with the promise of a considerable bribe, a miscreant of the lowest grade, named Nicholas Sheehan, an elder and bolder villain than himself, who had been his instigator and abettor in more than one atrocity already.

This fellow very readily joined in his scheme, and seemed to rejoice, even with a sort of savage exultation, at the thought of shedding blood for a reward. He now speedily set the sail, while M'Gloghlin, with Norah by his side, took the helm, and they floated quickly down the river in the direction of the north shore, as if to make Kilrush. They were just off Labash-kedah, where the receding of the shore, in a winding bay, renders the river particularly broad, when Sheehan, who, till now, had lain stretched in silence along the bow of the boat, slowly stood up, and looked around on every side. Here and there along the coast of Clare a wreath of thin blue smoke betokened that the inhabitants of the cabins were already astir;

and the sun, just peering above the blue hills which lay in the eastern distance, gave promise of a sunny joyous day. No other boat, however, was yet stirring on the river; and the shores on both sides were too distant to render either sight or sound of any being so diminutive as man distinguishable. "Now!" uttered Sheehan in a low emphatic voice, as he shuffled up to the stern where the others sat. Norah, whom the gentle motion of the boat gliding smoothly down the glassy current, combined with the fresh and pleasant air of the morning, had lulled into a day-dream of future happiness; her reputation saved, her uncle reconciled, and she with her stalwart and young husband the happy cheerful woman she used to be; wrapped in such far-off meditations, she was startled by the portentous sound of Sheehan's "Now!" and looking up, she saw him exchange a glance of such diabolical intelligence with M'Gloghlin as made her blood to curdle. In the moment of her involuntary shudder, Sheehan seized her round the waist with both his hands; she screamed, and made a convulsive effort to catch and cling to M'Gloghlin, but he shook her rudely off, and exclaimed to his companion, "Over with her now at once!"

"Connor, for the love of God," shrieked the agonized girl, "don't kill me—don't kill the baby that isn't born!" But whilst uttering the words, she was hurled into the air, and fell stunned and heavily upon the water, some yards from the boat. In the instant of the plash, and of her mortal agony, she exclaimed, "Blessed Queen of Heaven, have mercy on my——." Before the sentence was completed, a blow from the oar, which Sheehan had snatched up, drove her with violence beneath the surface. The stroke was on the head, and fatal; she sank rapidly a few yards, remained suspended in the water, then slowly rose a yard or two, when life became extinct; a slight bubble rose to the surface, and then they saw her white dress gradually sinking deeper and deeper, till it grew indistinct, as water is in water, and finally disappeared.

M'Gloghlin was still gazing in the direction of the body; and in the rush of disordered feelings which crowded his mind, scarcely recollected that he was himself the perpetrator of this foul murder, or had any other interest in the scene before him than that of an ordinary spectator, when he was roused by the rough voice of Sheehan—"Come, Master Connor, we've done the job cleverly, any how; you'd better put about ship now, if you please." M'Gloghlin made the necessary movement of the helm in silence, and Sheehan shifted the sail.

"It's a terrible thing to kill a woman!" were the first words that broke from the former; and he brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"It'h'n, what signifies it?" replied the other, coolly; "sure it's only one squeak, an' all's over.—Never think you to cry after her, Master Connor," he added, observing M'Gloghlin's eyes looked watery; "nor for any woman born, barrin' one, and that's the mother that bore you, agra—divel another woman on God's earth is worth any man's sheddin' a tear

for. I believe I cried at my ould mother's berrin' myself, God be merciful to her sowl. Here, sir, here's somethin' to keep up your sperrits;" and he smiled at his own wit, as he handed M'Gloghlin a small black bottle of poteen. "There, the thievin' gauger never baptized that—bad luck to him; I wisht we were after sarvin' him the same turn this mornin', that we did to——"

"D—n it, don't talk about that," said M'Gloghlin, interrupting him hastily; and taking a draught from the bottle, he seemed to recover his natural air of fierce hardihood. The boat soon reached the shore, at a point some distance below that from which they had set out, and the murderers leaped upon the land.

The strange disappearance of Norah Sullivan caused great astonishment, and much talk in the neighbourhood where she had lived; not so much because the girl had disappeared, for the violent abduction of young women is not exceedingly rare in the south of Ireland, as because no one could tell how or where she had been carried away. The old women talked about fairies, and the stories "their grannies tould thim when they wer childer, of young people bein' sperrited away." The young women said it was "a quare endin' to all the fine coortin' that was goin' on betwane herself and the young squireen;" while a party of young squires, who, having hunted a fox to death in the neighbourhood, stopped for an hour to refresh at the village inn, listened attentively to the story, and came to the conclusion, *nemine contradicente*, that it was all a d—d scheme of the priests to prevent the girl marrying a Protestant, and to get her uncle's money to themselves.

But amongst all these, were only two persons who seemed to take poor Norah's disappearance seriously and soberly to heart. The first of these was the old man her uncle, who, because he really loved the girl, and had felt her to be the support of his old age, sought her every where, sometimes sorrowing for her loss, and sometimes vehemently declaring vengeance against whoever had stolen her away: for he never thought of imputing her absence to voluntary flight, nor did the idea that she was dead seem more than once or twice to cross his mind.

The other, who seemed to take a great interest in her fate, was Mr. Morton, a gentleman of property, a clergyman, and a magistrate of the county, who, living near the spot, and knowing all the circumstances of the case, was actuated by his regard for justice, and for the old man Hourighan, who was his tenant, to trace, as far as possible, the cause of the girl's disappearance, and the place of her concealment. He learned from her uncle the terms upon which his niece was with M'Gloghlin, and had made many inquiries about him, the result of which was by no means favourable. He ascertained that the day before the girl's disappearance, M'Gloghlin had been at the cottage, and had not been there again for three days; that when he did call, he expressed the greatest astonishment at hearing of Norah's disappearance, though it was almost impossible that he should not have heard of it

previously, as it had been talked of far and wide for two days. He had not returned to the cottage any more, and had been observed to be almost constantly drunk ever since. All these circumstances excited a degree of suspicion in Mr. Morton's mind, which determined him to watch the young man closely; but the worst he conceived possible of him was, that he had carried the young woman somewhere, and kept her in confinement. He was, however, soon undeceived.

It was about a fortnight after the disappearance of his niece, that Farmer Hourighan was sent for at an early hour by Mr. Morton. The old man had a presentiment that he was to hear something about his "little girl," and made haste to attend the summons.

"Have you heard any thing about her, sir?" said he, as soon as he entered Mr. Morton's parlour.

"I have heard some very bad news about your niece, Hourighan, which it is necessary I should inform you of at once," replied the magistrate.

"God is good sir," said the old man. "What is it?"

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Hourighan, that your niece is drowned."

"Drowned! your honour.—Christ Jasus' bless us! Whin—where?—How could it be?"

"That is all yet to be found out. All I know is, that it is so. Sit down, Hourighan, my good fellow, and be calm," continued Mr. Morton, in a softened tone, as he observed the big tears to roll down the weather beaten cheeks of the old man. "Sit down, and I will tell you what I have learned, and what we must now do."

"I thank your honour," said the old man, in the broken voice of grief. "I'll pay attention, sir. My poor Norry—an' so she's gone, after all!"

"Two fishermen," said the magistrate, "went down to the edge of the river this morning at daybreak, to look at the salmon-nets, at a place about three miles below this. They saw something white lying a little below the surface of the water, which they found to be the body of a young woman. On examination, it has turned out to be the corpse of your niece."

The old man checked himself, as he was about to speak again; but the tears burst afresh from his eyes.

"The body is not so much decayed," continued the magistrate, "as might have been expected, from the long time it has probably been in the water; and I am informed there is the mark of a dreadful blow on her head."

"Some villain murdered her, and threw her in," said Hourighan, starting up.—"The poor crathur? God help her—I'll pursue him all over the world, the villain, so I will."

"Be quiet, Hourighan," said the magistrate, "and attend to what I say. The blow I mentioned has been probably given by some boat's keel in passing over the body; but that must be investigated. The Coroner's Inquest will sit to-day at two o'clock. I shall be there, and so must you, and be as collected as possible. Try to recollect, between this and then, all you can of what your niece did and said for some previous to her disappearance, and I hope

we shall yet find some clew to this mysterious matter."

The old man went away, and at the appointed time was present at the Coroner's Inquest, with the magistrate. It was an exceedingly mournful thing for those who had seen and known Norah Sullivan in life, to behold her cold remains lying upon the rough strand of the river. Decay had proceeded so far, that the face had fallen in, and displayed a horrible ruin of its former beauty. Her eyes were close shut, her arms extended towards her head, and her hands firmly clenched. The wound in her head was diligently examined by a surgeon, who expressed great doubts of its having been inflicted by a boat's keel, as had been suggested. The skull was fractured in one long line, which he said appeared to him to have happened from the stroke of some edged but very blunt instrument, which had descended perpendicularly on the top of the head. On examining the body further, it was discovered, with increased horror and astonishment, that the young woman was pregnant. Hourighan could only be made to believe the fact, by the positive assurances of Mr. Morton and the surgeon; and then he insisted that M'Gloghlin must be the author both of her dishonour and her death. "It must be he," said the old man, "an' no one else, that destroyed her both sowl and body."

"Is M'Gloghlin here?" said the magistrate to a man whom he had sent for him early in the morning.

"No, your honour—he tould me for to say to your honour, that he had to go somewhere else to-day upon a little bit of business."

"And if he did, why did you not deliver your message before?"

"Why, thin, to tell God's truth, your honour, I made him a sort of a promise, that I wouldn't say a word about him to man or mortal—barrin' I was axed, an' couldn't help it."

"Was this promise made at his request?"

"A thin, who else's, your honour?" replied the man.

"You mean that it *was* made at his request?"

"To be sure, your honour, that's exactly what I mane."

The inquest was adjourned to the next day, when the presence of M'Gloghlin was procured. His face looked pale, his eyes slightly blood-shot, his hair disordered, and his whole appearance wearing the signs of recent dissipation. As he approached the body, those who marked him closely observed a slight quiver of his frame, and a nameless expression to pass over his face; but he made an effort to master his sensations, and the agitation which he could not wholly command, he covered by an air of light and careless effrontery. The attempt which he made to smile, as he acknowledged the criminal intercourse between the young woman and himself, was checked by the unspoken murmur of disgust which ran through the assembled crowd; but he acknowledged no more, and with sullen hardihood, pronounced the perjuries which were necessary to exonerate him from all knowledge and participation in the death of the unfortunate young woman.

"Young man," said the magistrate, when his examination was concluded, "I beseech you,

let the dreadful circumstance we are now investigating have its due and salutary influence upon your mind; and think not to harden your heart to the misery and guilt, of which, by your own acknowledgment, you have been in a great measure the author. How that unhappy young creature, who was so unfortunate as to be the partner of your guilty pleasure, has come to her untimely end, we can only conjecture; but whether by her own act, or by more desperate means, your mutual crime has probably led to it. Circumstances may yet turn up to enable us to judge more certainly how the young woman came by her death; and if it was by violence, I trust the finger of God will, in his own good time, and by the means which he thinks best, point out the murderer. You, sir, may now depart, I hope to think of this business with a more serious and contrite heart than your most unbecoming behaviour this day would warrant us in expecting."

M'Gloghlin hung down his head, and slowly walked away—afraid to look around him, yet unwilling, by a speedy retreat, to show any symptoms of fear. The inquiry terminated, and the jury were under the necessity of recording a verdict which merely related the circumstances under which the body was found.

The questionable death of poor Norah did not prevent the usual ceremonies and absurdities of an Irish wake. Tobacco was smoked, whiskey was drunk, and many a gossiping story told, while the bright blaze of nine lighted candles shone around the senseless corpse, as if it were in mockery of the darkness of death which had for ever sealed up its eyelids. The old man set apart in a corner, refusing to be comforted—occasionally, as if unconscious of what he was doing, he seized a pipe, and smoked a few whiffs; and then, recollecting himself, he would lay it down, and resume his gloomy and fearless inactivity.

In a day or two Norah was buried, and the memory of the transaction would probably soon have died away, like a tale that is told, but that Mr. Morton still exerted himself to obtain every possible information of all that related to it, by inquiries from those who knew the girl or M'Gloghlin. One morning, about three weeks after the body was found, his servant informed him, "there was one below that wanted to spake to him if he pleased."

"Who is it, Dennis?" said Mr. Morton.

"'Tis Jim Rooney, your honour, that goes about sellin' the sales an' rings, and things like what they used to sell in Essex Bridge, when we wor in Dublin, sir."

"And what can he want with me—has any one been robbing or cheating him?"

"Oh, devil a fear of that, your honour—be my sowl, he'd get up early that id chate Jim Rooney."

"So I should think myself, Dennis—but the next time I ask you a question, you need not swear when you answer it.—Tell Rooney, that if it be to sell something he wants, I won't buy it, and therefore he need not trouble himself and me, by coming near me—if it be any other business, you may desire him to come up stairs."

The magistrate was pretty sure, that under this condition of admittance, Rooney the ped-

lar would not seek his presence, and was not a little surprised when he saw him enter, bowing and scraping, and without his pack. "I beg your honour's pardon," said Rooney, "for makin' so bould as to ask to see your honour; but it's what I wanted to spake to you about a thing that I know your honour takes a concern in, and so I thought maybe you'd like to know it."

"What is that, Rooney? Tell me what you have to say; and as I know you're a clever fellow, tell it in the plainest and shortest manner possible."

There is no uneducated people in the world more naturally polite, or more open to the influence of kind and flattering language from others, than the lower orders of the Irish. Rooney, anxious to show at once both his willingness and ability to obey a request put in so agreeable a form, lost no time in entering upon his story.

"I know your honour wishes to find out all you can about Norry Sullivan, Mr. Hourigan's niece, that was found dead in the Shannon."

"Yes, certainly," said the magistrate, with eager attention.

"Well, your honour, only two or three days afore she was missin', the cratur, I sould her a gould brooch,—an' I could swear to the same brooch, bekase it had a little bit of damage on one side of it, an', be the same token, I sould it chape on account of that same. Well, behold you, sir, yesterday, whin I was goin' along the road quate an' asy, Pat Doolan's little gossoon comes up to me, and siz he to me, siz he, 'Would you buy this?' siz he; an' I knew at oncet it was the very same I sould to the poor young woman, the Lord be merciful to her sowl! So I questioned him how he came by it, an' I made out that he found it in his father's boat, just about the time she was lost. I knew his father very well, your honour,—he's a dacent, honest, poor man, as ever was,—so I went to him to spake about it; and, when I tould him, up he jumps, and slaps the table, your honour, and siz he to me, siz he, 'By the holy farmer!'—that was the oat' he swore,—'that was the mornin' young Mr. M'Gloghlin borry'd my boat, an' I'll be bail she must have been wit him, an' dropt it.'"

"Did he say M'Gloghlin borrowed his boat the morning the young woman disappeared?" asked the magistrate, eagerly.

"He did, your honour; an' that's what I thought you'd like to know."

"You were right. Go and bring Doolan to me as fast as you can."

Rooney departed on his mission, while Mr. Morton paced up and down his study, wrapped in thought, and anxiously awaiting his return. Had M'Gloghlin slain a man, in any of those outrages which are so lamentably frequent in the south of Ireland, it is not probable that the common people, even though they were certain of his having committed the crime, would have given the magistrate any aid to seize or to convict him; but there was something so revolting to the wild sentiment of their character in the seduction and murder of a young woman, that the bare suspicion of it was enough to excite their liveliest efforts towards the de-

tection of the perpetrator ;—and perhaps the circumstance of the suspected man being a reputed Protestant, did not render them the less anxious to give the investigation all the aid in their power.

Mr. Morton ascertained, that the evening before the disappearance of Hourighan's niece, M'Gloghlin had asked for the boat, which he said he wanted for an hour or two, early in the morning, to go a little way down the river ; and that he had returned it, after having made use of it, before breakfast the same morning. The magistrate was endeavouring to see how he could connect this circumstance with the others with which he was already acquainted, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Hourighan in great agitation.

The old man had been so regular in all his movements, that it had been true, as stated by M'Gloghlin to Norah, that he never went to his treasure in the old stocking but to add to it. A particular fair, which happened just at the time when he paid his half-yearly rents, always supplied him with the money for that purpose, and the consumption of his cottage was not supplied by money, but from the farm. The outlay for his niece's funeral was, however, an unforeseen expense, for the defraying of which he had that morning had recourse to his stocking, and, to his utter amazement and terror, found, that worthless counterfeits had been substituted for his money. The poor old man was stunned and distracted. The kind of grief with which he was afflicted did not make him insensible to the loss of his property, but added a terrified bewilderment to his feelings ; he saw his calamities multiplying,—he felt as if the world were slipping from under his feet,—and, as soon as he recovered sufficient recollection, he hurried to the magistrate to seek for advice and consolation.

"This is very extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Morton, when he heard the story. "How long is it since you looked at your money before?"

After some time, Hourighan was able to recollect, that it was only an evening or two before his niece's disappearance that he had put money into the stocking ; but any examination of the contents he had not made for many a day. As, however, even the last money he had put in was gone, it was clear, that since that time a part, if not the whole, of the theft had been committed. The old man knew nothing of the number of the notes ; but he knew the person from whom he got the last sum he had received ; and as he was a Quaker, and, like most of his sect, extremely regular and correct in his business, it was thought probable that he might be able to give some information about the notes ; and to him Hourighan rode off at once, accompanied by Mr. Morton, who now began to feel a strong suspicion of the foul villany which had actually been practised.

"If these can tell me the day I bought thy cattle, friend," said the Quaker, drawing out a little book, "I can give thee full information as to the notes with which I paid thee."

The day was mentioned, and he not only told them the number and description of the notes, but added, that one of them had come

back to him that very morning, in a remittance from Limeric.

This was just the clew which the magistrate wanted, and he lost no time in pursuing it. After a week's labour, and no small difficulty he traced the note, as he had almost expected he should, to have been paid by M'Gloghlin to a person in the neighbourhood of Limeric who dealt in horses ; and, in the course of his inquiries, he also found, that a notorious schemer and swindling jockey, who was in the habit of frequently getting drunk with young M'Gloghlin, had been thrown into jail a few days before on suspicion of horse-stealing, and certainly of having endeavoured to pass upon a countryman some of the flash notes similar to those which were found in Hourighan's stocking.

Mr. Morton now issued a warrant for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin ; but the matter having got wind, and the rural officers of the law not being either quite so prompt or so expert as the well-trained hawks of the grand falconer Sir Richard Birnie, the bird was flown ere they reached his nest ; but it was known that he could not have escaped to any distance, and the magistrate still continued to collect evidence, in the hope that, if he could bring the proof home to him, he would be able to find M'Gloghlin before long. After some delay the jockey who was in jail, in the hope of thereby gaining some advantage for himself, gave voluntary information, that he had supplied M'Gloghlin with a parcel of flash notes, which he said he would know again, as, in order to make them look more like genuine notes which had been in circulation, he had himself written different names upon the backs of them. The papers were produced to him, and were identified as the very same which M'Gloghlin had received. So far a connection between him and the robbery was circumstantially established, but whether this was connected with the death of the young woman still remained a mystery.

By one of those strange coincidences which have been remarked so many times to occur in case of mysterious murder, as if specially appointed by Providence to bring the perpetrators to punishment, additional evidence was procured which left little doubt that the young woman had been murdered, and that M'Gloghlin was concerned in it.

There was an old man and his wife who lived in a small and wretched cottage between the shore and Hourighan's cottage, on the side of a hill which commanded a view of the water's edge, and they possessed one cow which was all their worldly goods. The man had a brother, an old soldier, who was a pensioner in the Kilmainham hospital in Dublin, and who died there, leaving some few pounds, which he had saved by selling his allowance of cheese, and doing without tobacco. On the very morning on which Norah Sullivan had disappeared, the countryman set off for Dublin, as he said himself, "to recover his brother's fortune that he had left him ;" and having arrived there safely, and received the said fortune, amounting to five pounds and eightpence, he, being of a very different disposition from his brother, remained nearly six weeks in Dublin, and, as

he ate very little, he contrived, with the money he received, to keep himself extremely drunk during nearly the whole of that time. At length he arrived at home, much in the same state as he went away, save that his brogues were worn out, and his hat, if possible, more crushed and shapeless than when he left home. On his arrival, he heard, for the first time, the story of the tragical end of Hourighan's niece, and, very soon after, he sought the magistrate, to whom he made the following important communication:—

"Plase your honour, sir, it was comin' in daylight o' the mornin' that mysel' and the ould woman (meaning thereby his wife) had fixed I was to go to Dublin, to see after my broder's fortin—he that's dead; may his sowl rest in glory, I pray God—an' bad fortin it was to me to go take such a journey into foreign parts, I may say, where I was robbed, and kilt, and murdthered entirely. But sure enough, your honour, our cow was sick—she's bether since, glory to God; and I got up arely to give her a warm dthink. It was just afore sunrise—I remimbr it as well as if it was yesterday; an' lookin' down to the river to see what sorte of a day it id be, I seen young M'Gloghlin come up from a boat that had another man in it, that I didn't know, an' a young woman, wit a grey cloak on, met him. I didn't see her face at all, but only her back, and the two set down together in the boat, and pushed off. I tuk no notice, bekase what business had I? An I knew Mr. M'Gloghlin was a wild young fellow, an' maybe had some call to the girl. Well, your honour, afore I left home I saw the boat come back wit only the two men in her, but I tuk no notice thin either, bekase, siz I, I suppose they put her ashore somewhere doun the river a bit, siz I——."

"Who did you say this to?" said the magistrate.

"Oh, only to myself, sir—sorrow one else; an' thin off I wint, an' never heard a word more about it, 'till last night, when I came home. So I thought it looked very quare, what I've been tellin' your honour, an' I was resolved to come t'ye."

"Did the woman you saw, appear to be coming from the direction of Hourighan's house?"

"Troth it was, your honour, that very direction."

The man's depositions were taken; another warrant made out for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin, and two mounted police sent for, to endeavour to put it in execution.

The next evening the magistrate received positive information, that young M'Gloghlin had been seen that morning, at a very early hour, stealing into his father's house, and that he was probably still there. He at once determined to make a strong effort for his apprehension; and taking the two mounted police and some other attendants with him, he proceeded, as daylight fell, to the residence of the elder M'Gloghlin. An hour's riding brought them to the spot; the appearance of the place, like that of many of the residences of the better sort of farmers in Ireland, indicated plenty, without what the English call comfort—some finery, and no neatness. There was a sloping lawn before the house, which seemed not to

have felt the plough, or the hand of the weed-er, for a century. A road was made to sweep round before the door, which had once been bounded by posts connected by light chains; but all the chains and some of the posts were broken, and the road itself seemed to have been abandoned by foot-passengers, in favour of a "shorter cut," a narrow footpath, which ran down the centre of the lawn, and terminated by a gap in the hedge at the bottom, and which the servants and the sheep found a more convenient method of getting to the road, than going round by the gate. At this gate, however, Mr. Morton halted; and desiring the two mounted police to leave their horses with the others, who were to watch that no one escaped from the premises, he advanced to the house. He was admitted without difficulty, and could perceive, by the manner of those whom he addressed, that his appearance was not altogether unexpected. He told them at once, and in courteous and compassionate language, the object of his visit, and required, that if the young man were there, he should be given up. He was answered by the mother of young M'Gloghlin, the same who was mentioned in the beginning of our story.

She had been a beauty in her youth, but was now a coarse and bold-featured woman; her eyes still flashed with something of the vivacity of former times, and her face was flushed with passion.—"Give him up!" said she; "And why should we give him up to you, supposin' that he was herc? What call have you to him? Did he ever do you any harm? and why should you want to murdther the boy, that I b'lieve wouldn't know you if he was lookin' you in the face?—You may go your ways, Mr. Morton, an' mind your prachein', if you have any to mind, for you'll get none of him here."

"I am sorry, sir," said the magistrate, addressing her husband, "to do what must be so painful to you; but I have positive information, and must search the house—the officers are in the hall."

Sarche away, thin," said the woman; "an' may the ——"

Her husband checked the curse which was coming to her lips, and ordering her sternly to be quiet, the men proceeded on their search. They could not find him in the dwelling house.

"I cannot discharge my duty," said Mr. Morton, "without having your out-offices also searched; and as it is now almost dark, I must request you will send some one with a light to guide us to them." He purposely watched the countenance of the woman, and perceived it shaken by agitation at his proposal to proceed with the search, but fear of her husband kept her silent.

"Old M'Gloghlin merely answered, he might "do as he pleased."

"Will you let this boy carry the light?" said the magistrate, pointing to a thin but hardy-looking fair-haired boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who had sat looking sharply on, at every turn of the policemen, but had never uttered a word. This lad was the brother of young M'Gloghlin, but Mr. Morton did not know that; and he thought that from his youth, he would be less apt to deceive them in their search than any one else in the house. In

this, however, he was mistaken: the boy was quiet and silent in his manners, but possessed more acuteness than all the rest in the house put together. He looked at his father when he heard the question put; and gathering his assent from the expression of his eye, he arose to take the light.

"No—dinny—no," cried his mother, rushing forward; and then as if suddenly recollecting herself,—"well, thin, do, but—;" and she bent over the boy, and whispered in his ear, "but dinny, darlin',—mind what you're about—lade thim off, an' you'll see what I'll give you. An' if you doan't, continued she, clenching her teeth, "I'll dash your brains out whin they're gone."

The boy neither answered nor trembled, but led the way for the police-men, with a small lantern in his hand. There was a gentleness and simplicity in the lad's manner, which led Mr. Morton to think, that if he were cross-questioned, or threatened, he would be able to obtain from him the information, whether the person he sought for was in the place or not; but he felt an instinctive abhorrence towards inducing the boy to betray the young man, villain as he believed him to be, and he therefore chose rather to trust to the vigilance of his search.

The way led through a farm-yard, filled with stacks of hay and corn, which the policemen proposed to prod with their swords, as the object of their search might possibly be concealed within them.

"But you might wound him, or kill him, if he really were there," said the magistrate, "which you have no right to do, unless he makes violent resistance."

"If that be all you're afraid of, sir," said the boy, "they may prod away—they'll hurt no one there, I'll warrant, except it be the mice that make nests in the stacks, and that'll do us no harm."

"Some of this hay appears to have been tossed about lately?"

"Yes, sir, they were bringin' it up to the loft for the horses."

"Where is the loft?"

"There's two or three of them, sir—I'll show them to you."

He led the way along a little passage, bounded by a hedge, from which the little birds flew out, startled by the light, as it passed. "The poor little birds, sir, is frightened as if you were serchin' for them. It's a pity to disturb them, sir, isn't it? poor things that's tired enough, I'll engage, flyin' about wit their little wings all day."

"Is it possible," thought the magistrate, "that this boy can talk so lightly, if he really knows the man to be lurking about here. I think we must have been wrong informed, after all."

They examined three lofts without success; and the boy, after holding the lantern for them, with great patience, was proceeding back by the way they had come, when Mr. Morton remarked another small building in a corner of the inclosure which they had not gone into.

"It's only an ould lumber-house, said the boy.

had been carried into it lately," observed Mr. Morton.

The boy, for the first time, betrayed a slight hesitation, as he answered, "Maybe they did put hay into it—sometimes they do." But still he held back, and seemed anxious they should return without examining farther.

"We must trouble you to bring the light there, my boy," said the magistrate. "We must examine every place."

They found, on entering the lower apartment, that it was, as the boy had said, a lumber-house, where old cart wheels, and hay forks, and scythe handles lay scattered about. In one corner, however, they discovered a step ladder, and a trap-door above it leading into the loft.

"I suppose I needn't go up, sir?" said the little guide; "it's the same just as this place."

"We must see it, though," replied the magistrate; "it will not keep you long."

The boy slowly ascended the ladder, and the magistrate motioned to one of the men to follow: The man looked, however, rather suspiciously at the narrow trap-door, and observed that if there were any one above, it was very dangerous, as one man in such a situation might knock a regiment on the head before they could get into the loft.

"I shall lead the way, then," said Mr. Morton, as he ascended into the apartment unmolested, followed by the two men. There was lumber in the room, and some sheaves of straw piled against the walls, which the policemen prodded with their swords, still without success, and they were about to descend, when it occurred to Mr. Morton, that the boy had not walked about in the room as in the other places, but had stood with his back to one particular spot, shading it from the light, while he held the lantern towards the other places which the men examined. He therefore turned back, and looking steadily at the boy, he thought he saw him slightly start, as he told the men they should look in that spot which they had omitted. There was an old trunk in the spot, which had a quantity of hay piled upon it, over which were loosely thrown a few old sacks.

"You'll spoil the sacks, if you thrust your swords there," said the boy.

"We'll take them away first, then," said one of the men. He did so—and struck his sword into the hay—a loud shriek followed the thrust, and young M'Gloghlin sprang from the hay, and surrendered himself. The sword had not touched him, and had he lain still he might have escaped; but the danger was too much for his nerves, and he fell unwounded into their hands.

He was unprepared for resistance, and did not attempt it, but in sullen silence suffered his hands to be secured, and was led down to the yard. His mother, who, at a little distance, had followed the whole search, muttering a thousand praises of her "darlin' little cute white-headed boy," for whom, until this instance of his dexterity in endeavouring to elude the vigilance of the police officers, she had never shown much symptom of affection, was now almost frantic at the capture of her favourite son.

"Let my boy go, you hell hounds," said she, rushing towards the police-men—and then

I see some marks on the ground, as if hay

perceiving the utter helplessness of violence, she threw herself on her knees before the magistrate, and clasping her hands, besought his mercy with all the vehemence of the strongest of all earthly feelings, a mother's affection for a favourite son. He was wicked, and she knew him to be so—her own heart was vicious and deceitful; but one spot in it was still loyal to nature and a mother's love, and in the passionate agony of fear and affection, she sunk in the dust before the magistrate, and besought his compassion on her misery.

"Oh, Mr. Morton," she exclaimed, "Mr. Morton, jewel, don't take him away from me—don't take away my boy—my darlin' boy, to murder and destroy him. I'll engage for him he'll never do any thing wrong again—I'll watch him myself for you, day and night; but oh, lave him wit me, an' may Christ an' the Blessed Queen of Heaven, pour blessin's upon you for ever an' ever!"

"I am exceedingly sorry," said Mr. Morton, much affected by the woman's vehemence of manner, "exceedingly sorry, indeed, for this unfortunate occurrence; but there is a public duty to be performed, and what you ask is altogether impossible."

"Oh, dear Mr. Morton, don't say so," said the wretched mother, still on her knees. "Oh, think of your own children, sir, an' how you'd feel if they were taken away to be butchered, and their mother left like me to die of great sorrow and a broken heart—he's my eldest boy, sir, one of the only two I ever had, an' for the love of Christ, don't take him away to kill him!"

"Rise from your knees, unhappy woman," said Mr. Morton; "or if you remain, pray to God for some peace and comfort under your calamity, and not to me, who can yield you nothing. Your son must submit to the course of justice—he is charged with dreadful crimes."

"It is a lie.—It is a lie," said the wretched woman, starting up; "you want to destroy him, you want his blood—ay, you hard-hearted villain, that's what you want; an' may my curse, an' the curse of all belengin' to me, torment you while you live, an' gnaw your sowl in hell, where you'll surely be afore long!"

"Take him away, take him away," said the magistrate, "this is too shocking."

I omit the details of the trial of M'Gloghlin. The evidence against him was arranged with all the skill and care of which it was capable. The best "counsellors" were employed, and no trial for many a long year and day excited so intense an interest. He was a Protestant, or at least so reputed, and an opinion was abroad amongst the people, which the priests did by no means discourage, that "unless they," that is, the authorities of the land, "couldn't help it, he would not be found guilty." Found guilty, however, he was, after a most patient investigation, and a very long deliberation of the jury.

Then the report ran through the populace, that although found guilty, he would not be executed; they were sure he would get a reprieve, and that justice would not be done upon a Protestant for murdering a Catholic. M'Gloghlin all along denied the murder; his sole defence was his own simple and deter-

mined denial that he had murdered Norah Sullivan. The morning of execution arrived, and still the people could not believe he was to die. A coach was procured to carry him from the jail to the scaffold—the horses, frightened at something in the crowd, ran away, and the wretched man, handcuffed as he was, through the instinct of self-preservation, burst open the door, and jumped out, lest he should be overturned. Even this circumstance the people laid hold upon, to strengthen their favourite idea, that he was not to suffer the punishment due to his crimes—they said it was a trick to cause delay, and that he would be taken back to jail. They were again mistaken. The horses were stopped, M'Gloghlin again put into the carriage, borne to the place of execution, and hanged; but not until he was dead, and in accordance with the tenor of his sentence, his body given to the surgeons to be anatomized, would the common people believe, that the severity of the law would be actually enforced against one who was neither a poor man nor a Roman Catholic. In more recent times, however, this feeling has greatly died away.

M'Gloghlin died as he had lived, sullen, and ferocious, and with his last breath protesting a lie. He asserted to the very last that he was not guilty of the murder. This circumstance caused some uneasiness to those, whom the circumstantial evidence had convinced of his guilt; but in about a year afterwards, his associate Sheehan, who was also executed for the murder of a soldier in an affray about a private still, made while under sentence a full confession of the matter, which explained M'Gloghlin's denial to have arisen from his not having actually committed the murder with his own hands—and afforded the materials for the foregoing tale. J.

From the Athenæum.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL'S MILITARY REFLECTIONS ON TURKEY.*

THE history of nations can hardly afford a more striking contrast, or a more valuable lesson, than that which is presented by the past and present situations of the two great despotisms of modern Europe. Spain, which made more rapid and determined strides to universal empire than any on record, if we except those of Napoleon,—and more formidable, perhaps, without any exception,—Spain, whose downfall, like that of the great ravager to whom we have alluded, dates from the destruction of her proudest armament, not by the enemy, but by the elements (for "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,")—Spain, which was so long the war-cry of terror, is now sunk into a by-word of contempt. Turkey, as it

* *Military Reflections on Turkey.* By Baron Von Valentini, Major-General in the Russian Service. Extracted and Translated from the General's Treatise on the Art of War. By a Military Officer. With a Map and Plans. 8vo. pp. 102. Rivington. London, 1828.

most closely resembled this unhappy land in its political institutions, has also sunk the nearest to its level of insignificance and degradation. They are, at this moment, the only two countries in Europe, which are at once rent by domestic insurrection, and insulted by foreign interference,—an interference, which, while it assumes the name of *alliance* in the one case, and of *mediation* in the other, can only be justified in either, by the utter impotence and incapability of managing their own affairs, to which a vicious and destructive system has at last reduced them. The power of the Turks has ebbed so rapidly, and the terror which they once inspired has been so completely superseded by insignificance, that we read the story of their renown with a kind of bewildered incredulity. It has already become like

“The echo of an unrepeatd sound,
That dies away to silence.”

And yet, (not to recur to Mohammed II., who, in the 15th century, extinguished the last embers of the Roman empire, in the blood of the last Roman emperor, and awed both Germany and Italy with the terror of his arms,) little more than a century and a half has elapsed since a regular form of prayer against the Saracens was recited in almost all the churches of Christendom, and listened to by the faithful with a thrill of living fear,—since the kingdom of Poland was tributary to the Crescent, the capital of Austria besieged by a Turkish armament, and Louis XIV. of France concentrating his forces to oppose their further progress on *his own frontier*! At the present day, the Turks themselves have forgotten to dream of offensive warfare; the Danube may be considered as the last bulwark which remains to the city of Constantine, and the ultra-Danubian principalities themselves as but feeble outposts, ready to be evacuated on the first gleaming of a Christian bayonet, or echo of an “infidel” cannon. The question is now only as to the shortest route to the shores of the Bosphorus; and even that feeble and degenerate Greece, which was twice wrested by the Ottoman hordes from the sympathies of all Europe, has continued for seven years, single-handed, by little more than the *vis inertiae* of resistance, to baffle all the efforts of the Mussulman empire, and has seen successive floods of invasion dash themselves to atoms against the bases of her mountain barriers. To use the picturesque expression of Valentini, (p. 5,) “It is, in fact, only the jealousies and rivalries of the Christian powers, which still support the Crescent upon the horizon of Europe.”

It is generally supposed, that the Turks lost their military superiority over the Christian armies by merely remaining stationary, while their enemies were advancing, in the art of war,—rivetted down, as it were, to their old customs, while the tide of improvement was raising all around them to a higher level. It is probable, however, that in addition to this cause, there has been in operation an actual degeneration among themselves; and this opinion is suggested by facts:

“It is worthy of remark,” observes our au-

thor, “that Montecuculi, alike distinguished as a great general and a military writer, should present to us the Turks as models for imitation in war, as much on account of the wisdom with which they undertake it, as of the manner in which they conduct it; and that he should consider their marches, their encampments, and their dispositions for battle, equally worthy of commendation: nor did the victory of St. Gothard, which he gained in 1664, as generalissimo of the Christian army, shake the high opinion which he had previously formed of his enemies.”

At the present day, amid the masses of confusion and insubordination which a Turkish army exhibits, and the weakness and uncertainty which mark their plans of campaign, we look in vain for any thing to justify the praises of this eminent commander, or to mitigate our emotions of astonishment and contempt:

“It is known that the Asiatic troops, which comprise the principal force of the Turks, abandon the field in winter; but Warnery’s assertion, that they commence their march homewards so early as the month of July, is certainly an exaggeration. Even the Janisaries are by no means partial to winter campaigns, and, after having supported, for a time, the fatigues of war, long to return to their homes, where they follow different trades and occupations, and cannot therefore be said to be imbued with martial ardour. As to the cavalry, the nature of the country may in some degree excuse their returning home at the commencement of winter. The Albanians, the Macedonians, and the ancient Thracians,—children of the soil which gave warriors to Pyrrhus and Alexander,—are the only troops which still remain under arms, even during the most rigorous season, provided the horse-tail is planted by an energetic Pasha, such as old Ali of Janina.

“In general, the defence of towns is the only part of the art of war in which the Turks still maintain their ancient national bravery. Places, most imperfectly fortified, which European troops and engineers would have considered it impossible to defend for any length of time, were often purchased by the Russians at a great loss of men and time. This may proceed in some degree from the tranquillity and inactivity of the Turk, who is unwilling to move, and who will remain for whole weeks in a cave, abandoning himself to his inevitable destiny, indifferent to every thing which happens near him, or to what the morrow may bring forth. Panic terror, which has always so powerful an effect upon an undisciplined and impassioned multitude, is the only favourable chance which the besiegers have to expect; and will often cause a Turkish garrison to abandon the place, in a state of wild desperation, if a road be left open for its flight. It is even remarked by Berenhorst, that, in such cases, the belief in predestination serves as a cloak for cowardice. We may, however, consider it as a general rule, that the Turks will maintain the defence to the very last, and that the great strength of their garrisons, and their actual luxury in point of arms, will always render an assault one of great bloodshed and danger. Every Turk, when properly armed, carries with him,

besides his musket, at least, one pair of pistols, a sabre, and a long, and somewhat curved, dagger or knife, (the inward curve having the sharp edge,) called a *kinschal*, which he uses principally in cutting off heads. This weapon, which is about two feet long, is not unlike the Roman short sword, and at the brilliant era of the Ottomans, it may have been proved not less formidable in the *mêlée* than was the latter, with which the legions subdued the world. Hence it is very evident, that, in scaling a rampart, the European soldier, with his musket and fixed bayonet, is placed under great disadvantage against an enemy so well armed both for attack and defence."

The decided opinion of an experienced soldier, that European discipline is inapplicable to a Turkish force, may be worthy of consideration by those who look upon the reforms introduced by the present Sultan, as likely to produce a regeneration of the Turkish power:

"It is possible that the engineers of Louis XIV. introduced among them something of European tactics, of which, however, in other respects, no vestige is to be found at present. In general, they are by no means imitators, and this is, perhaps, their greatest wisdom. An enlightened sovereign, far from attempting to introduce among them any thing of European practice, would rather seek to develop those peculiar qualities of which the germ evidently exists in these extraordinary people; and they might then again become formidable, if not to the whole of Europe, at least to the neighbouring states."

The following passages will be read with interest, as describing the military peculiarities of this singular people:

"Formerly, the total want of light infantry in the unwieldy European armies must have given a grand advantage to the Turks. In all the accounts of that, and even of a more recent period, the Janissaries are extolled as the first light infantry in the world. They could not, however, have been very efficient at that time; as we may easily infer from their having been formidable only in intersected ground, and from the European cavalry never having feared them in the plain.

"The Turkish light cavalry have sustained their reputation to a more recent epoch. The being on horseback is quite a national habit. Travellers relate that, in the East, when proceeding from place to place on horseback, the Turkish guide ascends and descends the mountains at a gallop, over bushes and rocks, and puts to shame the European horseman, who fears to follow him.

"The same boldness is to be found in the masses. 'The Turkish cavalry,' says an experienced witness, 'disperses itself in the mountains amid rocks and bushes, and then debouches unawares by the most narrow paths, without fearing any disorder, since it is not accustomed to be in order. Hence it is extremely dangerous in an intersected country; it passes through places which seem impracticable, and suddenly appears upon the flank or rear of the enemy. Two or three men advance, and look about them: then you will see all at once five or six hundred, and wo to the battalion that marches without precaution, or

which is seized with a panic.' This, however, only relates to the flower of the Turkish cavalry, known under the name of Spahis: there is a vast number of Asiatic rabble on horseback, to which this description does not at all apply.

"It cannot be denied, that our cavalry is inferior in comparison with the rest of our army, when opposed to the Turks. Being completely dependent on the protection of the batteries and squares of battalions, we cannot expect those grand, bold, and decisive effects, which are otherwise peculiar to it. It is only when the enemy is in full retreat, or half-beaten, that it can abandon its defensive position, so little consonant to its nature. In earlier times, however, the sword and lance of the knight have proved formidable to the sabre of the Saracen; and even in our own, individual combat has begun to be practised with success. The Christian horseman, conscious of his power and dexterity in the use of his weapons, will courageously attack the Spahi, but will probably confide more in the lance than the sabre, which the latter wields with a degree of perfection which we can scarcely hope to attain." It is natural, however, that when our adversary possesses a decided superiority in any particular thing, we should oppose to him something else which might place us on a more equal footing with him; and, in this respect, therefore, the well known saying of Montecuculi, that the pike is the queen of arms, seems particularly applicable.

"Russia is the most formidable enemy of the

* The superiority of the Turks in the use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their, what may be termed, *national* dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron-wire, in the hand of one of our powerful labourers, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a *cut* than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c. and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of *slight* wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well known fact in the Russian army, that a colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word, *draw*, his head was severed from his body. The highly tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats, even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderbeg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related, that, at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the *mêlée*, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance, from which these valuable sabres are wrought, is called *taban*, and they are proved to be genuine, when they admit of being written upon with a ducat, or any other piece of fine gold.

Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed, by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened among them; and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe, as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive, that they do not enter the field against Russia, with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory.

"The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia, appears from the fact, that, since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power. Even admitting that, when instigated by Charles XII., who had taken refuge among them, they commenced the celebrated campaign of the Pruth, which ended so disastrously for the Russians, we must recollect that the settlements of the latter upon the Black Sea, and their intercourse with the Cossack hordes, had already given sufficient provocation. The subsequent war, from 1736 to 1739, in which Field-Marshal Munich bore a distinguished part, brought these light troops completely under the banners of Russia, and thus added to the preponderance which she had already gained over the Turks in point of tactics and discipline. Nor did the Cossacks lose by the change; they having imbibed as much as was really useful to them, without losing any thing of their peculiar character. The Spahis are not at all to be compared with them in the look-out, in cunningness, or in patience; and although the proud Turkish horse looks like a Bucephalus, by the side of their modest hacks, yet, notwithstanding this advantage, they know how to avoid, with great dexterity, the impetuosity of his attack. The talent which the Cossacks possess for exploring a country, and for finding their way every where, is more useful to the Russian army in a war in Turkey than in any other. In waste and deserted countries the Cossacks, forming scouring parties in advance, supply, in a great measure, with their natural penetration, the defect which still exists in regard to correct maps of this part of the world. No movement of the enemy can be concealed from them; no scout can escape them; and every thing which the country, forming the seat of war, yields in the way of provision, they collect for the subsistence of the army. That which happened to the Russians in their campaign on the Pruth, surrounded and starved as they were by clouds of light cavalry, would also be the fate, at the present day, of every Turkish army which might venture to oppose them in any thing like an open plain."

General Valentini seems to consider the conquest of Constantinople by the Russians, in one, or at most in two, campaigns, as perfectly practicable and easy. He only demands, for this purpose, an army of 200,000 men; those

by disease and the sword, and for keeping up the communications, included; together with a flotilla on the Black Sea, to advance on a parallel line along the coast. The country, he asserts, has resources enough, in the degree of cultivation and trade which it enjoys, to facilitate military operations very considerably; and he devotes a long chapter to the strategic details of a plan of invasion and conquest, calculated upon these data.

The justice of carrying these magnificent arrangements into execution does not appear to enter into the baron's calculations. One argument, however, we do find adduced in favour of it, which, from the incidental and matter-of-course style in which it is stated, he seems to look upon as quite decisive of the point. It is founded upon the assertion, (p. 3,) that "a peace with the Turks is, in reality, nothing more than a truce concluded for a certain number of years. The *Crescent*, a significant emblem, must extend itself over the whole terrestrial globe. The followers of Mohammed are bound, in conformity to the precepts of that prophet, and those of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, to carry on a continual war with the nations which do not share in their belief; and, of course, as we are left to conclude that those, who are thus denounced, have a right to take every advantage in return. But true as may be the facts here stated, we confess we are not altogether satisfied with the reasoning to which they are made to serve as a support. People are too generally inclined to attach a great practical importance to the *dogmas* of particular religions, while, in reality, they are always postponed to the interest of the moment, or the common impulses of human nature. Thus our author himself informs us, (p. 93,) that the pursuit of navigation was expressly forbidden to all Musulmans by their very highest spiritual authority, and that this prohibition was powerless against the promptings of political ambition. Coffee and opium were forbidden by the Koran equally with wine, (p. 95,) and, in this instance, the injunction of Heaven was superseded by mere animal inclination. Religious dogmas, in fact, whether for good or for evil, will only be influential while they are productive of advantage or of gratification. So long as the Turks found that war was a succession of victories, and peace but an interruption to conquest, this command of their prophet would, no doubt, be quoted with delight and obeyed with enthusiasm;—and other nations, with no such dogma of faith to plead in their excuse, would "do likewise," from a principle of ambition; but when the uniform result of hostilities became loss, and disappointment, and defeat, then would this part of the Mahomedan revelation remain, as now, in abeyance, and the sacred duty of propagating their faith by the sword would be as much neglected as the troublesome obligations of benevolence or self-denial.

As if it were to illustrate the more forcibly the utter inefficacy of religious principles, whether forbearing or aggressive, when placed in competition with political considerations, we find our Christian author himself, after having taken anticipated possession of Constantinople, proceeding to act upon the same convenient

maxims of political honesty which he ascribes to the infidels. "The river Prusak," he says, (p. 90,) "the Tymbris of the ancients, might become the *provisional* boundary of the Ottoman empire, to be forced still further back upon a future contented occasion;" and he proceeds to support this idea by reasons of *convenience* and *expediency*, as relating to the territories already acquired,—reasons far more powerful than all the dogmas in the Koran, and which might be equally urged on every "convenient occasion," till the Christian conquests were pushed to the frontiers of the "Celestial Empire," or the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

In the same Christian spirit is the plan, which he proposes, of a perpetual war upon this perpetually receding boundary, and which is too good a thing not to be given in his own words.

"The great improvements which have been effected in our military system, certainly leave us little reason to dread a repetition of what was experienced by the Christian powers of former times. But it will be *absolutely necessary* that the colonies which may be founded in the conquered territories, should not lay by their arms, but that they should be maintained by the contingents which the mother countries will be obliged to furnish, during several generations, for the general security of Europe. In that part of the world, it might also prove a salutary measure to revive the *ancient orders of chivalry*, constituted and organized conformably with the spirit of the age. The conquered country, which the component parts of its military state would intimately connect with the European powers, far from becoming an apple of discord, would rather prove the means of establishing among them new ties of amity. The superfluity of the population of Europe would there find convenient settlements; and its youth, with highly excited ardour, would also repair thither to seek an opportunity of gaining spurs. This practical military school, situated at the extremity of the civilized continent, would be productive of general advantage; and Christian nations would no longer conceive themselves *obliged to make war upon one another* from time to time, in order to maintain among them a true military spirit."

Thus is the ebullient valour of Europe to find a safe and convenient vent, so that Christians shall not be *compelled* to recommence cutting the throats of each other, until, unfortunately, there shall be no Turks left, upon whom we may continue to perform that indispensable exercise!

The translation before us is well executed, and accompanied by a map of the probable theatre of war, with a plan of Shumla, which may be called the Turkish Thermopylæ. Its publication is also peculiarly well timed to meet the wide and intense interest which is excited by the events of the day. The Turkish dominion in Europe seems to be rapidly approaching its dissolution; and every one must feel anxious to know whether it will submit quietly to its fate, or whether it possesses sufficient remaining strength to shake in its expiring convulsions, the pillars of European tranquillity. The opinions of the Baron Valentini on this

subject, although of course not formed with a reference to existing circumstances, and perhaps the more on that account, are well worthy of attention, both from his own high military character, and from the fact of his having served in the country whose capabilities he discusses. From his testimony, then, it would appear that Turkey is arrived at such a pitch of feebleness and disorganization, as to be utterly unable to resist a vigorous demonstration from her formidable northern neighbour, and that much must be done before she can even be rendered capable of co-operating efficaciously with a powerful alliance in her own defence. The Greek question, while it furnishes to her natural enemy a continual pretext for aggression, is also a source of weakness to herself. It is a diseased limb, which drains the resources of the trunk, and can never be made to unite healthily with it again. Amputation is the only remedy; and it is easy to distinguish between the honest friendship which recommends its adoption at once, and the morbid sensibility, or concealed malice, which would await the inevitable approach of mortification and death.

There is a method of catching monkeys in the East Indies, which supplies a good illustration of the present situation of these two countries. A quantity of sugar is put into a cocoa nutshell, in which a hole has been made, large enough to admit the open paw of the animal, but not to allow its withdrawal when clenched. Pug inserts his paw, and grasps at the sweet temptation, which, however, he finds it impossible to extract. His avarice, being too powerful for his sagacity, prevents him from renouncing the fatal prize, which mocks him with a shadow of advantage; he remains encumbered with the clumsy shell, and falls an easy victim to his pursuers. The "Sublime Porte" is at present in the situation of the monkey. Having originally fixed her iron grip upon Greece, by nefarious and dishonest means, she has at length arrived at a crisis which leaves no alternative between restitution and ruin. The desperate and infatuated obstinacy with which she clings to her ill-gotten and useless plunder, is exactly what paralyzes all her powers of defence, and takes away all her possibilities of escape.

From the Monthly Review.

NARRATIVE OF AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE, in *Bouts fitted for the Purpose, and attached to His Majesty's Ship Hecla, in the Year 1827; under the Command of Captain William Edward Parry, R. N., F. R. S., &c. Illustrated by Plates and Charts. Published by Authority of his Royal Highness, the Lord High Admiral. 4to. pp. 228. London: Murray. 1828.*

We have here a notable instance of the uncompromising audacity with which facts sometimes laugh at the systems and theories of erudite men, and even at the grave decrees of monarchical and learned bodies. After every

to win the North Pole by navigation had failed, it was surmised, with great appearance of probability, that if adventurers were found hardy enough, on reaching the nearest boundary of ice in the North Seas, to quit their ship, and to take with them a couple of boats, and plenty of provisions, they might, without much difficulty, accomplish the object which has been so long desired. The interval between the open sea and the Pole, was filled up, it was asserted, by a vast field or level plain of ice; the boats might be easily hauled up, placed on wheels, and drawn by reindeer or dogs to any distance; if perchance a lagoon of water should occur, the travellers had only to detach the wheels, launch the boats, and embarking with their dogs or deer, sail across it in a few minutes, haul up again, and proceed onward on their journey.

The practicability of this plan was grounded in the first place on the testimony of Captain Lutwidge, who was associated with Captain Phipps in the expedition towards the North Pole, in 1773; he described the ice as stretching to the north-eastward, of one of the Seven Islands (north of Spitzbergen), in "one continued plain," "smooth and unbroken," and "bounded only by the horizon." In Captain Phipps' chart of that voyage, the ice to the northward and the westward of the Seven Islands, is designated as "flat and unbroken," and "quite solid." That very intelligent Arctic voyager, Mr. Scoresby, jun., goes a little farther than this. He, it appears, once saw a field of ice so free from fissure or inequalities, that had it been clear of snow, "a coach might have been driven many leagues over it in a direct line, without obstruction or danger." Arguing from this solitary fact, he wrote a paper on the feasibility of the plan, which has been published in the *Memoirs of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh*. The reports of several experienced whalers, who were consulted by Captain Parry, went to the same effect; he himself appears to have entertained so little doubt of the plan, that he proposed it to the lords of the Admiralty; and they referred it to the president and council of the Royal Society, who "strongly recommended its adoption." Captain Parry states, however, that his strongest hopes of success depended on the fact, that a similar proposition had been formerly made by Captain Franklin; who not only drew up a plan for making the attempt, but also volunteered to conduct it.

Considering the circumstances here stated, the credibility of the witnesses whose evidence is relied upon, the undoubted intelligence of the persons to whose decision the subject was submitted, and the great experience both of the officer who first proposed, and of him who ultimately attempted to execute, this novel enterprise; we believe that there is not upon record a more signal instance of the fallibility of human testimony, and of theoretical speculation, than that which will be found in the narrative now before us.

Every thing was provided for the expedition, which ingenuity could devise for ensuring its success. Boats were constructed, which were found, upon trial, to answer, in the most admirable manner, all the purposes for which they

were intended. On each side of the keel, and projecting considerably below it, was attached a strong "runner," shod with smooth steel, in the manner of a sledge, upon which the boat entirely rested while upon the ice. Wheels were also prepared for the purpose of being attached to the boats, but no opportunity offered for trying their utility. Resources were supplied in abundance: the boats, after leaving the Hecla in a safe harbour, were to leave Spitzbergen about the beginning of June, 1827, and to return to the ship about the end of August; it being supposed that all the meditated objects might have been accomplished within that interval.

The Hecla, accordingly, left the river on the 4th of April, and reached Hammerfest on the 19th, where eight Lapland reindeer were provided for the purpose of drawing the boats. The Hecla weighed again on the 22th, and on the 16th of the following month was off *Red Beach*, the highest latitude to which it was intended to take the ship. Here, however, difficulties occurred in discovering a secure harbour where she might be left; and some circumstances took place which afforded the commander very little encouragement.

"The nature of the ice was, beyond all comparison, the most unfavourable for our purpose that I ever remember to have seen. It consisted only of loose pieces, scarcely any of them fifteen or twenty yards square, and when any so large did occur, their margins were surrounded by the smaller ones thrown up by the recent pressure into ten thousand various shapes, and presenting high and sharp angular masses at every other step. The men compared it to a stone-mason's yard, which, except that the stones were of ten times the usual dimensions, it indeed very much resembled. The only inducement to set out over such a road, was the certainty that fies and fields lay beyond it, and the hope that they were not far beyond it. In this respect, indeed, I considered our present easterly position as a probable advantage, since the ice was much less likely to have been disturbed to any great extent northwards in this meridian, than to the westward, clear of the land, where every southerly breeze was sure to be making havoc among it. Another very important advantage in setting off on this meridian appeared to me to be, that, the land of Spitzbergen lying immediately over against the ice, the latter could never drift so much or so fast to the southward, as it might further to the westward.

"Upon these grounds it was that I was anxious to make an attempt, at least, as soon as our arrangements could be completed; and the officers being of the same opinion with myself, we hoisted out the boats early in the morning of the 27th, and having put the things into one of them, endeavoured, by way of experiment, to get her to a little distance from the ship. Such, however, were the irregularities of the ice that, even with the assistance of an additional party of men, it was obvious that we could not have gained a single mile in a day, and what was still more important, not without almost certain and serious injury to the boats by their striking against the angular masses. Under these circumstances, it was but too evi-

dent to every one that it would have been highly imprudent to persist in setting out, since, if the ice after all should clear away, even in a week, so as to allow us to get a few miles nearer the main body, time would be ultimately saved by our delay, to say nothing of the wear and tear, and expense of our provisions. I was, therefore, very reluctantly compelled to yield to this necessity, and to order the things to be got on board again."—pp. 21, 22.

This was a bad beginning. The *Hecla*, mean time, was constantly beset with ice, and was considered to be in such a perilous situation, that Captain Parry deemed it his duty to remain on board until she could be worked into some place of safety. A great deal of time appears to have been expended in accomplishing this necessary object; every effort for the purpose failed until the 18th of June, when a bay was discovered, into which the ship was towed and warped on the 20th. Here she was to wait Captain Parry's return from the ice, under the care of Lieutenant Foster, who was instructed in the mean time to make a survey of the Eastern coast, if circumstances should permit.

The experiment already tried with the boats, determined Captain Parry on dispensing altogether with the reindeer, as he saw that if the ice were very rough, they would be rather an incumbrance than instruments of service. All his arrangements being concluded, he quitted the *Hecla* in the evening of the 21st of June, with the two boats. The weather was calm and beautiful, the sea open, and steering north, they were stopped by the ice on the 23d, when in latitude 81 deg. 12 min. 51 sec. The boats were then hauled upon the ice, and the following plan of travelling was adopted.

"It was my intention to travel wholly at night, and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes, called 'snow-blindness,' which is common in all snowy countries.

"We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed, the temperature during the twenty-four hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night and sleeping by day so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared, and I believe truly, that they

never knew night from day during the whole excursion."

"When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping-dresses, and put on those for travelling; the former being made of camblet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in, whether they had dried during the day or not; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not either still wet or hard-frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey; while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged' for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them, as much as possible, from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near, for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or cloths; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories and 'fought all their battles o'er again,' and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking up round us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes,

* "Had we succeeded in reaching the higher latitudes, where the change of the sun's altitude during the twenty-four hours is still less perceptible, it would have been essentially necessary to possess the certain means of knowing this; since an error of twelve hours of time would have carried us, when we intended to return, on a meridian opposite to, or 180° from, the right one. To obviate the possibility of this, we had some chronometers constructed by Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham, of which the hour-hand made only one revolution in the day, the twenty-four hours being marked round the dial-plate."

each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur-dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort, which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances; our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36 to 45 deg., according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 deg., obliging us to throw off a part of our fur-dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described.

"Our allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows:—Biscuit, 10 ounces; Pemmican, 9 ounces; Sweetened Cocoa Powder, 1 ounce, to make one pint; Rum, 1 gill; Tobacco, 3 ounces per week.

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allowance, the cocoa, being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp, with seven wicks; a simple apparatus, which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast, that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion."—pp. 53—59.

On the 24th the party set off on their first journey on the ice, at ten in the evening, in a thick fog that soon changed to rain. Difficulties, from which men of ordinary experience would have shrunk at once, attended them from the very beginning. "The pieces of ice were of small extent and very rugged, obliging them to make three journeys and sometimes four with the baggage, and to launch several times across narrow pools of water." By five o'clock the following morning they had made only about two miles and a half of northing by the log. In the evening they again set out. Similar difficulties encompassed them. Their way lay over nothing but "small, loose, rugged masses of ice, separated by little pools of water, obliging them constantly to launch and haul up the boats, each of which operations required them to be unloaded, and occupied nearly a quarter of an hour." The next day it rained very hard, which of course still further impeded their progress. Captain Parry states it as a remarkable fact that they had "*already experienced, in the course of this summer, more rain than during the whole of the seven previous summers taken together, though passed in latitudes from 7 to 15 deg. lower than this.*" The effect of the rain upon the appearance of the ice, if indeed it be attributable to that cause, was quite novel.

"A great deal of the ice over which we passed to-day presented a very curious appearance and structure, being composed, on its upper surface, of numberless irregular needle-like crystals, placed vertically, and nearly close together; their length varying, in different pieces of ice from five to ten inches, and their breadth in the middle about half an inch, but pointed at both ends. The upper surface of ice having this structure sometimes looks like greenish velvet; a vertical section of it, which frequently occurs at the margin of floes, resembles, while it remains compact, the most beautiful satin-spar, and asbestos, when falling to pieces. At this early part of the season, this kind of ice afforded pretty firm footing, but as the summer advanced, the needles, became more loose and moveable, rendering it extremely fatiguing to walk over them, besides cutting our boots and feet, on which account the men called them 'penknives.' It appeared probable to us that this peculiarity might be produced by the heavy drops of rain piercing their way downwards through the ice, and thus separating the latter into needles of the form above described, rather than to any regular crystallization when in the act of freezing; which supposition seemed the more reasonable, as the needles are always placed in a vertical position, and never occur except from the upper surface downwards."—pp. 61—62.

On the 27th our travellers reached the only tolerably heavy ice they had yet seen, but even this, was "all broken up into masses of small extent." On the 28th they reached a floe covered with high and rugged hummocks, which they passed with the greatest difficulty, being obliged to get the boats up and down in directions almost perpendicular. The severity of the labour which the officers and men must have undergone on these occasions, can hardly be imagined, particularly when the hummocks occurred, as they sometimes did, in two or three successive tiers. Thus they continued from day to day, sailing among loose drift ice, or endeavouring to drag their boats over floes rugged beyond anything that could have been supposed. In order to carry forward the boats and provisions, the men were frequently obliged to make three, four, five, and sometimes even seven journeys, over the same distance. It is impossible not to feel for persons placed in such a situation. There is something pathetic in the degree of resignation and fortitude, with which Captain Parry and his companions pursued their way amid such formidable obstacles.

"As soon as we landed on a floe-piece, Lieutenant Ross and myself generally went on ahead, while the boats were unloading and hauling up, in order to select the easiest road for them. The sledges then followed in our track, Messrs. Beverly and Bird accompanying them; by which the snow was much trodden down, and the road thus improved for the boats. As soon as we arrived at the other end

* A floe means a field of ice, the limits of which are discernible from a ship-mast's head; hummocks are masses of ice rising to a considerable height above the level of the floe; they are formed by the pressure of floes against each other.

of the floe, or came to any difficult place, we mounted one of the highest hummocks of ice near at hand, (many of which are from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above the sea) in order to obtain a better view around us; and nothing could well exceed the dreariness which such a view presented. The eye wearied itself in vain to find an object but ice and sky to rest upon; and even the latter was often hidden from our view by the dense and dismal fogs which so generally prevailed. For want of variety, the most trifling circumstances engaged a more than ordinary share of our attention; a passing gull, or a mass of ice of unusual form, became objects which our situation and circumstances magnified into ridiculous importance; and we have since often smiled to remember the eager interest with which we regarded many insignificant occurrences. It may well be imagined, then, how cheering it was to turn from this scene of inanimate desolation, to our two little boats in the distance, to see the moving figures of our men winding with their sledges among the hummocks, and to hear once more the sound of human-voices breaking the stillness of this icy wilderness. In some cases Lieutenant Ross and myself took separate routes to try the ground, which kept us almost continually floundering among deep snow and water. The sledges having then been brought up as far as we had explored, we all went back for the boats; each boat's crew, when the road was tolerable, dragging their own, and the officers labouring equally hard with the men. It was thus we proceeded for nine miles out of every ten that we travelled over ice; for it was very rarely indeed that we met with a surface sufficiently level and hard to drag all our loads at one journey, and in a great many instances, during the first fortnight, we had to make three journeys with the boats and baggage; that is, to traverse the same road five times over."—pp. 67—68.

Notwithstanding these serious impediments, the party still proceeded, only to encounter fresh obstacles. On the 3d of July they reached a floe, of about a mile in length, the average depth of the snow on which was about five inches; under the snow lay water four or five inches deep; "but," says Captain Parry, "the moment we approached a hummock, the depth to which we sunk increased to three feet or more, rendering it difficult at times to obtain sufficient footing for one leg, to enable us to extricate the other." This was not all.

"The pools of fresh water had now also become very large, some of them being a quarter of a mile in length, and their depth above our knees. Through these we were prevented taking the sledges, for fear of wetting all our provisions; but we preferred transporting the boats across them, notwithstanding the severe cold of the snow water, the bottom being harder for the 'runners' to slide upon. On this kind of road we were, in one instance, above two hours in proceeding a distance of one hundred yards!"—p. 70.

We imagine the hardships which these enterprising men endured, when we are informed that after emptying their boots of the water with which they were generally filled during the march, and after wringing their stockings,

they felt almost as if they had put on dry ones. As if to increase their misfortunes, the weather became on the 14th of July so thick and inclement, with snow, sleet and wind, that they were obliged to remain under cover.—They had now nothing but loose drift-ice to haul over; they could not discern a floe, still less a field of ice, towards which they might shape their course. The snow was so much softened by the rain, that it was almost impossible to get through it. "Lieutenant Ross and myself," says the narrator, "in performing our pioneering duty, were so frequently beset in it, that sometimes after trying in vain to extricate our legs, we were obliged to sit quietly down for a short time to rest ourselves, and then make another attempt; and the men, in dragging the sledges, were often under the necessity of crawling upon all-fours to make any progress at all." Of that progress the reader may judge, when he is told that on one occasion, they were two hours in proceeding a distance of not more than one hundred and fifty yards.

"Notwithstanding these discouraging difficulties, the men laboured with great cheerfulness and good will, being animated with the hope of soon reaching the more continuous body which had been considered as composing the 'main ice,' to the northward of Spitzbergen, and which Captain Lutwidge, about the same meridian, and more than a degree to the southward of this, describes as 'one continued plain of smooth unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon.'"—p. 75.

Rain, fog, drift-ice, hummocks, and ponds of water in the ice, still day after day form the burden not of our author's complaints, for he never utters one, but of his plain manly narrative, in which the obstacles he encountered are indeed minutely described, but not more fully than the subject required, in order that he might show to the public in whose service he was engaged, that the failure which ultimately attended his efforts, was the inevitable result of circumstances, which could not be controlled.

Such, with little variation, was the description of the evils which Captain Parry and his companions endured in their fruitless attempt to reach the Pole. Towards the latter end of July, the weather indeed became more agreeable, and the floes larger and more practicable than those which they had already traversed.—But they found to their great mortification, that in addition to the other obstacles which retarded their progress, the ice, impelled by a strong southerly wind, was all drifting to the southward; so much so that although between noon on the 17th, and the morning of the 20th, they had travelled twelve miles in a N. N. W. direction, they found that in consequence of the drift of the ice to the southward, they had actually advanced less than five miles.

On the 22d they met some large floes, and deemed their travelling excellent; they traversed a distance of about seventeen miles, and concluded, that, allowing for the drift, they must have made at least ten or eleven miles in a N. N. E. direction. What, therefore, must have been their disappointment on discovering that instead of ten or eleven, they had actually

not made quite four miles to the northward of the observation made the day before! At midnight, they found themselves in latitude $82^{\circ} 43' 32''$. Between that period and noon on the 26th, they actually travelled between ten and eleven miles due north; yet, on taking an observation on the latter day, they found themselves *three miles* to the southward of the latitude which they had reached on the 22d. They calculated the northerly drift at this time to exceed four miles a day: considering, therefore, the nature of the ice which they had to traverse, it was evident that they were likely to lose during their hours of rest almost all that they could gain during their hours of labour. For some days Captain Parry had given up all hope of penetrating beyond the eighty-third parallel; but he now conceived that even this was more than he could accomplish. The highest latitude which he thinks it probable he reached, was $82^{\circ} 45'$, on the 23d. On the 26th, therefore, he resolved on returning, finding it useless to employ the men any longer in what he at length found to be an utterly impracticable attempt. He had, indeed, "reached a parallel considerably beyond that mentioned in any other well-authenticated record;" but no substantial benefit had been gained except the experience, which has shown the futility of Captain Franklin's original proposition, and of all the evidence and arguments by which it was supported.

In the course of their return (2d of August), the party met with "a quantity of snow, tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination."

"This circumstance recalled to our mind our having frequently before remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To-day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure, on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge."—pp. 109, 110.

Professor Hooker, and other learned botanists seem to have determined that the red snow here mentioned is nothing more than a vegetable "living and vegetating in snow," and belonging to the order *Algæ*.

Captain Parry and his companions reached the open sea on the 11th of August, after having spent forty-eight days on the ice; and on the 21st they had the good fortune to reach the Hecla in perfect safety, though not altogether in the best health, as not only most of the men but the officers also, including the commander himself, had been sensibly weakened by the exertions which they had made.

"I cannot conclude," observes our enterprising author, "the account of our proceedings without endeavouring to do justice to the cheerful alacrity and unwearied zeal displayed by my companions, both officers and men, in the course of this excursion; and if steady per-

severance and active exertion on their parts could have accomplished our object, success would undoubtedly have crowned our labours. I must also mention, to the credit of the officers of Woolwich dock-yard, who took so much pains in the construction of our boats, that notwithstanding the constant and severe trial to which their strength had been put—and a more severe trial could not well be devised—not a timber was sprung, a plank split, or the smallest injury sustained by them; they were, indeed, as tight, and as fit for service when we reached the ship as when they were first received on board, and in every respect answered the intended purpose admirably."—pp. 122, 123.

From the abstract of meteorological observations given in the Appendix, it is to be inferred that Captain Parry was peculiarly unfortunate in the time selected by him for undertaking this enterprise; as it would appear, that twenty times as much rain fell in the course of this one summer, as during any preceding one he had passed in the polar regions.

On the 28th of August the Hecla got under weigh on her return homeward: she made Shetland on the 17th of September, and on the 24th, Captain Parry left her, and proceeded to Inverness by a revenue-cutter, which he found lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands. Hence he travelled to London by land, and arrived at the admiralty on the 25th.

We subjoin Captain Parry's concluding observations:

"I cannot dismiss the subject of this enterprise, without attempting to explain, as far as I am able, how it may have happened that the ice over which we passed was found to answer so little to the description of that observed by the respectable authorities quoted in a former part of this volume." It frequently occurred to us, in the course of our daily journeys, that this may, in some degree, have arisen from our navigators having generally viewed the ice from a considerable height. The only clear and commanding view on board a ship is that from the crow's nest; and Phipps's most important remarks concerning the nature of the ice to the north of Spitsbergen were made from a station several hundred feet above the sea; and, as it is well known how much the most experienced eye may thus be deceived, it is possible enough that the irregularities which cost us so much time and labour may, when viewed in this manner, have entirely escaped notice, and the whole surface have appeared one smooth and level plain.

"It is, moreover, possible that the broken state in which we unexpectedly found the ice may have arisen, at least in part, from an unusually wet season, preceded, perhaps, by a winter of less than ordinary severity. Of the latter we have no means of judging, there being no record, that I am aware of, of the temperature of that or any other winter passed in the higher latitudes; but, on comparing our Meteorological Register with some others, kept during the corresponding season, and about the same latitude,† it does appear that, though no

* Introduction.

† "Particularly that of Mr. Scoresby during the month of July, from 1812 to 1818 inclusive,

material difference is observable in the mean temperature of the atmosphere, the quantity of rain which we experienced is considerably greater than usual; and it is well known how very rapidly ice is dissolved by a fall of rain. At all events, from whatever cause it may have arisen, it is certain that, about the meridian on which we proceeded northward in the boats, the sea was in a totally different state from what Phipps experienced, as may be seen from comparing our accounts; his ship being closely beset, near the Seven Islands, for several days, about the beginning of August; whereas the *Hecla*, in the beginning of June, sailed about in the same neighbourhood without obstruction, and, before the close of July, not a piece of ice could be seen from Little Table Island.

"I may add, in conclusion, that, before the middle of August, when we left the ice in our boats, a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82 deg., almost without touching a piece of ice; and it was the general opinion among us that, by the end of that month, it would probably have been no very difficult matter to reach the parallel of 83 deg., about the meridian of the Seven Islands."—pp. 146—148.

We cannot dismiss this volume better than by recording our high sense of the lofty spirit of enterprise and perseverance, displayed by Captain Parry and his companions during this very arduous service. The habits of subordination and regularity, and of attention to religious duties, which appear to have prevailed throughout the whole of the party employed on this occasion, reflect the greatest credit upon them. Although they failed in their object, we still consider them as having assisted to advance the character of our country, by showing how well they were prepared to endure hardship, and how resolved to overcome it, if the elements had not opposed their intentions. Exertion in war, if ever that should come, will look like child's play to men who have, under such circumstances, visited the polar regions; and their example will go far to keep alive amongst us the true indomitable spirit of the old honest *TAR* of England.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE FRESH WATER FISHES OF GREAT BRITAIN, *Drawn and Described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No. I. Printed for the Authoress, and sold by R. Ackerman. London. March, 1828.*

This is a work of peculiar interest and beauty, and one that will be found worthy of every distinguished library in the kingdom. Its plan and object are so clearly and modestly explained in the Prospectus of the accomplished authoress, (the widow of the late enterprising Traveller, who fell a victim to his zeal for African discovery,) that we cannot do better than introduce it here:

"That a work on the present plan should never have been presented to the public, is a

and Captain Franklin's for July and August, 1818."

remarkable circumstance, though it is an unquestionable fact, that no adequate representation can be given on any other; for not only do the colours of many fishes change, in the course of a few minutes after death, but even the shape of the head, in many instances, undergoes an alteration; so that, in the subjects preserved in our cabinets, the figure of this important part frequently differs considerably from that which it bore in its native element.

"As all the delineations will be coloured *Drawings*, and consequently occupy considerable time in finishing them with due attention to accuracy, it is necessary to limit the number of copies, which has been fixed at fifty; a circumstance that must naturally enhance the value of a work, in which the artist will undertake to exhibit the characters on which classification depends, so as to satisfy the *Naturalist*; while the brilliant hues that such specimens will display cannot fail to please the eye of the *Amateur*.

"The numbers will be published at moderate intervals, and will contain at least four subjects, in imperial quarto; and it is considered that the whole work will be completed in ten numbers, price two guineas each.

"The letter-press accompanying the drawings will contain a scientific description of the different Fishes, to which will be added authentic anecdotes, general notices on their habits, and changes of figure and colour, times of spawning, &c."

The Number before us realizes, to the full extent, the professions made in the prospectus. It contains, No. 1, the Stockbridge Trout; No. 2, the Carp; No. 3, the Roach; and No. 4, the Bleak. All of these are of the full size of the living fish, excepting only one, the Carp, which is of half the natural size. The drawing of all, (for it is to be understood that no aid is given by engraving, not even in outline.) is so perfect, and the colouring so rich and brilliant, as to place before the spectator the living fish itself. Every speck of the body, every scale of the skin, every ray of the fins, with all the silvery transparency of some parts, and golden hues of others, are preserved with a minuteness and freshness truly astonishing. The Carp may be especially mentioned as a splendid example of this: and the Roach is scarcely inferior to it. Every line has been drawn, and every tint imparted, by Mrs. Bowdich's own hand; so that the labour, (to say nothing of the rare talent required,) of producing fifty copies even of the first number, including, in the whole, two hundred separate drawings, must be immense: and the completion of the whole series, which will include fifty copies of each of the ten numbers, with four drawings in each, or two thousand separate drawings, all minutely and exquisitely finished, will be a monument of skill, industry, and patient perseverance, unexampled, we think, in the annals of Art, and worthy of the highest distinction, if only as an example to the sex of what can be done by them, when their energies are consecrated to useful as well as ornamental pursuits. The Preface to the work, which is given in the first number, is so short, yet so interesting in its explanations, that we give it entire.

"A work of the following description requires but little preface; at the same time, I am desirous of offering my readers a few words on the plan I have adopted, and the endeavours I have made, to ensure accuracy.

"My object has been to give, rather a correct representation of the individual fish, than to form a picture; and by so doing, I trust I have satisfied the naturalist, without offending the amateur.

"In my classification I have been kindly assisted by Baron Cuvier, whose system I have adopted, and who has given me the nomenclature he intends using in his forthcoming great work on Ichthyology. The regular series of the families, however, has been interrupted, for the sake of variety in each number, and those least interesting to the eye are mingled with their more beautiful companions. When the work is completed, the drawings may be easily unsewn, and classically arranged, according to the references given in the text. Another consideration has been the time and labour required, as far as it affects the appearance of the numbers at reasonable intervals. To ensure this, the large and small have been thrown together, that each set may bear its due proportion, and be published at regular periods.

"I have hitherto been particularly fortunate in procuring good specimens, and have been aided by friends and strangers with unusual zeal. Every drawing has been taken from the living fish immediately as it came from the water it inhabited; so that no tint has been lost or deadened, either by changing the quality of that element, or by exposure to the atmosphere."

"I have not felt anxious to secure the largest examples, as they are, many of them, of too rare occurrence to be generally recognised; and have rather selected those of a commoner magnitude, and directed my attention to the brilliancy of the colours, and the shape and thickness of the fish. Where it has been possible, I have preserved the natural size; but in those which the limits of the paper have obliged me to reduce, great care has been taken to observe the proportions.

"It has never been my intention to touch upon the manner of catching the fishes I have delineated, for that demands an experience and skill that a female cannot be expected to possess; and the domestic economy of this class of animals offers so little that is interesting, that anecdotes must necessarily bear a small proportion to other matter. Walton, Pennant, and Daniel, have so ably performed their task, that almost all, beyond minute description, on my part, would be but compilation from more elaborate authors."

We cannot close our notice of this splendid, and, in every respect, deeply interesting work, without giving it the highest commendation that any words of ours can bestow; nor with-

* "The colours of the Trout change directly after they leave the stream; but I was lucky enough to avail myself of the skill of a friend, who supplied me with a succession of them as I sat on the bank, and by which I secured the tints, in all their delicacy and brightness."

out expressing our confident hope, that no noble family in the kingdom, in the lakes and streams of whose domains the living creatures here delineated are to be found, will omit the present opportunity of possessing one of the most complete collections of rich and beautiful representations of the finny tribe, that have ever yet been formed by human hands.

From the Literary Gazette.

MR. HENRY NEELE.

"He claims some record on the roll of Fame,
And Rumour for a season learns his name,
And Sorrow knows the prison where he lies—
Mortality's cold signet on him set."

Neele: Sonnet, 1830.

HENRY NEELE, son of the late respectable map and heraldic engraver, was born January 29, 1798, at the house of his father in the Strand. His parents soon afterwards settled at Kentish Town, where Henry was sent to school as a daily boarder. The academy wherein he imbibed all the instruction he possessed previous to his entrance into life, did not offer much towards the attainment of a liberal education. Henry Neele, therefore, left school, possessing, as Dr. Johnson would say, a little Latin, and scarcely any Greek, but capable of reading and enjoying the best French writers. He added afterwards, by his own unassisted efforts, some acquaintance with Italian literature. He displayed no extraordinary application to study, no talent for mathematical or other science,—but he evinced an early inclination for poetry; and he wrote, at that period, unnoted but not unnoticed, verses which would bear a comparison with those of the most precocious poet on record. His genius was purely lyrical, and Collins was his chief model. The Ode to Enthusiasm (the earliest of his printed poems) contains more natural images, and natural expression, than are ordinarily found in the productions of a boy of fifteen. Neele's father, a man of fair natural talents, had the discernment to perceive, and the good taste to encourage, his son's genius. The Odes and other Poems, published in 1817, were printed at his expense.

On quitting school, Mr. Neele was articulated to an attorney; and though at times he "pen-ned a stanza when he should engross," he nevertheless, we believe, did not neglect the opportunities afforded of obtaining experience in his profession. At a later period, he practised as a solicitor in Great Blenheim Street.

In 1821, the Odes and Poems were reprinted, with a frontispiece, and attracted much notice from Dr. Drake and other critics of repute. Our author then began to be sought after by booksellers, and became a regular contributor to *Magazines*, *Forget-Me-Not*, &c.

The great success that had attended the *Dramatic Scenes* of Barry Cornwall gave rise to the composition of *Poems*, *Dramatic* and *Miscellaneous*, published in 1823. Mr. Neele had evidently no talent for dramatic poetry. His *Dramatic Sketches* contain many beautiful images, and much pure and excellent sentiment; but the personages rather improvise

than converse. They are efforts of the mind or the imagination,—but not effusions of the heart. Other and greater imitators of this style have failed. Halidon Hill does no credit to the Author of Waverley; and we recollect to have read an avowal of Lord Byron's, that, with all his ambition, he felt he could not succeed as a dramatist. He coquetted with the town in the publication of his Dramas, and was less sore that they had been forced on the stage than that they had been condemned by a mixed audience.

The Miscellaneous Poems in this second volume are written with more attempt at polish than his earlier productions, but are very beautiful specimens of his genius, especially the Songs. We have a melancholy pleasure in transcribing the following from the Fragments, which close the volume:—

“That which makes women vain, has taught
my heart
A deeper lesson; and my weary spirit
Looks on this painted clay, but as the night
garb
Which the soul wears while slumbering here
on earth,
And, at its waking, gladly throws aside,
For brighter ornaments.”

If our author could not excel in dramatic poetry, he had a keen perception of dramatic excellence in others. He studied minutely the productions of (what is termed) the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare. He pleased himself with composing a series of Lectures on the works of the great Bard, and undertook (in 1819) a pilgrimage to his shrine. His *compagnon de voyage* (Mr. Britton, the antiquary,) read one of those lectures, at the Town Hall of Stratford, to a numerous audience; and the produce of the tickets (about ten pounds) was presented to a public charity at Stratford. Mr. Britton possesses the MS. of these Lectures. Poured forth with rapidity and apparent carelessness, they are yet acute, discriminative, and eloquent: they abound in illustration, and display considerable powers of humour. Mr. Neele showed on this, as on other occasions, that the cultivation of poetical talent is no impediment to the acquisition of a nervous and perspicuous style in prose composition.

In the winter of 1826 Mr. Neele completed a series of Lectures on the English Poets, from Chaucer to the present period. These Lectures he read at the Russell, and afterwards at the Western Institution. They are described by one who heard them as “displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism.” The public prints mentioned them in terms of approbation; and profit, as well as praise, accrued to our author by this undertaking.

At the commencement of the present year appeared his Romance of History, in three volumes, dedicated to the King. This production greatly enhanced Mr. Neele's fame as a writer of a higher order than the mere contributor to periodical publications. The object

of the author was to prove, as his motto stated, that

“Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction;”

and that tomes of romance need not alone be ransacked for the marvellous in incident. His compilation embraces tales of every age from the Conquest to the Reformation, extracted from the chronicles and more obscure sources of historical information. As a book of instruction, it is invaluable to readers who cannot be persuaded to sit down to the perusal of history in a legitimate form; for each tale is preceded by a chronological summary of the events referred to, arranged in a brief and accurate form. The narratives themselves are highly attractive, teeming with interest, and interspersed with lively and characteristic dialogue. The idea was a happy one, and capable of almost boundless extent. The early history of France, of Spain, of Italy, would have furnished fresh materials, and the excitement would have been renewed at every recurrence to the novel habits of a fresh people. The author had begun to avail himself of this advantage: he had commenced a second series of Romances, founded on the history of France. Known and appreciated, he was beginning to rear his head as a lion of the day. His Poetical Works had been collected, in two vols. with a portrait; but, alas!

“Scarce had their fame been whispered round,
Before its shrill and mournful sound

Was whistling o'er (his) tomb:
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow
Around (his) early honoured brow,
Before its grateful bloom

Was changed to cypress, sear and brown,
Whose garlands mock the head they crown.”

Neele's Odes.

The unfortunate subject of our memoir was found dead in his bed, on Thursday the 7th instant, with too certain tokens of self-destruction. He had exhibited symptoms of derangement the day previous. It is neither our purpose nor our wish to inquire into the cause of this aberration of intellect. The most probable is, incessant application to studious pursuits preying upon a system nervous even to irritability.

“Ah! noblest minds
Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree
That with the weight of its own golden fruitage
Is bent down to the dust.”

H. N. (The Mourner, 1820.)

Mr. Neele was short in stature—of appearance rather humble and unprepossessing; but his large expanse of forehead and the fire of his eye betokened mind and imagination; and whatever unfavourable impressions were occasioned by his first address were speedily effaced by the intelligence and good-humour which a few minutes' conversation with him elicited. His manners were bland and affable; his disposition free, open, and generous. He was naturally of a convivial turn, and enjoyed the society of men of kindred talent. That enjoyment, perhaps, brought with it indulgence of another kind. It is easy for “fat, contented ignorance” to sneer at such failings; but the candid and ingenuous inquirer, estimating the

strain of intellect which produce works that render men immortal, can readily comprehend that the relaxation of such gifted beings may not always be adapted to the sober simplicity of sages. The life of a man of letters is by no means an enviable one. "I persuade no man," says Owen Feltham, "to make meditation his life's whole business. *We have bodies as well as souls.*" Happy, if "the mind too finely wrought," which

"Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought," can find alleviation in the momentary folly of the table, and sink not in despair, nor fly to the refuge of a premature grave." T. S. M.

From the London Weekly Review.

Analysis of the Character of Napoleon. By Dr. Channing. London, 1828. Rainford.

THIS is a just and admirable appreciation of the character of Napoleon. We a few weeks back remarked, that the present age could hardly come to a right conception of this singular despot, nor will it, notwithstanding that Dr. Channing has here placed the means of doing so before it. The vulgar are always overawed

* We are under obligation to a friend for the foregoing sketch; and should have been sorry that the unfortunate subject of it had gone to his untimely grave without some such memorial of him in our page. Of the amenity of his disposition and the kindness of his heart, we had ourselves many opportunities of judging; and we felt accordingly the dismal catastrophe which closed his mortal career. We are afraid to think that the idea of self-destruction must have been long familiar to his imagination; yet it seems to have influenced several of his poetical effusions. So long ago as in Mr. Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not for 1826, the following composition from his pen appeared; and though it was ably responded to by the Editor in the same volume, it is painful to reflect on the state of morbid sensibility which must have inspired it:—

"Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their bound'ries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in Nature's veins instils;
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!"

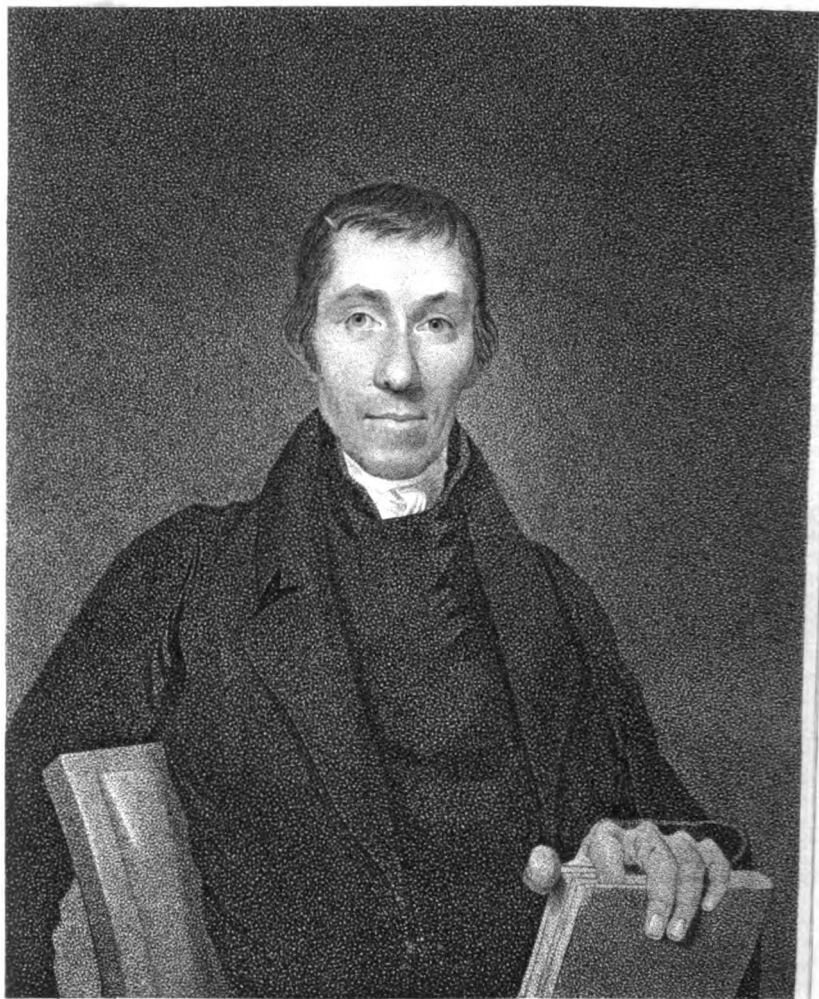
by power, no matter how attained or exercised; nay, are ready to fall down and worship even the accursed destroyer of freedom. That Dr. Channing is not dazzled by the splendour of despotism, we are not surprised, since, in his Character of Milton, a more glorious name than ever belonged to tyrant or satrap, he exhibited the capacity to comprehend and pour-tray the majesty of republican virtue. We recommend this pamphlet to the attentive perusal of every man in England.

The American Quarterly Review. No. IV. December, 1827. London, Miller.

It is not many years since the very mention of the literature of America was the signal for a joke. In an article on the subject in a popular Magazine (we believe Blackwood's) it was thought sufficient to say, in order to dispose of the criminal in a summary manner,—“They have also another poet called Dwight, and his Christian name is Timothy.” Such critics as these, however, have now begun to shove up their distorting spectacles, and to stare with their own gooseberry eyes on the literary phenomena of the transatlantic world. They now think that an Irving or a Cooper, or *even* a Dwight, are not to be sneered at in their respective walks. For ourselves, we are not of opinion that the literature of America should be expected to keep pace with her political growth. We do not look across the Atlantic for a Homer or a Milton or a Shakspeare; her knowledge and education are derived from Europe, and the literature of America must be essentially one of imitation for some time to come. In her citizens, however, who take a lead in these matters, we expect something more than mere literary expertness—we expect a philosophical calmness, and a republican honesty in argument. These expectations are grievously disappointed in the work before us. There is a perpetual recurrence to topics of national soreness, and the most paltry circumstances bearing thereon are caught up with a school-boy heat. Lieut. De Roos receives a most tremendous flagellation for calling a seventy-four, a seventy-four, and a sixty-four a sixty-four, and for imagining that dandyism has made greater progress in England than in America. Out of the most unfeigned good-will towards the American Review, we recommend the *collaborateur* who furnished this boyish article to be dismissed. In other respects the number possesses very great merit.

Second Selection from the Papers of Addison in the Spectator. By the Rev. E. Berens. London, 1828. Rivingtons.

THIS is a very judicious selection from the writings of one of the most beautiful and valuable authors in the English language. It must not, however, be supposed that any selection can serve as a substitute for the Spectator itself, a work of which not one line should be lost to posterity. Such selections are chiefly useful as precursors to the complete works, or as inducements to reading; and we are not acquainted with any thing of the kind more worthy of public patronage than the volume before us.



PAINTED BY W. W. W.

ENGRAVED BY BOTA

JAMES P. WILSON D.D.

Engraved for the Port Folio. Published by Harrison Hall. Philad.

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

JAMES P. WILSON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE annexed portrait is a correct likeness of the Rev. Dr. JAMES P. WILSON, the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

Dr. Wilson is a native of the state of Delaware. His father, the Rev. Dr. Matthew Wilson, was, for many years, the pastor of three congregations near Lewistown, in that state. To his attainments in divinity, he added the knowledge, and the practice, as far as his clerical duties permitted him, of medicine, and was highly respected for his learning and moral worth. From his personal instruction, the subject of this brief notice, chiefly derived his education, which was completed in the University of Pennsylvania, in 1788, under the care of the then Provost, the late Dr. John Ewing, the intimate friend of his father.

Law, being the choice of young Wilson, after the preparatory studies, he was called, in 1790, to the Bar of Delaware.

The talents with which nature had liberally endowed him, cultivated by competent instructors, would have raised him to eminence in any profession; accordingly, he became distinguished in that which he had chosen, and participated in its honours and emoluments, with his celebrated compeer, the late James A. Bayard, Esq. After remaining fourteen years at the Bar, Dr. Wilson resigned a lucrative practice, in 1804, which he had prosecuted with a remarkable degree of conscientiousness and ability,—and entered into the Ministry, and was at once affectionately received as the Pastor of his deceased father's late charge.

Excelling in the sacred desk, as he had done in the courts of justice, his extraordinary qualifications could not long be confined to the knowledge of country congregations. His eloquence reached the distant city, and in the year 1806 he received, and accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, then recently become vacant, by the successive deaths of Dr. Ewing, and his co-pastor, Dr. John Blair Linn.

About the year 1814, Dr. Wilson was offered

the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania; but it is yet to be lamented, that the infirmity of his health obliged him to decline an office which his extensive acquirements, and his scrupulous regard to the faithful discharge of every duty which he undertakes, has fitted him to fill, with honour to the institution, and great advantage to the community.

The celebrity of Dr. Wilson as a divine, precludes the necessity of annexing a character of his public discourses. They are heard with delight and edification, not only by his own admiring people, but frequently, by numerous individuals, both strangers and citizens, of every Christian denomination. Seldom do we see the abundant means of attracting applause, united with the disposition to withdraw from the public gaze. This rare elevation of mind, is remarkably characteristic of the subject of this notice;—and in deference to this, we abstain from speaking of the qualities of his heart—the charms of his conversation—or the apostolic simplicity of his manners. Whilst Dr. Wilson is “a burning and a shining light” in the vineyard of his Divine Master, *His* ultimate approbation is the chief ambition of one of His most devoted servants.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

In our August No. we extracted from this singular and amusing book an entire chapter illustrative of Irish manners in the 17th century. Warm in their attachments, and, from the highest to the lowest, prone to social indulgence and averse from the business of life, by which their plodding neighbours have created a stock of national wealth beyond all example, it is no wonder that the Irish commit great indiscretions.

The gentry of the last century were famous for their hospitality and “hard going.”—It was expected of the master of the feast that he should do honour to his guests and the occasion by being the first to lie under the table; an example followed successively by all who were not claret-proof. Disorder becam

the order of the day, and those who fled from their Bacchanale, were pursued as deserters, and obliged to make atonement in bumpers of wine.

The reluctant were closely watched by others to insure fair drinking, or measure for measure; and sobriety was not left to mark the vagaries or witness the metamorphosis of character which each presented to the view of the others. We quote the following passages for examples among innumerable others.

"I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called ruin-shrub—which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country-gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret."

Our author had called to visit his brother Francis at his hunting-lodge, and gives such a lively description of the morning appearance of the scene of midnight revels, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers.

"We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage-door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs, of different descriptions, showed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlour to see what cheer.—It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewn with empty bottles—some broken, some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, &c. all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked.—Three or four of the Bacchanals lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

"Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

"I went out, and sent away my carriage and its inmates to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which

it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

"I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as a *maitre d'hôtel* in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar, and nutmeg in plenty; a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes;—in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour: they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa*!"

The scene which follows is too ludicrous and characteristic of the book to be omitted, whether more or less fabulous.

"The twain immediately started, and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was, however, in a very different tone from the *view holloa*, and perpetuated much longer.

"'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!'

"'Oh, murder!' says Joe, 'I can't!'—'Murder!—murder!' echoed Peter.—French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places.—I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was, nevertheless, setting fast, from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not. One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

"A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan

* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons: this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better effect than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *prasken*;* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely, clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honoured any order given by a guest to the family shop-keeper or artisan.

The scene of the grand carousal at his father's cottage in the country, is described by Sir Jonah with so much spirit, and in such keeping, that we shall have no occasion to make further extracts under the head of hard going. The lower class of Irish are not slow to follow the example of the higher as far as their humble means will permit. They have their *wakes*, where they pour out libations to drown sorrow: their *fairs*, where they break each other's heads out of friendship, and return to their senses better friends than ever: their horse-races and cock-fights, where whole counties are arrayed against each other, and Down enters the lists against Derry, and Tyrone against Donegal. The nationality to which the peasantry are prone is here com-

pressed into a county feeling, and too often breaks forth into a general row.—The brittle staff of the police is then broken and trampled in the dust—the laws are defied, and the O's, the Mac's, and the Mull's, become

“Lords of misrule in anarchy's wide hall.”

All sense of danger and fear of consequence is borne down by the general commotion—Each takes new fire from the animation of the other, and quickly imparts it in return—a sensation which puts every one above the law, and restores man to his savage condition, takes possession of the multitude, and subsides only with their physical powers. He who has missed the glorious occasion, views it as the loss of a privilege; and we have heard of one who, on passing one of these scenes of national amusement, threw off his coat and joined the combatants, exclaiming, “God send that I may have the luck to get on the right side.” The strolling minstrels, although but few remain, have influence enough with the common people to suspend their cares and labours and draw them together; and all those who are distinguished for their skill in contributing to their public amusements, become objects of their regard. Thus Bob Bates, the blind fiddler of the north, has free quarters wherever he goes; and Andee Gallagher, who handled the cocks at the royal cock-pit, in Dublin, and the great fairs at Killala, is as much an object of respect and curiosity as the Lord Lieutenant.

The savings from penury itself are expended to create a momentary forgetfulness of it, and true to their character, they fly from one extreme to another. We shall not detain our readers longer from the picture drawn by Sir Jonah, than to remark that its characters were all tried and picked men, who had sworn allegiance to Bacchus, and ready to die for their liege lord with all the devotion of feudal times.

“Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments.

“My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called ‘hard going,’ till the weather should break up.

“A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow abovementioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a fam-

* A coarse dirty apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

"My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

"As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the '*hard goers*,' partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their '*shut-up-pilgrimage*.'

"The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cocks, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his *cremona*; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

"I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry thoughts exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

"Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their boxes appropriate planxies to every jolly sentiment the jokers cracked the usual jests and

ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase; the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs; the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver,) gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer.

"Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of '*stole away*,' which rose almost up to the very roof of Quin's cottage.

"At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

"The room of banquet had been rearranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting: jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurbished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

"A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

"In this battle-royal every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was reacted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of case, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio. —Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drank in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

"An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual,

wound up the entertainment and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea,' put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.

"When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond-street; amalgamating their ounce of sallad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive or neutralized by a chesnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard;—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes, if they had had them at the 'Pilgrimage' in the huntsman's cot.

"To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice. It may, however, afford our readers some diversion to trace the degrees which led from the grossness of the former down to the effeminacy of the latter; and these may, in a great measure, be collected from the various incidents which will be found scattered throughout these sketches of sixty solar revolutions."

From the London Literary Gazette.

RECORDS OF WOMAN; and other Poems.
By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. pp. 320. Edinburgh, 1828, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

This volume, from the pen of one of our most sweet and graceful poets, has just imparted a charming variety to our week's labours; and we hasten to communicate some of the pleasure it has afforded us to our readers. Of the fair writer's talents and peculiar qualities, it is now unnecessary to speak: her tenderness, fine feeling, moral beauty, and melodious versification, are justly appreciated by the public, and have long placed her in the front rank among the female ornaments of English literature. In the present work she has chosen a subject, or rather a chain of connected subjects, well suited to her genius;—the *Records of Woman* flow delightfully from her muse.

These poems are devoted to illustrate many instances of love, fidelity, misfortune, in which the hearts of the sex have led them to act distinguished parts. Honourable memorials of virtues which render them the blessings of this created world, and breathing descriptions of their passions and emotions, are to be found in every little tale. Some embrace historical facts, and others dwell on slighter incidents; but all tend to elevate the character of the dearest and most excellent portion of human nature. Of these we shall offer a few examples.

The first *Record* is of the Lady Arabella

Stuart, whose union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, led to their imprisonment by James I. Their mutual love, and its fatal consequences, the attempt to escape, and the unfortunate recapture of the lady, are told in a touching style; and the piece concludes with still more affecting traits of lone sufferings, ending in the near view of death, which relieves the captive. Their earliest joys are thus narrated—

"We, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and, fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,
Ev'n like the mingling of sweet streams beneath
Dim woven leaves, and midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest flowers.

"Tis past!—I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend! Yet fostering, for thy sake,

A quenchless hope of happiness to be;
And feeling still my woman's spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong,
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour."

The expectation of escape is equally poetical.

"Sunset!—I tell each moment—from the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner!—Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call.
Th' expected voice: my quick heart throbb'd too soon.

I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam

Through my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
Of summer lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine, or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell's slow chime.
My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time!
A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?
Hark!—haste!—I come, to meet thee on the seas."

But, alas! after a pause in the song—

"Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

My friend, my friend! where art thou! Day,
by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream away,
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, it is
while.

Comes and rains beauty on the kindling
boughs
Round hall and hamlet; summer, with her
smile,
Fills the green forest:—young hearts breathe
their vows;
Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from lov-
ing eyes:
All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path—on *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon
sent;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer show-
ers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright
cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and rain-drop, like the
sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath
been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry
blue
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill. My soul grows
faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams
paint
Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green,
the free,
The full of all sweet sound,—the shut from me!

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
O love and freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I—the blood of
kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are
chains!

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive
board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is
pour'd,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet!—a magic
glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and
hall;—
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all,—
Thine!—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and
fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my de-
spair?
It is not well of thee!—my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought ex-
plore;
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dy-
ing,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
E'en thou, on whom they hung their last green
leaf—
Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for
grief!

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead!

Farewell! and yet once more,
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the wo
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them
dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Fare-
well!"

All this is most natural and pathetic; but
we must pass to the still more tragical story of
Gertrude von der Wart, whose devotedness to
her husband on the rack has been related in
prose in our Journal and other publications.

"Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

'And bid me not depart,' she cried,
'My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace, I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine is here*—
I will not leave thee now.

I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss:
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this*!
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.'

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bath'd his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—One smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!"

From *Edith*, an American wood-tale, we shall quote only the conclusion, which has pleased us much by its mournful solemnity.

"And she *was* passing from the woods away;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting
sigh

Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wand'rings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs; for Spring again
had come,

The sunny Spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms
wake:

Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of change-
ful time,

If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-
door,

Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
'My father!—to the gray-hair'd chief she
spoke—

'Know'st thou that I depart?'—'I know, I
know,'

He answer'd mournfully, 'that thou must go
To thy belov'd, my daughter!'—'Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!' with meek smiles
once more

She murmur'd in low tones; 'one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
To God who gave them. Lay me by mine
own,

Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd,—the Sa-
viour's prayer, [there,

Which now ye know,—and I shall meet you
Father, and gentle mother!—ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children.'—From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
But Edith felt them not, for now a sleep
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in wo,

'Thou'rt passing hence,' he sang, that warrior
old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

'Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear:
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers—not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain;
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no
breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death."

Nearly a third of the volume is given to
miscellaneous productions, some of which have
previously appeared in print. We, however,
select the following, as affording adequate
means of judging of the delightful author's va-
rious powers.

"The Captive Knight."

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's
tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease, let them hear the captive's voice—be
still!

'I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain
stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be
still!

I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

Must I pine in my fetters here!
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still.

They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

"The Kaiser's Feast."

The Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.
Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?
The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.
She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood:
And 'Speak, my mother! speak!' he cried,
'Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?'

'Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see!

And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh, call these orphans thine—
Thou hast no brother now!

What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together thero,

Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
Where is thy brother, where?

Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be,
As though they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

And let them, let them there be pour'd!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.

Oh! death is mighty to make peace;
Now bid his work be done!
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son!

His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night."

"The Sunbeam."

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green
arcades,

And the quivering leaves that have caught thy
glow,

Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou breakest forth—and the mist became—
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy
way,

And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave,
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of
rest,

Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of
heaven!

From Roger Ascham's Works.

LEARNING teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty, and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore, that waxeth wise by experience; an unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts.

I NEVER knew yet scholar that gave himself to like, and love, and follow chiefly these three authors, *Plato* and *Aristotle* in Greek, and *Tully* in Latin, but he proved both learned, wise, and also an honest man, if he joined with all the true doctrine of God's Holy Bible, without the which, the other three be but fine edged-tools in a fool or madman's hand.

THESE books be not many nor long, nor rude in speech, nor mean in matter, but next the majesty of God's Holy Word, most worthy for a man, the lover of learning and honesty, to spend his life in; yea, I have heard the worthy M. Cheke* many times say, "I would have a good student pass a journey through all authors, both Greek and Latin; but he that will dwell in these few books only, *first*, in God's Holy Bible, and then join with it *Tully*, in Latin; *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon* *Isocrates*, and *Demosthenes*, in Greek, must needs prove an excellent man."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.

THIS little book is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise, and vigorous, far beyond the roach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does infinite honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent—but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes, and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the ongoing of social life.

It was not likely, that a work of so much spirit and originality should not very soon attract notice; and accordingly, we are pleased, but not at all surprised, to see that it has already reached a second, and a greatly extended and improved edition. It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension; the writer does not belong to the solemn and stupid Gold-headed-cane School; he writes with much of the animation and *vis viva* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions, is his own, and his little most entertaining, in-

teresting, and instructive Treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself enough to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity, and discretion.

We think, then, that our readers will be obliged to us for an analysis of Mr. Macnish's little work, accompanied with some occasional remarks of our own, and with some striking specimens.

"Drunkenness," Dr. Macnish observes, "is not like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race." Driven by sin from Paradise, if drunkenness ever were pardonable in any man, it must have been in Adam. But what liquor could ever have raised his spirits? How dismally in his cups must he have sung "Auld lang syne!" What a hollow hip, hip, hip, hurra! On attempting to rise to propose "The memory of Eden," ghastly must have gloomed the face of our poor progenitor, and his eyes have shut in horror of the sword of the cherubim, guarding those gates for ever, "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms." Then, how black the future, filled by him with all shapes and sights of wo, endlessly tormenting the whole lost race of man! Noah and Lot had not the same excuses for drenching their senses in oblivion. Original sin! Mortal taste! Dreadful causes they of drunkenness, despair, and death!

Let observation with extensive view survey mankind from China to Peru, and what one single small district of the habitable globe will be found, even on the Sabbath day, perfectly sober? The possession of unclouded reason to the victims of sin and sorrow would seem to be felt as a curse. Therefore, they extract insanity from flowers and blossoms, bright with the blooms and fresh with the dews of heaven, and drink down their misery into dreamless sleep. True, as Mr. Macnish says, "that drunkenness has varied greatly at different times and among different nations;" but, perhaps, take one country with another, though the spirit of the age has varied, the quantum of the vice has been pretty much the same, drunkard has balanced drunkard, and earth herself continued to reel and stagger on her axis.

Drunkenness prevails, we agree with the author, more in a rude than in a civilized state of society. It seems, too, to prevail to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes.

"The nature of the climate renders this inevitable, and gives to the human frame its capabilities of withstanding liquor; hence, a quantity which scarcely ruffles the frozen current of a Norwegian's blood, would scatter madness and fever into the brain of the Hindoo. Even in Europe, the inhabitants of the south are far less adapted to sustain intoxicating agents than those of the north. Much of this depends upon the coldness of the climate, and much also upon the peculiar physical and moral frame to which that coldness gives rise. The natives of the south are a

* The learned Sir John Cheke, Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge, and preceptor to King Edward VI.

† The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. W. R. McPhun, Glasgow. 1828.

lively, versatile people; sanguine in their temperaments, and susceptible, to an extraordinary degree, of every impression. Their minds seem to inherit the brilliancy of their climate, and are rich with sparkling thoughts and beautiful imagery. The northern nations are the reverse of all this. With more intensity of purpose, with greater depth of reasoning powers, and superior solidity of judgment, they are in a great measure destitute of that sportive and creative brilliancy which hangs like a rainbow over the spirits of the south, and clothes them in a perpetual sunshine of delight. The one is chiefly led by the heart, the other by the head. The one possesses the beauty of a flower-garden, the other the sternness of the rock, mixed with its severe and naked hardihood. Upon constitutions so differently organized, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy inflammable nature of the first is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second does not experience till he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account, the one may be inebriated, and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remembered that a person is not to be considered a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor; but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system. The Russian, therefore, may take six glasses a-day, and be as temperate as the Italian who takes four, or the Indian who takes two. But even when this is acceded to, the balance of sobriety will be found in favour of the south: the inhabitants there not only drink less, but are, *bona fide*, more seldom intoxicated than the others. Those who have contrasted London and Paris, may easily verify this fact; and those who have done the same to the cities of Moscow and Rome, can bear still stronger testimony. Who ever heard of an Englishman sipping *cau sucrée*, and treating his friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France; and, of all the practices of that country, they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull."

Mr. Macnish says, "it is a common belief that wine was the only inebriating liquor known to antiquity; but this is a mistake." We never heard of that common belief before, for who does not know, as well as himself, that Tacitus mentions the use of ale or beer as common among the Germans of his time—that the Egyptians swigged malt-liquor in the Delta—that a kind of Bell's Beer deluged the middle ages—that the interior of Africa was ever famous for brewing—that our Saxon ancestors were often drowned in mead—that the worshippers of Odin were drunkards of the first water—whence the songs of the Scandinavian Scalds, and the fuddled Futurity of Valhalla—that ardent spirits were quaffed by the Arabians many, many centuries ago—that from time immemorial arrack has been manufactured in the island of Java and the continent of Hindostan—and that, in ancient times, Bacchus, and his companion Silenus, were as household words in the mouths of all, and con-

stitute a most important feature of the Heathen mythology?

Mr. Macnish has a chapter on the causes of drunkenness—and it is an excellent one—every sentence in it being concise and vigorous; although we think him in some points rather heterodox.

"There are some persons who will never be drunkards, and others who will be so in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle.

"The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation, preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.

"Some become drunkards from excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch, and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tippling. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with, have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards, and, in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much joviality or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment."

The distinction here made between choice and necessity, seems to us scarcely justifiable. We never shall believe, that whole classes of men have, beyond their fellow Christians, an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor—still less, that "they will be drunkards in spite of all that can be done to prevent them." On the contrary, keep men "of a sanguineous temperament, coarse and unintellectual minds, and low animal propensities," at good, sound, healthy, wholesome, hard work, with moderate, not extravagant wages, and they will be, though not highly ornamental, yet very useful members of the state, and not grossly addicted either to women or whiskey. There are many grades in society, to which such persons are admirably well suited; and if strictly and sternly overlooked, which they ought to be,

(for a certain surveillance should guard all the occupations of the lower orders,) they make capital day-labourers, carpenters, masons, slaters, hodmen, and chimney-sweeps. That rigidity of fibre, and that flow of animal spirits, of which the Doctor speaks, will under such a system of things—and it is a natural and right system—keep them from the ale house and the gin-shop. They can be happy on cheese and bread and small beer—groat, big, broad-breasted, round-shouldered, muscular monsters, with red faces, and redder whiskers, whom you see plastering gable ends with trowels, carrying lime up ladders, and riding on the rigging of houses ten stories high. Such fellows delight, we do not doubt it, in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; but they also delight in the genial feeling of natural hunger and thirst coming upon them at morning, mid-day, and evening meal—they will take a screed now and then, but are not—let us do them justice—soakers and sots—nor with them must “all the miseries of life be referred to the bottle.”

But suppose that such persons were grossly addicted to liquor, why should Mr. Macnish call them drunkards by choice? And those other “persons of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken,” drunkards by necessity? There is just as much choice, and just as much necessity, in the one case as in the other. Excess of sensibility—partial mental weakness—solitary dissipation—unmanly yielding to misfortune—must they be more gently dealt with than the debauches of the stout, coarse, ruddy Bacchanalian, with rigid fibres and high animal spirits? Ought the one to be sentimentally panegyrised in our pity, and the other unsparingly condemned in our repugnance? By no manner of means. The latter is, in all respects, the more despicable and hateful character of the two; and while, as Mr. Macnish says, he frequently “dies broken-hearted,” the former contrives to live on with merely an occasional disordered stomach. Be that as it may, they are equally sinners from choice—or rather, we do not hesitate to say, that as the case is put, the excuse of necessity would seem to lie rather on the side of the rosy roysterer than of the pale recluse.

With the opinion expressed in the first part of the concluding paragraph, however, of the above extract, simple as it seems to be, we do most heartily coincide, for the custom there alluded to is equally pernicious and disgusting. What more loathsome than to see a lout and loblolly of a schoolboy, probably booby of his class, standing behind his papa’s chair, in eager expectation of the customary rummer of punch? The old fool asks him for a toast too; and with an apoplectical laugh shakes his sides at the long-cooned and oft-repeated extemporaneous effusion of hereditary wit. The younger brats meanwhile keep sucking away at the stoppers of the decanters.

Of drinking-clubs and mason-lodges we really cannot help thinking that Mr. Macnish speaks with somewhat too much seriousness and asperity. What sort of clubs would he have? Would he have people to gather together round one large, long, or round table, or several smaller ones, lean upon their elbows, stare into each other’s face, and discuss the

Mechanical Forces, the Tides, the Prism, and the Pleasures of Knowledge? And all this, without either pipe or tumbler? There must either be drinking-clubs, or no clubs at all. Now it is too much in a free country to put down all clubs; and therefore we hope that drinking-clubs, that is to say, clubs where the members are allowed, if they choose, to wet their whistle in moderation, may continue to flourish. People are the better of meeting together now and then, after their work. And where then, pray, the harm of a tradesman, or mechanic, or labourer of any sort, spending a sixpence occasionally, or even a shilling, in a pot of porter or a glass of Glenlivet?—There need not be always an excess of a good thing. Prudence is very much a national characteristic of our population; and nothing is more common than to see a worthy artificer come out of the mouth of a close, of an evening, with a fine healthy colour on his cheek, staring sober, and returning after a chary but a cheerful glass, to his wife and family, like a good husband and father as he is, a steady smith, a blameless baker, a carpenter without compare, or a tailor of ten thousand.

“Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards!” Stop, dear sir, we beseech you, and do deal less in such sweeping generalities. Good singers do occasionally go wrong in this way, but not nearly so often as bad ones. We cannot at this blessed moment charge our memory with one first-rate gentleman singer who is not a perfect paragon of sobriety. We defy a drunkard to sing to any effect “A Bumper at parting,” or “The Ewie wi’ the Crooked Horn,” or any truly delightful Scottish, Irish, or Italian melody. To sing well, you must keep sober—every fine singer knows and feels that—indulge in drinking, and the voice is broken, the ear untuned, the soul of music sacrificed at its very source; and instead of the cry of encore, there is disappointed silence, the uplifting of hands and eyes, and many silent soliloquies over the obsequies of those sounds that once set the table in a hush, and dimmed the sparkling of fair eyes with the irresistible beauty of tears.

And then why should such a man as our friend write so unkindly of masonic lodges? They are, generally speaking, the soberest of all possible places—one single weak bottle of cold punch for each brother—some score of unaccountable speeches—pay the men their wages—a clatter of fraternal hoofs—and then away along the Bridges trooping the brethren of the Kilwinning, or St. Luke’s, all a-bed and a-snore before the “sma’ hours,” and up in the morning without so much as a hair of a headache, to “that eternal pair, dry toast and bread and butter.” No masonic lodge that ever we frequented, and we have frequented divers, could with any truth be called “a genuine academy for tippling.” Schools rather were they of sobriety—so peaceful that a Quaker would have loved them—nor do we remember a single case of a broken head. But perhaps they manage those things differently in the West, and the Glasgow lodges may deserve the character here drawn of them; for punch is indeed an insidious beverage, and in masonic lodges may, for any thing we know to the contrary,

have "been initiated the drunkards we meet with there, or that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives." But from this curse or anathema, we insist on excluding the masonic lodges of Edinburgh, which are Temples of Friendship, Fun, and Feeling, and sacred in their sobriety to all the Muses.

Drunkenness, our author remarks truly, exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Some foolish attempts have been lately made to turn the tables on the country, and to represent rural life as stained and degraded by all the vices—far beyond that of towns and cities. This outrage on common sense—and on nature—we leave for the present to scorn and contempt—and its perpetrators to continue to consider cotton-mills as the very preserves of chastity—the houses of the peasantry as receptacles of all that is profligate and flagitious. This is the base creed of the manufacturing school. Mr. Macnish knows better—both from reason and from experience. He might, perhaps, have added, that in smallish, dull, sleepy towns, containing from some five to some twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are well to do in the world,—warm and rich,—coarse in manners and habits, of uncultivated intellects, and no turn for knowledge or literature, except, perhaps, so far as to set up a Mechanics' Institution, drunkenness prevails even more than in larger cities. The entire town tipsles. There are club-rooms in every lane—the flow of ale is perpetual—perpetual the puffing of pipes. The president is a man of few words—but he can call for a song—and many of the members can roar you like any nightingale. The system of soaking knows no change of the seasons. Men with red eyes, furry mouths, blotched faces, large bellies, and little legs, surround each stage and mail coach as it changes horses, nor separate without a cheerer. One after another—Tom, Jack, Dick, and Harry,—they drop away in what is called the prime of life, while still the apotheosis of each defunct drunkard is celebrated over a new tap. The Schoolmaster, the Curate—perhaps the Vicar, or even the Rector—the Private Saint, the Publican and Sinner, the half-pay Officer, the Annuitant from a public office, Jock-the-Laird's natural Brother, the strange Gentleman boarding at the Bell, the Radical Editor, the Small Bookseller, the Ingenious Person who has taken out a patent for anti-attribution grease, the Rough Rider, whose brother was hanged for horse-stealing, the Dog-Breaker and Poacher, the Bankrupt Auctioneer who can bawl Tom Bowling, the cidevant Landlord of the Cat and Bagpipes, the Tax-gatherer, the Exciseman, the Sergeant-major of the Local, and an inferior sort of Person who has realized a handsome competence by a caravan of wild beasts and albinos, preserve a pleasing variety in the social circle. Death chucks an office-bearer under the double or triple chin, on an average once a-month, and to see the members walking at a funeral, is too much for the gravity of any one not of the club. Oh, England! England! we love thee well—but is not that, in spite of the march of intellect, too true a picture of most of thy tenth-rate towns, ac-

ording to the latest census—and are not their churchyards redolent of gin and ale, where

"Even in their ashes live their wonted fires!"

Our author then touches on another topic—and a melancholy one it is—yet true.

"Drunkenness appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may undoubtedly often arise from bad example and imitation, but there can be little question that, in many instances at least, it exists as a family predisposition.

"Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and a delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world of its own: it is the essence of a superior nature—the loftier imaginings of the mind, clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts sweep perpetually across their souls; and if these be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery."

What degradation and sin for any virtuous woman to marry a drunkard! "If a drunken man," quoth old Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "gets a child, it will never likely have a good brain."—"It is remarkable," says Darwin, "that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the course be continued, till the family become extinct."

Only think of a drunken bridegroom! a beast that swills during the honey-moon! snoring insensible by the side of a sweet, delicate, loving, aye even loving creature yet in her teens!—An old, useless, barren bachelor may drink till he dies—little harm can he do to any body but himself, though, to be sure, he may sorely distress his old maiden sister and house-keeper, Shoosy—and break the affectionate and faithful creature's heart. But a married man, and a father of sons and daughters, all smiling, or willing to smile, round his board, to be a drunkard! He deserves that death should come stealthily in, once a-month, like an unseen tiger at midnight, and carry them all off, one by one, to his den, the grave. For Nature will not endure to see her holy gifts so profaned; sooner or later, she will show herself revenger and avenger; and the drunkard will be forced to feel even like a very man at last, when his little Benjamin, the sole survivor of all the many, whose mother died that he might be born, is buried with the rest; and the broken-hearted wretch's town-house and country-house, each with four stories above ground, besides two sunk ones, and commodious garrets, have emptied themselves,

dining-room, drawing-room, parlours, libraries, and bed-rooms, into the church-yard!

We do not believe that men of genius are more subject to melancholy than their fellows, nor that nature has mingled more bitterness with their cup of life. What does Mr. Macnish mean by the "gross atmosphere of human nature?" It is singularly vague phraseology—and most unlike the usual language of his clear conceptions. Genius loves to live in no world of its own—except it be for a short holiday of the imagination. In this world of ours—even this work-day world, genius is delighted to dwell; for with all its sins and sorrows, it is worth all the ideal worlds, all the Utopias that dreaming brains have ever created but to vanish in smoke, "leaving behind them, instead of a sweet savour, a stench." Life and blood passions are the strength of genius; and without holding communion with them, even when they are

"Sightless labourers whistling at their work,"

Genius would wish to die, and would be unable to live. Did Homer live in a world of his own? Not he indeed. But in a world which every boy and every man who has a heart and a soul inhabits, and will inhabit along with him, Blind Melesigenes, till time shall be no more. Did Shakspeare live in a world of his own?—Occasionally, witness the Forest of Ardenne, and the Isle of Prospero and Caliban, and the Airy Kingdom of the Midsummer Night's Dream. But the civil wars of England were no fictions—surely—those bishops, and barons, and princes, and kings, were of the world, for which they fought, and prayed, and hungered, and thirsted, and lived, and died.

They—that is Homer and Shakspeare—and others with Homeric and Shakspearean souls—so far from being unfit for the "gross atmosphere of human nature," breathed in it with lungs of easiest play—gulped it down delighted—soared through it like eagles, tumbled in it like pigeons, intersected it like swallows, serenaded it like a calm, purified it like a storm, glittered in it like stars, shone over it like a sun, illuminated it like the rise of morning, and darkened it like the fall of midnight.

"High talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom!" No—no—no. Nature works according to better and wiser laws. High talent, well directed, and finding, which it generally does, its right place in the world, flings away from it, scatters to the winds, sadness and gloom, like so much darkness, and so much dust. High talent will not, of itself, guard its possessor from misery, for man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards; but it is one of the strongest and staunchest safeguards against all undue despondency and sinking of heart. Conscience and Religion are of a higher order—"celestial ardours;" but intellect is, under them, a great power for the happy guidance of human life; and where they have not been wanting, the highest talent has been found in the happiest men—so generally united are genius, virtue, and enjoyment.

True, that men of genius see far and clear into the melancholy and mournfulness of human life; and the farther and the clearer, as their genius is high and profound. Into that

melancholy and that mournfulness they, like others, will sink at times, whether they will or no; and at times, they will even, in dark abandonment, deliver themselves up voluntarily, as if under the influence of some self-born spell, bound, as it were, hands and feet, into the very grasp of grief. But such wild and wayward fits are but of rare occurrence; the retrospective eye shuns them, ashamed; and true it is, as Wordsworth, himself a glorious example of its truth, says, joyfully,

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love."

Instances there are, no doubt,—alas! too many,—of men of genius to whom nature has given the temperament of melancholy—nay, of madness. But these are the exceptions; and do not entitle Mr. Macnish to affirm generally, "that few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity." Melancholy thoughts do indeed, as he beautifully says, sweep across the souls of men of genius; but not, as he says, "perpetually;" nor does, to use his own words, "the stream of their lives run harsh and broken." That would be a creed most unconsolatory and forlorn, and it would include Mr. Macnish himself—for we have not hesitated to call him a man of genius; whereas, though we have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, we shall not allow ourselves to doubt for a moment that he is a man of a cheerful nature, alike removed from the extremes of too thoughtless mirth, and too thoughtful melancholy—an agreeable companion to himself and others,—and such a spirit as would be most welcome among the mild and amusing mysteries of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, from which no man ever departed of whom it might not be truly said—

"A wiser and a better man
He rose to-morrow's morn."

That men of genius are very often unfortunately addicted to drinking, we cannot take upon ourselves to deny. Men of genius are liable to all the frailties of humanity, just like their less gifted brethren, and are sometimes, from certain peculiarities both of character and condition, exposed to many trying temptations. We have known them drunkards: but for one such, we have known twenty—fifty—sober, sedate, free from vice, good citizens, Tories without a stain, church-and-king men, who cared little whether the bowl or the bottle before them were full or empty, water or Glenlivet; for their genius poured into it, at will, an innocent and celestial spirit, of which all might drink deep draughts, till, if they saw double, it was but twice as much of the beauty and the glory of life and nature, heaven and earth, as was revealed to ordinary vision. But gin is one thing, and genius is another; and there is an essential difference between the inspiration of the Mews and the Muses.

"The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker.

"Some authors have spoken of the pleasurable

of being completely drunk: this, however, is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither 'drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,' as Bishop Andrews says in his 'Ex-ale-tation of Ale.' The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous taciturnity, if any such existed.

"What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born as it were, within him.

"Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery: it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect. As yet, the sensorium is in tolerable order: it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time, the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period, he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but, latterly, it becomes merely animal.

"After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever: glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow; and where there are perhaps only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages, the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open, and idiotic in the expression; while his eyes are glazed, wavering, and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has offended one of the company, and is ridiculous-

ly profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines some of those before him are individuals who are in reality absent, or even dead. The muscular powers are all along much affected; this indeed happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless, and inadequate to sustain his weight. He is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect; and, while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk*.

"When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered; then begins 'the tug of war'; then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow than it is seized with the strangest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river is heard in his ears: *sough—sough—sough*, goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever; and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber.

"In the morning he awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands, in particular, are like leather. His head is often violently painful. He feels excessive thirst: while his tongue is white, dry, and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot and constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes, how sickly, dull, and languid! The fire, which first lighted them up in the evening before, is all gone. A stupor, like that of the last stage of drunkenness, still clings about them, and they are disagreeably affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change: it is no longer flushed with gaiety and excitation, but pale and wayworn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently; and if he attempts getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind also is sadly depressed, and the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises solemnly never again so to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of a fit of drunkenness."

All this is most admirable ; nor do we know any where any more vivid and breathing picture. Justice is done to the subject, both on its fairer and darker side, and Truth has guided the pen or pencil at every touch. No moral is drawn,—but a moral is there, nevertheless,—and amidst all the airy mirth so well described, it sounds like a small, chiming, melancholy knell, foreboding wo and death. What follows is also most excellent.

“During a paroxysm of drunkenness, the body is much less sensible to external stimuli than at other times: it is particularly capable of resisting cold. Seamen, when absent on shore, are prone to get intoxicated; and they will frequently lie for hours on the highway, even in the depth of winter, without any bad consequences. A drunken man seldom shivers from cold. His frame seems steeled against it, and he holds out with an apathy which is astonishing. The body is, in like manner, insensible to injuries, such as cuts, bruises, &c. He frequently receives, in fighting, the most severe blows, without seemingly feeling them, and without, in fact, being aware of the matter till sobered. Persons in intoxication have been known to chop off their fingers, and otherwise disfigure themselves, laughing all the while at the action. But when the paroxysm is off, and the frame weakened, things are changed. External agents are then withstood with little vigour, with even less than in the natural state of the body. The person shivers on the slightest chill, and is more than usually subject to fevers and all sorts of contagion.

“External stimuli frequently break the fit. Men have been instantly sobered by having a bucket of cold water thrown upon them, or by falling into a stream. Strong emotions of the mind produce the same effect, such as a sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated.

“There are particular situations and circumstances in which a man can stand liquor better than in others. In the close atmosphere of a large town, he is soon overpowered; and it is here that the genuine drunkard is to be met with in the greatest perfection. In the country, especially in a mountainous district, or on the sea-shore, where the air is cold and piercing, a great quantity may be taken with impunity. The Highlanders drink largely of ardent spirits, and they are often intoxicated, yet, among them, there are comparatively few who can be called habitual drunkards. A keen air seems to deaden its effects, and it soon evaporates from their constitutions. Sailors and soldiers who are hard wrought, also consume enormous quantities without injury: porters and all sorts of labourers do the same. With these men exercise is a corrective; but in towns, where no counteracting agency is employed, it acts with irresistible power upon the frame, and soon proves destructive.”

We once saw a man under sentence of death, (he was to be, and was, executed next morning,) under the influence of an enormous quantity of ardent spirits. He had got it smuggled into prison by his wife. He had swallowed about two bottles of rum that day,—but though dismal, he was not drunk. Fear and horror kept him sober. His senses were in some

measure what in Scotland we call *dazed*, but his soul was alive in its agony, and his groans were the ghastliest ever heard out of or in a condemned cell. Among all the confusion of the thoughts within him, one thought was ever uppermost; and he knew in all the dreadful distinctness of reality, always so different from a dream, that he was to be hanged next morning at eight o'clock, and his body given to dissection. He staggered up and down in his chains, and then, ever and anon, sat down on the edge of his iron bed, and stared on vacancy with blood-shot eyes, as if he saw the hangman or Satan. The liquor had lost its power over the “heart of the man oppressed with care,” and all that it did seemed to be, to bring the gallows nearer to him in the gloom,—to dangle the rope nearer to his throat and eyes,—and to show him, like a reality on the stone floor, his own shell or coffin. His prayers were muttered angrily, like curses; no deluding hope of reprieve or respite rose from the rum fumes sickening his stomach and clouding his brain,—no minister of religion, much needed as he was, would then have been welcome. There was an obscure and dim mistaking in his tortured spirit, of his sentence as the mere judgment of men, instead of the doom of the Eternal, whose great law he had violated,—he denied demon-like, the righteousness of the fiat, “blood for blood;” and in the blackness of his face, you read wrath against wrath, that of a wicked worm against that of the Holy of Holies, wickedness struggling with conscience, and crime, fear-stricken, and appalled, yet loth to give way to penitence, though preyed on by remorse, while all his body trembled and shook as at the noise of a devouring fire.—A long deep sleep fell upon him,—he awoke another being,—stood, when the time was come, without a shiver on the scaffold, and died with decency and firmness, a willing and unreluctant victim.

Mr. Macnish does well to declare the Highlanders a sober people. They are so. Never saw we in the Highlands,—and we know every nook of them as well as our own parlour—an habitual and confirmed drunkard, except in circumstances that, if they did not excuse, accounted for the vice. The Highlanders have no horror of the effects of whiskey. Hector Macneil, in his *Will and Jean*, described such evils only as they were seen in the Lowlands. Whiskey is found, by experience, to be, on the whole, a blessing in so very misty and mountainous a country. It destroys disease—and banishes death. Without some such stimulant the people would die of cold. You will see a fine old Gael of ninety or a hundred, turn up his little finger to a calker with an air of patriarchal solemnity altogether scriptural; his great-grand children eyeing him with the most respectful affection, and the youngest of them toddling across the floor, to take the quech from his huge, withered, and hairy hand, which he lays on the amiable Joseph's sleek craniology, with a blessing heartier through the Glenlivet, and with all the earnestness of religion. There is no disgrace, in getting drunk—in the Highlands—not even if you are of the above standing—for where the people are so poor, such a state is but of rare occurrence, while it is felt all over the land of sleet

and snow, that a "drap o' the creatur," is a very necessary of life, and that but for its "dew" the mountains would be uninhabitable. At fairs, and funerals, and marriages, and such-like merry meetings, sobriety is sent to look after the sheep; but, except on charitable occasions of that kind, sobriety stays at home among the peat-reek, and is contented with crowdy. Who that over stooped his head beneath the lintel of a Highland hut would grudge a few gallons of Glenlivet to its poor but unrepining inmates? The seldom they get drunk the better—and it is but seldom they do so—but let the rich man—the monied moralist, who bewails and begrudges the Gael a modicum of the liquor of life, remember the doom of a certain Dives, who, in a certain place, that shall now be nameless, cried, but cried in vain, for a drop of water. Lord bless the Highlanders, say we—for the most harmless, hospitable, peaceable, brave people that ever despised breeches, blew pibrochs, took invincible standards, and believed in the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. In that pure and lofty region ignorance is not, as elsewhere, the mother of vice—penury cannot repress the noble rage of the mountaineer as "he sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart," while Superstition herself has an elevating influence, and will be suffered, even by Religion, to show her shadowy shape and mutter her wild voice through the gloom that lies on the heads of the remote glens, and among the thousand caves of Echo, in her iron-bound coasts, dashed on for ever,—night and day—summer and winter by those sleepless seas, who have no sooner laid their heads upon the pillow than up they start with a howl that cleaves the Orcades, and away off in search of shipwrecks round the corner of Cape Wrath.

But let us return to our friend the Doctor:—

"The mind exercises a considerable effect upon drunkenness, and may often control it powerfully. When in the company of a superior whom we respect, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated, a much greater portion of liquor may be withstood than in societies where no such restraints operate.

"Some drunkards retain their senses after the physical powers are quite exhausted. Others, even when the mind is wrought to a pitch leading to the most absurd actions, preserve a degree of cunning and observation which enables them to elude the tricks which their companions are preparing to play upon them. In such cases, they display great address, and take the first opportunity of retaliating; or, if such does not occur, of slipping out of the room unobserved, and getting away. Some, while the whole mind seems locked up in the stupor of forgetfulness, hear all that is going on. No one should ever presume on the intoxicated state of another, to talk of him detractingly in his presence. While apparently deprived of all sensation, he may be an attentive listener; and whatever is said, though unheeded at the moment, is not forgotten afterwards, but treasured carefully up in the memory. Much discord and ill-will frequently arise from such imprudence.

"There are persons who are exceedingly

profuse, and fond of giving away their money, watches, rings, &c., to the company. This peculiarity will never, I believe, be found in a miser. Avarice is a passion strong under every circumstance. Drinking does not loosen the grasp of the covetous man, or open his heart. He is forever the same.

"The generality of people are apt to talk of their private affairs when intoxicated. They then reveal the most deeply hidden secrets to their companions. Others have their minds so happily constituted that nothing escapes them. They are, even their most unguarded moments, secret and close as the grave.

"The natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks, whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many, with violent tempers, have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in his true light, whatever that may be. The combative man will quarrel, the sensualist will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous; but closer observation convinced me, that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had libelled, inherited, at bottom, the genuine dispositions which it brought forth."

Upon this text we could, if we chose, preach a sermon; but the reader need not send for his night-cap, for we are not going to be prosey overmuch. We agree with Mr. Macnish, that the mind does exercise a considerable effect upon drunkenness, and may often control it powerfully. But it is safest, we think, and most prudent,—to say nothing of propriety,—“in company of a superior, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated,” not to imbibe a great portion of liquor. If you do, you may not perhaps get absolutely drunk, for your respect for the lord, and your love for the lady, may keep you sober as a judge on the bench, yet all the while you will feel like a prisoner at the bar; and it is not possible for you to imagine the absurd face which you will put on in that predicament or dilemma. For staring wild, a goshawk will be a joke to you; for one so silent, you are by much too red in the face, seeing that a bubbly-jock has no right to be speechless. Your very laugh will have something about it much too convulsive for select society; and if called upon suddenly to contribute your quota of a remark, you will open your mouth like an oyster, or a barn-door, without uttering a syllable, although formerly esteemed the most fluent in the Juridical or Speculative, and with a mouth to parliament. Take our advice, then, and “in the company of a superior whom you respect, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated,” keep within the bottle of claret, and turn a deaf ear to the chiming of the silver ladle on the rim of the China punch-bowl,—music difficult to be resisted, even if,

like Ulysses of old, afraid of the Syrens, you were to tie yourself by the towel to the back of your chair.

Mr. Macnish's remarks on misers in their drunkenness, are, we believe, equally striking and just;—and we have observed that when a miser is drunk he always sits with his hands in his breeches pockets. He does so, even if there is nothing in his fob; and when he ventures to take out his hands, they are always shut as if holding fast a farthing. Beyond that dear diminutive of a coin he never bets, even were you to offer ten to one; and he prefers an even wager, the odds always looking dangerous to his distempered fancy, were the stakes on his part but a doit. You may without difficulty fuddle a miser; but 'tis not every man who can make him drunk. Like a West Country Beau keeping himself sober, by a strong mental "exertion, under the largest liquor, in the presence of a female, before whom it would be indelicate to get intoxicated," the miser can swill deeply without falling over on his side, especially in company with a stranger, who, for any thing he knows to the contrary, may be a pickpocket or a tax-gatherer. On all other other subjects but that nearest and dearest to his heart, he will be open and unreserved—his dead wife, his natural child, his ass or his pig. He will even, when maudlin, put his arm round your neck, and talk to you about the salvation of your immortal soul. He will weep for Dawty, who died in the year of the French Revolution, and at whose funeral he allowed but two bottles of currant wine to fifty people from a distance, and half-a-dozen rusk-biscuits. But he would not subscribe a penny to an Infirmary, or Blind Asylum, or Madhouse, to save the human race from insanity. He will take his chance of Satan and the lawyers; yet, if you rub him not against the purse, in his cups he has a strong sense of religion, and would have no objection, not he indeed, to see the Heathen Christianized *gratis*. Speak to him about an augmentation of his minister's stipend, and he gets so black in the face that you begin to loosen his neckcloth. When you call the shot, into what a profound reverie is he plunged! He shams the last stage of drunkenness—and to save sixpence suffers himself to be hurled home in a state of assumed insensibility in a wheelbarrow! But he insists, in his dull, dogged, dead drunkenness, real or pretended, to sleep in his breeches; for empty as the pockets are, with the exception of a bad penny and a doubtful farthing, he has too much sense, under the circumstances, to let them lie below his bolster. Should he have been led to his own door blind-fold, by a brat half in fun and half for a farthing, he puts the urchin off with a promise or a threat, nor would he pay to be lifted up from the gutter in which he lay face downward, and about to snort his last in filth and mire. A pretty and a pleasant person over a punch-bowl!

We have never been able to bring ourselves to think, as Mr. Macnish thinks, that the natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. How should it? How can it? Does not drunkenness confessedly distort and disorder the physical, intellectual, and moral powers? Is the

mind—the heart—the soul—then in a natural state? Quite the reverse. What faith then can be put either in words or in deeds, as truly revealing the nature of the man? Drunkenness often utterly prostrates the intellect of the ablest men. Nay, a little drink often does so, changing them, painfully, into idiots. What nonsense then drivels from their lips! Does their natural disposition reveal itself during that mental eclipse? Say it not. The intellect is as much part of a man as the feeling—and shall the "natural disposition" remain unchanged during intoxication, when the other faculties are stupified or rendered imbecile? All is chaos—every thing is reversed—turned topsy-turvy—and the man is himself no more, and cruel would it be to judge him by the maunderings or ravings of that counterfeit or changeling. The characters of men must be seen in their sane, not in their insane state—in health, not in disease. Brain fever is a liar of the first magnitude—and let no man judge his brother after the first bottle—or the second punch-bowl.

If, as Mr. Macnish asserts, in modern life all be disguise, drunkenness might and often would tear it off, and show the mind of the man in *puris naturalibus*. But, with certain prudent and dignified reserves, which every gentleman owes to himself, out of the society of his very dearest friends, who wears any disguise? When warned with wine, or any other cause of excitation, people do indeed lay aside restraint, and become somewhat more communicative than on milk and water; but, when unfortunately they so far forget themselves as to get drunk, they are themselves no more, but caricatures and libels of themselves, and would, were themselves to be suddenly restored to their senses, be by themselves flung out of the window, or kicked down stairs. The man who is a perpetual hypocrite when sober, may indeed stand confessed in his true character when drunk. But he who when sober has nothing he wishes to conceal, and is open and free as the morning or mid-day, that man, confused and distracted by liquor, is himself no more—his conduct is a lie—and to see him as he is, you must wait till he has awoke from sleep, or rather risen from the dead.

What do you mean by "natural disposition?" That we hold to be a man's real character to which he is true, in all the greater and less conduct of daily life, when master of himself, and with an unclouded mind. In drunkenness, that character is often seen sadly perverted—perverted, surely not truly revealed to our eyes, that had previously been cheated by the delusions practised on them by a hypocrite. "His natural disposition" is that which impels and guides him when he is in his senses—not that which drives him headlong and misguides him when he is out of them; and as well might we judge a man's natural disposition from the actings of the sleep-walker, or the mutterings of the distempered dreamer, lying on his back with a stomach surcharged with a heavy supper, as from his behaviour under the influence of intoxication. Besides, the effects of intoxication vary on the same individual, according to the state of his stomach, or general health and strength, and still more

according to the nature of the intoxicating liquor, as Mr. Macnish has admirably illustrated. All speaking differently can they all speak the truth? And what is the native character, the natural disposition of that man, who under brandy is bold, under wine timid, under cider communicative, and under ale close as the grave?

We have talked away, even at the risk of being tedious, upon this theme, because if there be indeed "*in vino veritas*," we are such lovers of truth, that we cannot be haters of drunkenness. But if drunkenness destroy all truth, all faith, all sense, all reason, and all feeling, even in the most true, the most leal, the most rational, and the most humane, then and therefore is it the most hideous and fatal of vices—changing angels into demons, and men into beasts. The shame, horror, penitence, and dreadful remorse that men have felt for words said and deeds done in drink, prove that drink can inspire thoughts into men's hearts most alien from their nature, and drive them to the commission of acts, of which, as long as they were in their sober senses, no trial, no temptation, could ever have made them guilty, or even form to themselves a thought fleeting as a shadow. But they had put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains, and thence sometimes rape, robbery, and murder, followed by swift retribution and lamentable doom.

Mr. Macnish speaks, somewhere else in his Treatise, of the law considering drunkenness as no palliation, but rather an aggravation of any criminal act. And he says that this is right, because if drunkenness were held to palliate or excuse crimes, people would pretend drunkenness, commit crimes, and escape with impunity. But this, it is to be hoped and indeed believed, is not the spirit or reason of the law. As well might insanity be held to be an aggravation, and no palliation of crime; because wicked men might simulate insanity, that they might rob or murder without reach of punishment. The law in this is but an expression of the austere judgment of the incorruptible conscience. Drunkenness is a voluntary act; and its evil consequences to the senses and to the brain, are known to all men. Therefore, whatever horrors may come to be accumulated on the senseless act of a drunkard, they are all attributable to the free-will of a moral agent. If he murders, he must be executed. Yet, even here, as in all other actions of men, there are plain, obvious, and broad distinctions, which the law itself, obliged as it is to deal, in theory, with general rules, would regard in practice.

The criminal act of an unprincipled and reckless drunkard, done in drunkenness, would probably in passing of sentence, and certainly in execution of it, be regarded in a different light from the hasty and unhappy deed of a sober man, intoxicated under chance circumstances, over which it might truly be said he had scarcely any control. He might have been betrayed into a state to which, in all his habits, his nature was repugnant; and in that state he might have committed a rueful crime. Need we say, that whatever might, in that case, be ordered by the letter of the law, in a

Christian country, where religion and philosophy reigned, the guilt of such an act of such a man, would be felt by all to be palliated by drunkenness, and on that account would, beyond all doubt, be less severely punished. The judgments of the tribunals of men erected in courts of law, cannot always be coincident with those of that tribunal erected in every single heart—conscience. Those of the latter, are the voice of God, whose vicegerent conscience is; but those of the former seek to be guided by that same voice, although they must often punish the action, apart from the intention; and, in judging of the intention, must give rude guesses; and, if there be evil there, pronounce and execute sentence, in spite of the many circumstances of palliation which, in the Court of Conscience, would be admitted to be pleaded in behalf of the guilty. Just as, on the other hand, many things would, in the Court of Conscience, be argued against the criminal, and overwhelm him to the dust, which, in the Circuit Court at Glasgow, Dumfries, or Ayr, would never pass the lips of the Depute-Advocate. But all this Mr. Macnish knows as well as we do; and we verily believe, that the erroneous opinion on which we have been animadverting, was but one of those mere slips or oversights, of which nobody is more frequently guilty than ourselves.

Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of the drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a calker. He would sell his soul, in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp of Glenlivet. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air, inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end not, like one carved out of a stick by the knife of a schoolboy—rough and hot to the very eye,—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other; there has been a touch of palsy there; and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slaving idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head. He cannot angle—for his fingers refuse to tie a knot, much more to busk a fly. The glimmer and the glow of the stream would make his brain dizzy—to wet his feet now would, he fears, be death. Yet he thinks that he will go out—during that sunny blink of a showery day—and try the well known pool in which he used to bathe in boyhood, with the long, matted, green,

trailing water-plants depending on the slippery rocks, and the water-ouzel gliding from beneath the arch that hides her "procreant cradle," and then sinking like a stone suddenly in the limpid stream. He sits down on the bank, and fumbling in his pouch for his pocket-book, brings out, instead, a pocket-pistol. Turning his fiery face towards the mild, blue, vernal sky, he pours the gurgling brandy down his throat—first one dose, and then another—till, in an hour, stupified and dazed, he sees not the silvery crimson-spotted trouts, shooting, and leaping, and tumbling, and plunging in deep and shallow; a day on which, with one of Captain Cooley's March-Browns, in an hour, we could fill a pannier. Or, if it be autumn or winter, he calls, perhaps, with a voice at once gruff and feeble, on old Ponto, and will take a pluff at the partridges. In former days, down they used to go, right and left, in potato or turnip-field, broomy brae or stubble—but now his sight is dim and wavering, and his touch trembles on the trigger. The covey whirrs off, unharmed in a single feather—and poor Ponto, remembering better days, cannot conceal his melancholy, falls in at his master's heel, and will hunt no more. Out, as usual, comes the brandy-bottle—he is still a good shot when his mouth is the mark—and having emptied the fatal flask, he staggers homewards, with the muzzles of his double-barrel frequently pointed to his ear, both being on full-cock, and his brains not blown out only by a miracle. He tries to read the newspaper—just arrived—but cannot find his spectacles. Then, by way of variety, he attempts a tune on the fiddle—but the bridge is broken, and her side cracked, and the base-string snapped—and she is restored to her peg among the cobwebs. In comes a red-headed, stockingless lass, with her carrots in papers, and lays the cloth for dinner—salt beef and greens. But the Major's stomach scunners at the Skye-stot—his eyes roll eagerly for the hot-water—and in a couple of hours he is dead-drunk in his chair, or stoitering and staggering, in aimless dalliance with the scullion, among the pots and pans of an ever-disorderly and dirty kitchen. Mean people, in shabby sporting velvetreen dresses, rise up, as he enters, from the dresser covered with cans, jugs, and quechs, and take off their rusty and greasy napless hats to the Major—and to conclude the day worthily and consistently, he squelches himself down among the reprobate crew, takes his turn at smutty jest and smuttier song, which drive even the prostitutes out of the kitchen—falls back insensible, exposed to gross and indecent practical jokes from the vilest of the unchanged—and finally is carried to bed on a hand-barrow, with hanging head and heels, like a calf across a butcher's cart, and, with glazed eyes and lolling tongue, is tumbled upon the quilt—if ever to awake it is extremely doubtful;—but if awake he do, it is to the same wretched round of brutal degradation—a career, of which the inevitable close is an unfriended deathbed and a pauper's grave. O hero! six feet high, and with a brawn once like Hercules—in the prime of life, too—well born and well bred—once bearing with honour the king's commission; and on that glorious morn, now forgotten, or

bitterly remembered, undaunted leader of the forlorn-hope that mounted the breach at Badajos—is that a death worthy of a man—a soldier—and a Christian? A dram-drinker! Faugh! faugh! Look over—lean over that stile, where a pig lies wallowing in mire—and a voice, faint, and feeble, and far off, as if it came from some dim and remote world within your lost soul will cry, that of the two beasts, that bristly one, agrunt in sensual sleep, with its snout snoring across the husk-trough, is, as a physical, moral, and intellectual being, superior to you, late Major in his Majesty's—regiment of foot, now dram-drinker, drunkard, and dotard, and self-doomed to a disgraceful and disgusting death ere you shall have completed your thirtieth year. What a changed thing since that day when you carried the colours, and were found, the bravest of the brave, and the most beautiful of the beautiful, with the glorious tatters wrapped round your body all drenched in blood, your hand grasping the broken sabre, and two grim Frenchmen lying hacked and hewed at your feet! Your father and your mother saw your name in the "Great Lord's" Despatch; and it was as much as he could do to keep her from falling on the floor, for "her joy was like a deep affright!" Both are dead now; and better so, for the sight of that blotched face and those glazed eyes, now and then glittering in fitful frenzy, would have killed them both, nor, after such a spectacle, could their old bones have rested in the grave.

Let any one who has had much experience of life, look back upon the ranks of his friends, companions, acquaintances, and persons whom he knew but by name—or not even by name—although he had become informed of something of their habits and history. How many drunkards among them have drunk themselves to death, and, before their natural term disappeared—first into disgraceful retirement in some far-off hut, with a poor peasant for keeper—and then into some kirk-yard, apart from the bones of kindred! The scholar of bright parts, perhaps, but unsettled principles, who had committed the fatal error of attaching himself to no one profession or pursuit, but who preferred hanging loose on the world, till the world, weary of him, blew him rudely off; and who then, losing year after year, at first unconsciously, and at last with the bitterest consciousness, portion after portion of his dignity and independence, became, in the very prime of life, and with all his misdirected abilities, a pauper and a reprobate, whom it were pitiful, almost disgraceful, to shake by the clammy hand; and whom, partly from his own fault, and partly from a kind of fatality, it had become utterly impossible essentially to befriend! You heard nothing of him for a year—he had gone, none knew whither—till you were told that he was dead. Then how many young men, intended for the church, the sons of poor but decent parents, who had hoped to see them "shaking their heads ower a poopit," become dissipated in obscure haunts—till, with their characters entirely blown upon and blasted, they emerge into open day professed profligates—scoff at religion and its ministers—glare about the country from house to house, a

gracing themselves, and disgusting their longest enduring friends by their drunkenness—or vices more flagitious still—degenerate into dancing-masters, or excisemen, or inferior game-keepers employed to exterminate vermin—and though sometimes pretty sober, never perfectly steady, sink gradually lower and lower in condition, till you see them blacking shoes at inn doors at watering places, or rubbing down stage-coach horses, or, all too feeble for such labour, knapping stones for Macadamized high-ways, and with downcast looks half-imploping charity from the passing traveller. Or perhaps you may remember more than one—ay half a dozen medical students—as they were called—who after spending in the slips of theatres, and the boxes of taverns, and worse haunts, the means furnished for their education by parents who had meanwhile denied themselves even the necessities of life—vanished from the streets, as they said either truly or falsely, for berths on board Whalers. Home-returning in poverty, they got unsettled in small rural villages, unable to support a howdie—were seen lingering for ever about change-houses—constant attendants, for no apparent purpose, at fairs—and never more than half sober at funerals, of which, under Providence, they were the chief cause, till discovered forgers made them fly the country,—or some shocking immorality excommunicated them from fire and water—or they were found drowned in pits or pools—or smothered in barley-mows—or suffocated in ditches—or found suspended by their “braces” on trees—but whatever their doom, the root of the evil was still Drunkenness, Drunkenness! although, in happy and healthy boyhood, their drink had been from the brook or well—and ever, ere they lay down on their chaff-beds, they knelt devoutly with their little clasped hands in prayer, till the hearts of both their parents overflowed with joy!

But these are not, bad as they are, after all, by any means the worst cases. Scotland—ay, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland, can show, in the bosom of her bonny banks and braes, cases worse than these; at which, if there be tears in heaven, “the angels weep.” Look at that grey-headed man, of threescore and upwards, sitting by the way-side! He was once an Elder of the Kirk, and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned the temples,—“the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare,” of a Scottish peasant. What eye beheld the many hundred steps, that, one by one, with imperceptible gradation, led him down—down—down to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin? For years before it was bruited abroad through the parish, that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping alone in the spence, when her sons and daughters were out at their work in the fields, and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw ardent spirits, kept causelessly raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by the loud voice of anger or reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife, except with a sullen scowl, or fiery wrath; but when they did look on her with kindness, there

pression of his eyes, on account of his cruelty; and at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart overflowed with forgiving affection, and her sunk eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sin nor domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and the ears of men; and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a by-word in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk, in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character seemed to him, in his desperation, beyond the power of man, and against the decree of God. So, he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite, and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two sisters went to take farewell of him, but never returned; one, it is said, having died of a fever in the Infirmary, just as if she had been a pauper; and the other—for the sight of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and suffering, is ruinous to the soul—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agonies, and is now dead. The rest of the family dropt down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did ever a favourable report come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the woe, remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever, for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland's peasantry! Image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at even tide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, and composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old way-side tree, he seems some religious Missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word of God, and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite, for he cannot help that noble—that venerable—that apostolic aspect—that dignified figure, as it bent gently by Time loth to touch it with too heavy a hand—that holy sprinkling over his furrowed temples, of the silver-soft, and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts of gracious Nature all—and Nature will not reclaim them, but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason—the Drunkard! And in an hour you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying,—stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till, taking refuge in the smithy or the pot-house, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount upon a table, and urged, perhaps, by

reckless folly to give out a text from the Bible, which is nearly all engraven on his memory,—so much and so many other things effaced for ever—and there, like a wild itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and falling down, he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room, and left to sleep,—better far, for one so pitifully miserable, were it to everlasting death!

From such imperfect pictures we return with satisfaction to the Treatise. Would that we had room for the chapter "On the Pathology of Drunkenness!" It is one of the most striking in this singularly able work; and our article would be incomplete without an analysis, abstract, or abridgment of it. One of the most common consequences of drunkenness is acute inflammation, chiefly of the brain, the stomach, and the liver, and in a great majority of cases it is chronic. The liver, in confirmed toppers, never escapes, and stands disease better than any other vital part, except perhaps the spleen. Sometimes by a slow chronic action, it is enlarged to double its usual size, and totally disorganized; the person suffers comparatively little, but his days are numbered. For the bile, in consequence, is not secreted in due quantity or quality, and digestion is defective. The bowels become torpid—the patient becomes jaundiced—and very often dropsy disposes of the drunkard. In dram-drinkers, dropsy arising from the general debility of the system, there is a general anasarca throughout the body. So much for the liver, and the consequences of its disease. The stomach of the drunkard is in an equally unhappy condition. It gets indurated, and often thickened to half an inch, or even an inch; and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. The pyloric orifice becomes in many cases contracted; so may the cardiac, and so the œsophagus. When the stomach is much thickened, it may sometimes be felt like a hard ball below the left ribs. That must be pleasant! Indigestion and spasm are constant attendants of such organic derangement of the stomach. Hence nausea, sickness, and vomiting, heartburn, obstinacy in the bowels, and corporeal emaciation. In the latter stages of the drunkard's life, though he has still the relish for liquor as strongly as ever, he no longer enjoys his former power of withstanding it. He gets intoxicated more easily, and he then vomits whatever he has swallowed, through total and general debility of the system. No appetite has he ever now; and in the medium of ardent spirits, he has recourse to bitters. But in bitters there is a narcotic principle which utterly destroys the remaining sensibility of the stomach, determines to the head, and disposes to apoplexy and to palsy. So much for the liver and stomach—now for the drunkard's brain. It gets diseased—the diameter of the vessels being diminished, while their coats are thickened. They often swell out, and assume a varicose appearance. The organ itself has no longer the same delicate and elastic texture, but becomes either unusually hard, or of a morbid softness. Slight effusions in the various cavities are apt to take

place—hence apoplexy—mental debasement—loss of memory—and gradual extinction of all the intellectual powers. How is the drunkard's blood?—You may guess. It is dark, and approaches to the character of venous. The ruddy tint of those carbuncles which are apt to form upon the face, is no proof to the contrary, as the blood which supplies them is crimsoned by exposure to the air. The blood of a malt-liquor drunkard is always too thick and sizzly. How is the drunkard's breath?—Of the breath of all drunkards, the less that is said the better. It is enough to sicken a horse. Perspiration?—Mr. Macnish has met with two instances—the one in a claret, the other in a port drinker—in which, the moisture that exuded from their bodies had a ruddy complexion, similar to that of the wine on which they had committed their debauch. How are his eyes? Affected almost always with acute or chronic inflammation, red and watery, and with a peculiar expression, not to be mistaken. His lips? No firmness about the lips, which are loose, gross, and sensual, betraying at once the toper. His nose? Most drunkards have a constant tenderness and redness of the nostrils. This arises probably from the state of the stomach and œsophagus. The same membrane which lines them, is prolonged upwards to the nose and mouth, and carries thus far its irritability. Mr. Macnish delights in painting the drunkard's nose. There is no organ, he well says, that so rapidly betrays the Bacchanalian propensities of its owner, as the nose. It not only becomes red and fiery, like that of Bar-dolph, but acquires a general increase of size, displaying upon its surface various small pimples, either wholly of a deep crimson hue, or tipped with yellow, in consequence of an accumulation of viscid matter within them. The rest of the face often presents the same carbuncled appearance. To return to his body. Pleurisy, inflammation of the intestines, kidneys, and bladder—rheumatism and gout, all torment the drunkard, by turns, or in a *levy en masse*. Then a general tremor attends the drunkard. It amounts to a species of palsy, affecting the whole frame and face. On awaking from sleep, he frequently feels it so strongly as to seem in the cold fit of an ague, being neither able to walk steadily, nor articulate distinctly. The very cause of the distemper is employed for its cure. He must have a hair of the dog that bit him, and swallows a dram.—This adds fuel to the fire by which he is consumed. There is a constant palpitation at the drunkard's heart. Thence, bad enough in itself, difficulty in breathing—determination to the head—giddiness—vertigo. Falling sickness or epilepsy strike the drunkard, howling and convulsed, into the dirt of the street, or dust of the floor. Ulcers often break out on the bodies of drunkards. A cut or a bruise which, in health, would have healed in a few days, frequently degenerates into a foul sloughy sore; scrofula, scurvy, and other cutaneous diseases, mark him for their own. What is Delirium Tremens? You shall hear. Delirium tremens comes on with lassitude, loss of appetite, and frequent exacerbations of cold. The pulse is weak and quick, and the body covered with a chilly moisture. The countenance is

pale, there are usually tremors of the limbs, anxiety, and a total disrelish for the common amusements of life. Then succeed retching, vomiting, and much oppression at the pit of the stomach. When the person sleeps, which is but seldom, he frequently starts in the utmost terror, having his imagination haunted by frightful dreams. To the first coldness glows of heat succeed, and the slightest renewed agitation of body or mind, sends out a profuse perspiration. The tongue is dry and furred—every object appears unnatural and hideous. There is a constant dread of being haunted by spectres. Black or luminous bodies seem to float before the vision; he conceives that vermin and all sorts of impure things are crawling upon him, and is constantly endeavouring to pick them off. His ideas are wholly confined to himself and his own affairs, of which he entertains the most disordered notions. He imagines that he is away from home, forgets those who are around him, and is irritated beyond measure by the slightest contradiction. But Delirium Tremens may be cured—there are other evils, altogether incurable, that beset the drunkard—such as Madness! Sometimes he becomes fierce and intractable, and requires a strait-jacket to keep him in order. He never gets drunk without being insantly outrageous—he attacks without distinction all who come in his way—foams at the mouth—and loses all sense alike of danger, punishment, and crime. This fit goes off in a few hours, or degenerates into lunacy. More generally, however, the madness of intoxication is of another character, partaking of the nature of idiotism, into which state the mind resolves itself, in consequence of a long continued falling off in the intellectual powers. Finally, Bedlam, St. Luke's, Private Madhouses, and that melancholy Isle of Loch-Lomond!

The article is done; so we bid Mr. Macnish farewell, with sincere admiration of his talents. To those who stand in need of advice and warning, this Treatise is worth a hundred sermons. As a literary composition, its merits are very high—and we hope soon again to meet the most ingenious and able author either in the same, or some other department.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CALM SEA.

THE gentle breeze that curl'd the sea had slowly died away,
And stretch'd in glassy stillness now, the wide blue waters lay,
The sea bird's cry was heard no more, and soft as infant's sleep
Was the holy calm that lay upon the bosom of the deep.
But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heaved in wild commotion;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
Lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart corroding care?
When guilt has once disturbed the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever ours again?
Yes—But it is not of this world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears it can alone be bought;
Then, as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God.

W. J.

From the Same.

TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.
I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.
Thy soul to heaven hath fled
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.
I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free,
Thou utter'd'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

From the Athenæum.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S TRAVELS.*

If we examine the political conduct of M. de Chateaubriand with attention, and without other motives than the pure love of truth, we

* Travels in America and Italy. By Viscount de Chateaubriand, author of "Atala," "Travels in Greece and Palestine," "The Beauties of Christianity," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

must easily perceive that he has no defined ideas on government and public justice. Feelings rather than principles are predominant in his character; he has almost uniformly mistaken the ardour of enthusiasm for the voice of reason; and he knew always how to profit admirably by circumstances. But notwithstanding all his political apostasies, we can give him credit for having acted constantly according to his conscience. Never did traveller make a better speculation than did M. de Chateaubriand by the acquisition of a bottle of the Jordan water. Never did even holy water ever effect such prodigies, or procure such immense advantages to its possessor. It is well known that this identical water of the Jordan was used on the 20th of March, 1811, to baptize the son of Napoleon; and it is doubtless as well known, that on the birth of the duc de Bourdeaux, this same pure draught from the sacred stream, was again offered to the Duchess de Berri, as the only liquid worthy of baptizing the young prince. The Jordan water was accepted; and this most precious bottle, which formerly obtained for M. de Chateaubriand the good graces of the usurper, came again to his assistance, in the shape of 100,000 francs from the legitimate sovereign!

As an author, M. de Chateaubriand holds nearly, if not positively, the first place among the French prose writers of the present day; nor can we deny that he possesses great brilliancy of imagination, considerable knowledge of effect, and powers of description superior to every competitor. His language, which Chenier formerly reprobated as overcharged with emphasis and singularity, has acquired a much greater purity of style during the last few years; and the two volumes now under our consideration are strongly characterized by that exquisite elegance, that force of expression, and that originality of ideas, which we so much admire in "Atala," and the "Martyrs," and are, besides, almost free from the instances of bad taste, and those defects of style, which disfigure the above-mentioned works.

The Travels in America and Italy include, 1st, A sketch of the life of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, "in order," we are told, "to familiarize the reader with the young traveller, whom he is to follow beyond seas." It may be readily supposed that it is not from this source that we have drawn our biographical notice of the author of "Atala," but from the less partial information which our own recollection, or friends of M. de Chateaubriand, have afforded us.

2d. The Travels in America, in which the chapter on the Spanish Republics, the description of the lakes in Canada, some few pages devoted to the natural history of the animals peculiar to the United States; and lastly, a parallel between Washington and Buonaparte, are particularly remarkable.—The last we extract:

"If we compare Washington and Buonaparte, man to man, the genius of the former seems of a less elevated order than that of the latter. Washington belongs not, like Buonaparte, to that race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of man-

kind. Nothing astonishing attaches to his person; he is not placed on a vast theatre; he is not pitted against the ablest captains and the mightiest monarchs of his time; he traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna, and from Cadiz to Moscow; he defends himself with a handful of citizens on a soil without recollections and without celebrity, in the narrow circle of the domestic hearths. He fights none of those battles which renew the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia; he overturns no thrones to re-compose others with their ruins; he places not his foot on the necks of kings; he sends not word to them in the vestibules of his palaces,

'Qu'ils se font trop attendre, et qu' Attila s'ennuie.'

"Something of stillness envelops the actions of Washington; he acts deliberately; you would say that he feels himself to be the representative of the liberty of future ages, and that he is afraid of compromising it. It is not his own destinies but those of his country with which this hero of a new kind is charged; he allows not himself to hazard what does not belong to him. But what light bursts forth from this profound obscurity! Search the unknown forests where glistened the sword of Washington, what will you find there? graves? no! a world! Washington has left the United States for a trophy of his field of battle.

"Buonaparte has not any one characteristic of this grave American: he fights on an old soil, surrounded with glory and celebrity: he wishes to create nothing but his own renown; he takes upon himself nothing but his own aggrandizement. He seems to be aware that his mission will be short, that the torrent which falls from such a height will speedily be exhausted: he hastens to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as men do a fugitive youth. Like the gods of Homer, he wants to reach the end of the world in four steps: he appears on every shore, he hastily inscribes his name in the annals of every nation; he throws crowns as he runs, to his family and his soldiers; he is in a hurry in his monuments, in his laws, in his victories. Stooping over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes down the revolutionary giant; but in crushing anarchy he stifles liberty, and finally loses his own in the field of his last battle.

"Each is rewarded according to his works: Washington raises his nation to independence: a retired magistrate, he sinks quietly to rest beneath his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen, and the veneration of all nations.

"Buonaparte robbed a nation of its independence: a fallen emperor, he is hurried into an exile where the fears of the world deem him not safely enough imprisoned in the custody of the ocean. So long as, feeble and chained upon a rock, he struggles with death, Europe dares not lay down its arms. He expires: this intelligence, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had caused so many funerals to be proclaimed, neither stops nor astonishes the passenger: what had the citizens to deplore?

"The republic of Washington subsists.

whereas the empire of Buonaparte is destroyed: he died between the first and second voyage of a Frenchman, who found a grateful nation where he had fought for a few oppressed colonists.

"Washington and Buonaparte sprang from the bosom of a republic: both born of liberty, the one was faithful to it, the other betrayed it. Their lot in history will be as different as their choice.

"The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age; it will mark the commencement of a new era for mankind.

"The name of Buonaparte also will be repeated by future generations; but it will not be accompanied with any benediction, and will frequently serve for authority to oppressors, great or small.

"Washington was completely the representative of the wants, the ideas, the knowledge, and the opinions of his time; he seconded instead of thwarting the movement of mind; he aimed at that which it was his duty to aim at: hence the coherence and the perpetuity of his work. This man, who appears not very striking, because, he is natural and in his just proportions, blended his existence with that of his country; his glory is the common patrimony of growing civilization: his renown towers like one of those sanctuaries, whence flows an inexhaustible spring for the people.

"Buonaparte might, in like manner, have enriched the public domain: he acted upon the most civilized, the most intelligent, the bravest, and the most brilliant nation of the earth. What rank would he occupy at this day in the universe, if he had combined magnanimity with the heroic qualities which he possessed—if, Washington and Buonaparte in one, he had appointed liberty the heir to his glory.

"But this prodigious giant did not completely connect his destinies with those of his contemporaries: his genius belonged to modern times, his ambition was of by-gone ages; he did not perceive that the miracles of his life far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament would ill become him. Sometimes he advanced a step with the age, at others he retrograded towards the past; and whether he opposed or followed the current of time, by his immense strength he repelled the waves or hurried them along with him. In his eyes men were but an engine of power; no sympathy subsisted between their happiness and his. He promised to deliver, and he fettered them; he secluded himself from them; they withdrew from him. The kings of Egypt placed their sepulchral pyramids not among flourishing fields, but amid sterile sands; those vast tombs stand like eternity in the desert: in their image Buonaparte built the monument of his renown.

"Those who, like me, have beheld the conqueror of Europe and the legislator of America, now turn their eyes from the stage of the world; a few players who excite tears of laughter, are not worth looking at."

3d. The Journey in Italy, of which the letter on Rome, and a few pages on Mount Vesuvius, only have been hitherto known to the public.

4th. Five days in Auvergne, not published before; and

5th. The Journey to Mount Blanc, the first edition of which came out in 1806.

These two volumes are preceded by an admirably written Preface, constituting in itself, indeed, a beautiful work. It is a sort of general history of travels, and as the author terms it, "a general survey of geographical science, and as it were, a map of the route of man upon the globe." It is not free from errors; such, for instance, are the omitting to mention *Apolonius*, whose history Philostrate has recorded among the travellers of ancient times; the introducing in his chronology of travellers, *Ascellin*, *Carpin*, and *Rubruquis*, who lived in the 13th century, before Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, who wrote in the 12th; and lastly, the asserting that the English and French navigators "have not left a rock unexplored" in the South Seas; whereas it is notorious that new discoveries are daily made. But these defects are trifles, compared to the numberless beauties with which this Preface abounds. Compelled to confine, within a very limited space, a subject requiring such vast descriptions, he expresses his meaning with astonishing, yet accurate brevity. Never, perhaps, have human adventures been related with more truly poetic taste. For the conclusion of this Preface, we refer to *THE SPHYNX* of the 22d December; it exhibits eloquence of the first order; and the following extract is replete with interest and originality:

"In the Pacific Ocean a similar revolution has taken place. The Sandwich Islands form a kingdom civilized by *Tamehameha*. This kingdom has a navy composed of a score brigs and a few frigates. Deserters from English ships have become princes: they have erected forts, defended by excellent artillery; they carry on an active commerce, on the one hand with America, on the other with Asia. The death of *Tamehameha* has restored the power to the petty feudal lords of the Sandwich Islands, but not destroyed the germs of civilization. There were recently seen at the Opera in London a king and queen of those islanders, who ate Captain Cook, though they worshipped his bones in the temple consecrated to the god Rono. This king and queen fell victims to the uncongenial climate of England; and Lord Byron, the heir to the title of the great poet who expired at Missolonghi, was the officer appointed to convey the remains of the deceased sovereigns to their native islands:—remarkable contrasts and incidents enough, I think, in all conscience!

"Otaheite has lost its dances, its songs, its voluptuous manners. The females of the new Cythera, whose beauty was perhaps too highly extolled by Bougainville, are now become, under their bread-fruit and their elegant palm-trees, puritans, who attend preaching, read the Scriptures with Methodist missionaries, hold religious controversies from morning to night, and atone by a profound ennui for the too great gaiety of their mothers. Bibles and ascetic works are printed at Otaheite.

"A sovereign of the island, King Pomare, became legislator: he promulgated a code of criminal laws consisting of nineteen articles, and appointed four hundred judges to carry these laws into effect. Murder alone is pun-

ished with death. Calumny in the first degree has a penalty attached to it: the calumniator is obliged to make with his own hands a piece of high road from two to four miles long, and twelve feet wide. 'The road must be rounded,' says the royal ordinance, 'that the rain-water may run off on each side.' If there were a similar law in France, we should have the finest roads in Europe."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Œuvres de Molière, avec un Commentaire, un Discours Préliminaire, et une Vie de Molière. Par M. Auger, de l'Académie Française. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1819-1827.*
2. *Histoire de la Vie et des Œuvres de Molière. Par J. Taschereau. Paris. 1825. 8vo.*

It will be universally admitted that in tragic performances nothing can be more distinctly different than the laws which regulate the French and English stage. The dissimilarity is so great, that a native of either country, however candid or liberal, must have studied with some attention the literature of the other, to enable him, not merely to relish, but even to endure the tragedies of the neighbouring kingdom. A Parisian critic would be shocked at the representation of *Hamlet au naturel*, and the most patient spectator in a Drury Lane audience would incur some risk of dislocating his jaws with yawning, during the representation of a chef-d'œuvre of Racine or Corneille. This difference betwixt the taste of two highly civilized nations is not surprising, when we consider that the English tragedy existed a hundred years at least before the French, and is therefore censured by our neighbours as partaking, to a certain extent, of the barbarity and grossness of the age of Queen Elizabeth. The two great tragedians of France, on the contrary, had the task of entertaining a polished and highly ceremonious court, whose judgment was at least as fastidious as it was correct, and in whose eyes a breach of etiquette was a more formidable crime than any deficiency in spirit or genius.

Thus the English stage exhibited in word and in action every "change of many-coloured life," mingled the tragic with the comic, the ludicrous with the horrible, seized by storm on the applause of the half-startled, half-affrighted audience, and presented to the judgment, like Salvator's landscapes to the eye, a chaos of the wonderful, mixed with the grotesque, agitating the passions too strongly to leave time to inquire whether the rules of critical taste were not frequently violated. The French stage, on the other hand, is carefully and exactly limited by a sense of decorum, which, exercised in its rigour, may be called the tyranny of taste. It is not lawful to please, says this dramatic code, unless by observance of certain arbitrary rules: or to create a deeper and a more intense interest, than a strict obedience to the precepts of Aristotle and his modern commentators will permit. The English authors have therefore preferred exhibiting striking incidents and ex-

traordinary characters placed in violent contrast, at the risk of shocking probability; and their keenest partizans must own, that they have been often absurd, when they aimed at being sublime. The French, on the other hand, limiting themselves in general to long dramatic dialogues, in which passion is rather analyzed than displayed, have sometimes become tedious by a display of ingenuity, where the spectator expected touches of feeling. It follows as a matter of course, that each country, partial to the merits of its own style of amusement, and struck with the faults which belong to a cast of composition so extremely different, is as severe in censuring the foreign stage, as it is indulgent in judging of its own. Two important questions arise out of this: first, whether, considering the many differences betwixt the taste both of nations and individuals, either country is entitled to condemn with acrimony the favourite authors of the other, merely because they did not hit a mark against which they never directed their arrows? and, secondly, whether there may not remain to be trodden, by some splendid genius yet to be born, some middle path, which may attain the just mean betwixt that English freedom approaching to license, and the severe system of French criticism, that sometimes cramps and subjects the spirit which it is only designed to guide or direct?

Happily for us, our present subject does not require us to prosecute an inquiry so delicate as that which we have been led to touch upon. The difference in the national tastes of France and England, so very remarkable when we compare the tragedies of the two countries, is much less conspicuous in their comic dramas; where, setting aside their emancipation from the tenets of the Stagyrite, the English comic writers do, or ought to, propose to themselves the same object with the French of the same class. As a proof of this, we may remark, that very few French tragedies have ever been translated, and of these few (the *Zaire* of Voltaire excepted) still fewer have become permanently popular, or have been reckoned stock-plays—whereas the English authors, from the age of the great man of whom we are about to speak, down to the present day, have been in the habit of transferring to the British stage almost all the comedies which have been well received in France. How it happens, that two nations which differ so much in their estimation of the terrible or the pathetic should agree so exactly in their sense of the gay, the witty and the humorous, is a different question, which we are not called upon to discuss very deeply. Lord Chesterfield, however, has long since remarked (with the invidious intention of silencing an honest laugh) that laughter is a vulgar convulsion, common to all men, and that a ridiculous incident, such as the member of a company attempting to sit down when he has no chair behind him, will create a louder peal of mirth, than could be excited by the most brilliant sally of wit. We go no further with his lordship than to agree, that the sense of the comic is far more general among mankind, and far less altered and modified by the artificial rules of society, than that of the pathetic; and that a hundred men of different ranks or

ferent countries will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Take, for example, the Dead Ass of Sterne, and reflect how few would join in feeling the pathos of that incident, in comparison with the numbers who would laugh in chorus till their eyes ran over at the too lively steed of the redoubtable John Gilpin. The moralist may regard this fact, either as a sign of our corrupted nature, to which the ludicrous feeling of the comic distress of a fellow-creature is more congenial than a sympathy with his actual miseries,—or as a proof of the kindness of Providence, which, placing us in a valley of sorrows, has enabled us, from our conformation, to be readily moved by such mirth-exciting circumstances as it affords, and by this propensity to counteract the depression of spirits occasioned by all that is gloomy and melancholy around us. To us it is enough to be assured, that the universal sense of the humorous renders such a complete master of comedy as Moliere the property, not of that country alone which was honoured with his birth, but of the civilized world, and of England in particular, whose drama has been enriched by versions of so many of his best pieces.

As, however, we suspect that the history of this great author, the prince certainly of comic writers, is but little known to our English readers, we shall give a sketch of Moliere's life from the interesting and well-told narrative of his recent biographer, Mons. Taschereau.

Le Menteur of the Great Corneille, (known to the British reader under the title of *the Liar*,) which appeared in 1642, was perhaps the first approach to the more just and elevated species of comedy. It was, however, a translation from the Spanish, and although it must be termed a comedy founded upon character, in which the whole incidents bear regularly on each other, and tend to enhance the ridicule attached to the foible of the hero; the plot has nevertheless a strong relish of the old Spanish school, which turned upon disguises, scaling ladders, dark lanterns, and trap-doors. The comedies of *Don Bertrand de Cigara*, and *Le Gédier de Soi-même*, composed by Thomas Corneille, are more distinctly and decidedly comedies of intrigue and bustle, similar to those borrowed from that exhaustless mine, the Spanish drama, where, generally speaking, at the expense of little save a wild imagination, the poet

“ — fill'd the stage with all the crowd
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued,
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose deepest plot is how to break folks' noses.”

We may, therefore say, that, relieved occasionally by the lively absurdity of the Italian farce, the comedy of intrigue, depending for its success upon mere stage-trick and stratagem, had usurped the place of that *Thalia*, who was to derive her interest by the lectures which she proposed to read upon the human heart and national manners. It was then that Moliere arose, to whom we can scarcely hesitate to assign the first place amongst the comic writers of any age or nation.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was christened at

Paris, 15th January, 1622. His family consisted of decent burghers, who had for two or three generations followed the business of manufacturers of tapestry, or dealers in that commodity. Jean Poquelin, the father of the poet, also enjoyed the office of valet-de-chambre in the royal household. He endeavoured to bring his son up to the same business, but finding that it was totally inconsistent with the taste and temper of the young Jean-Baptiste, he placed him at the Jesuits' College of Clermont, now the College of Louis-le-Grand. Young Poquelin had scarcely terminated his course of philosophy, when, having obtained the situation of assistant and successor to his father, in his post of valet-de-chambre to the king, he was called on to attend Louis XIII. in a tour to Narbonne, which lasted nearly a year. Doubtless, the opportunities which this journey afforded him, of comparing the manners and follies of the royal court and of the city of Paris, with those which he found still existing in the provincial towns, and amongst the rural noblesse, were not lost upon the poet by whose satirical powers they were destined to be immortalized.

On his return to Paris, young Poquelin commenced the study of the law; nay, it appears probable, that he was actually admitted an advocate. But the name of Moliere must be added to the long list of those who have become conspicuous for success in the fine arts, having first adopted the pursuit of them in contradiction to the will of their parents; and in whom, according to Voltaire, nature has proved stronger than education.

Instead of frequenting the courts, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was an assiduous attendant upon such companies of players as then amused the metropolis, and at length placed himself at the head of a society of young men, who began by acting plays for amusement, and ended by performing with a view to emolument. His parents were greatly distressed by the step he had taken. He had plunged himself into a profession which the law pronounced infamous, and nothing short of rising to the very top of it could restore his estimation in society. Whatever internal confidence of success the young Poquelin might himself feel, his chance of being extricated from the degradation to which he had subjected himself must have seemed very precarious to others; and we cannot be surprised that his relations were mortified and displeased with his conduct. To conciliate their prejudices as much as possible, he dropped the appellation of Poquelin, and assumed that of Moliere, that he might not tarnish the family name. But with what indifference should we now read the name of Poquelin, had it never been conjoined with that of Moliere, devised to supersede and conceal it! It appears that the liberal sentiments of the royal court left Moliere in possession of his office, notwithstanding his change of profession.

From the year 1646 to 1653, it is only known that Moliere travelled through France as the manager of a company of strolling players. It is said, that with the natural turn of young authors, who are more desirous to combine scenes of strong emotion, than of comic situation, he attempted to produce a tragedy called

The Thebaid. Its indifferent success disgusted him with the buskin, and, it may be observed, that in proportion as he affects, in other compositions, any thing approaching to the tragic, his admirable facility of expression seems to abandon him, and he becomes stiff and flat.

In the year 1653 Moliere's brilliant comedy of *L'Etourdi* was performed at Lyons, and gave a noble presage of the talents of its illustrious author. The piece is known to English readers by a translation entitled *Sir Martin Marplot*, made originally by the celebrated Duke of Newcastle, and adapted to the stage by the pen of Dryden. The piece turns upon the schemes formed by a clever and intriguing valet to facilitate the union betwixt his master and the heroine of the scene, all of which are successively baffled and disconcerted by the bustling interference of the lover himself. The French original has infinitely the superiority of the English imitation; not only as being the original, but because the character of the luckless lover is drawn with an exquisitely finer pencil. *Lélie* is an inconsequential, light-headed, gentleman-like coxcomb, but *Sir Martin Marplot* is a fool. In the English drama, the author seems to have considered his hero as so thoroughly stupid, that he rewards the address of the intriguing domestic with the hand of the lady. The French author gave no occasion for this gross indecorum. *L'Etourdi* was followed by *Le Député Amoureux*, an admirable entertainment; although the French critics bestow some censure on both for a carelessness of style, to which a foreigner may profess himself indifferent. Both these performances were received with the greatest applause by numerous audiences; and as far as the approbation of provincial theatres could confer reputation, that of Moliere was now established.

There was, however, a temptation which threatened to withdraw him from the worship of Thalia. This was an offer on the part of the Prince of Conti, who had been his condisciple at college, to create Moliere his secretary. He declined this, on account of his devoted attachment to his own profession, strengthened on this occasion, perhaps, by his knowledge how the place had become vacant. This it seems was by the death of Sarasin, (who had held the office,) in consequence of *un mauvais traitement de Monseigneur le Prince de Conti*. In plain English, the Prince had, with the fire-tongs, knocked down his secretary, who never recovered from the effects of the blow. It is probable that, notwithstanding the laurel chaplet worn by Moliere, he had little faith in the *Sic citabile fulmen*.

This was in 1654. He continued to perambulate the provinces with his company for several years longer; in 1658 he returned to Paris, and at last, through the influence of his patron the prince of Conti, was introduced to Monsieur, the king's brother, and by him presented to the king and queen. On the 24th of October, his company performed in presence of the royal family, and he obtained the royal license to open a theatre under the title of *Troupe de Monsieur*, in opposition to, or in emulation of, the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne. The pieces which Moliere had already composed were received with great favour, but it

was not until 1659, that he commenced the honourable satirical war with folly and affectation which he waged for so many years. It was then that he produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

To understand the purpose of this satirical drama, the English reader must be informed, that there existed at Paris a coterie of women of rank, who pretended to the most exalted refinement of thought, expression, and sentiment. These were waited upon and worshipped by a certain number of men of fashion and several literary characters, who used towards them, in conducting their gallant intercourse, a peculiar strain of high-flown, pedantic gallantry, like that which was formerly in fashion in England, when every maid of honour spoke the affected jargon called Euphuism. This society met in the Hotel de Rambouillet, under the protection of the marchioness, its mistress. There were amongst them several persons of real wit and talent, a circumstance which only served to render the false taste which presided in the assembly more whimsically conspicuous. The language which the adepts of this sect piqued themselves on using, was a series of cold, far-fetched, extravagant metaphors and emblems, as remote from good taste as from common sense; and adorned with flights which resembled those of Cowley and Donne in their love verses. If wit, as Dr. Johnson observes of the metaphysical poets, consists in a combination of dissimilar images—a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike—the conversation of the Hotel de Rambouillet had more than enough of it. Their amorous intercourse was all in trope and figure; the more remote and extravagant so much the more to be applauded. The land of gallantry was graphically illustrated as a country through which the pilgrim-lover travelled, possessing himself successively of the village of *billets-galans*, the hamlet of *billets-doux*, and the castle of *petits soins*. The expressions of real passion are always obvious and intelligible, but this pragmatical association made love without interest or concern; their courtship was void of tenderness—their sorrow could excite no sympathy;—it was sufficient that they said what had never, they hoped, been said before. The whole language, or rather jargon of the society, was a succession of enigmas, the sense of which much resembled the Highlandman's horse, that could not be taken without much labour, and when caught, was not worth the trouble it had given. A dictionary of this galimatias was published by Ribou, in 1661, from which, or some similar authority, Bret, the editor of Moliere, quotes the following tropes of rhetoric, which cannot easily be rendered into English. A night-cap was called (the reader must divine wherefore) *le complice innocent de mensonge*—a chaplet, *une chaine spirituelle*—water, *l'humeur celeste*—thieves, *les braves incommodes*, and a disdainful smile, *un bouillon d'orgueil*.

It might render this high strain of fashionable affectation more tolerable in one point of view, that the Cupid of the Hotel de Rambouillet affected strict Platonism, nor was there indeed much danger to be anticipated to the honour of families from the frigid affectation of his conceited jargon. The fashion had on

the effect of making the young female aspirant treat with contempt the good man whom she chanced to call husband, for his total ignorance of the regular procedure in love matters. Such, at least, were the ostensible bounds within which these apish and fantastic tricks were practised; whether the limits were ever transgressed, is a question rather for the scandalous chronicle than the critic. To add singularity of manners to abstruseness of language and sentiment, the lady who entertained these coterie received the company in bed, and the company arranged themselves around her in the alcove where it was placed. Then flowed that inimitable tide of affected conversation, in which one ambiguous, tortuous and metaphysical conceit gave place to another still more obscure,—where, by dint of what the circle termed delicacy of sentiment and felicity of expression, they became perfectly unintelligible, and language, instead of being put to its natural and legitimate purpose of asking and receiving information, was employed to give vent to all the nonsensical extravagances of a bizarre fancy, which resembled legitimate wit as little as a Will-of-the-Wisp is like the evening star. True wit, doubtless, (but for the time distorted and abused,) had some place in the coterie, since Sevigné, Menage, Deshouillères, L'Enclos, and other persons distinguished for talent, encouraged this absurd fashion; forgetting or neglecting the precept of a bard who himself seldom remembered it:—that it is better wit should not be displayed at all, than that every expression should be tortured into a witticism.

There could not be more legitimate food for satire than a system of solemn pedantic foppery, which its proselytes, in the extremity of self-conceit, considered as the most refined perfection of gallantry. While this ridiculous affectation was adopted by the learned and noble, and even by prelates as well as nobles, Moliere, so lately the manager of a company of strolling players, was loading that piece, the discharge of which was to disperse this flock of jackdaws in borrowed feathers.

The title of his drama was taken from one of the rules of the society at the Hotel de Rambouillet not yet alluded to. As the females were frozen towards their insipid gallants, they made amends by lavishing the extremity of tender friendship upon each other. *Ma chère*, *ma précieuse*, were their usual terms of endearment, and from thence the title of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. In this celebrated piece, Moliere introduced two females, (daughter and niece of a worthy bourgeois called Gorgibus,) who, having become infected with the false wit and gallantry of the *ruelles*, and having substituted, according to a fashion practised by the *légantes* of the day, the sonorous names of *Amince* and *Polixène* for their baptismal ones of Cathos and Madelon, with all the sentimental jargon which belonged to their new appellatives, have set themselves up as *précieuses* of the first class. They have, of course, a suitable contempt for honest Gorgibus, whose distress, perplexity and resentment are extreme, and all occasioned by the perverse elegance of his woman-kind, who, in their attempts to emulate the follies and conceits of

the incomparable Arthenice, (a romantic epithet by which Madame de Rambouillet was distinguished, even in her funeral sermon,) talk in a style which he cannot comprehend, and act in a manner that leads him to doubt their sanity of mind. The proposals of two gentlemen, approved by Gorgibus, who thought them fit matches for his damsels, have been rejected with such extremity of scorn by the two princesses, that the rejected suitors determine to revenge themselves, which they do by causing their two valets, impudent conceited coxcombs of course, to be introduced to Aminte and Polixène, as men of fashion and quality. The *Précieuses* mistake the extravagant and absurd foppery, the second-hand airs of finery, and the vulgar impudence of the Marquis de Mascarille and the Vicomte de Jodelet, for the extremity of wit and gallantry: while the discovery, and the shame and confusion with which the unfortunate sentimentalists are overwhelmed, form the diverting conclusion of this amusing drama.

The piece was acted for the first time 18th November, 1659, and received with unanimous applause. The public, like children admitted behind the scenes, saw, with wonder and mirth, the trumpery which they had admired as crowns, sceptres, and royal robes, when beheld at a distance,—thus learning to estimate, at their real value, the affected airs of super-excellence and transcendental elegance assumed by the frequenters of the Hotel de Rambouillet.

On the other hand, the party who were consequently made the laughing-stock of the theatre, were much hurt and offended, nor was the injury at all the lighter, that some of them had sense enough to feel that the chastisement was deserved. They had no remedy, however, but to swallow their chagrin, and call themselves by their own names in future. Menage expressed his own recantation in the words of Clovis, when he became a convert to Christianity, and told his assembled Franks they must now burn the idols which they had hitherto adored. The affectation of the period, such as we have described it, received a blow no less effectual than that which Ben Jonson, by his satire called "Cynthia's Revels" inflicted on the kindred folly of Euphuism; or as the author of "The Baviad and Mæviad" dealt to similar affectations of our own day. But Moliere made a body of formidable enemies amongst the powerful and the learned, whose false pretensions to wit and elegance he had so rudely exposed.

Two things were remarkable as attending the representation of this excellent satire; first, that an old man, starting up in the parterre, exclaimed, "Courage, Moliere, this is real comedy!" and, secondly, that the author himself, perceiving, from the general applause, that he had touched the true vein of composition, declared his purpose henceforward to read his lessons from the human bosom, instead of studying the pages of Terence and Plautus.

Les Précieuses Ridicules has been imitated by Shadwell with considerable success in his comedy of *Bury-fair*. And here we may remark, that M. Taschereau is led, probably from the example of most English authors, to speak of this dramatist with more contempt than he

deserved. Shadwell was unfortunate in being placed in rivalry with Dryden, and still more so in becoming the object of his satire. But he had a strong sense of humour, and occasionally great power in expressing it. He was the Ben Jonson of his day, however inferior to him in genius; and as a painter of manners, his works ought not to be lost sight of by the English antiquary.

Moliere next produced, in 1690, *Sganarelle, ou Le Cocu Imaginaire*. His biographer, like Master Ford, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, censures this second title as coarse and indelicate, unpleasing to the ear as the names of Amaimon, Lucifer, and Barbason. We trust that detestation of the vice has since Moliere's time introduced among his countrymen such laudable horror against the appellation of the principal sufferer. Since the days of the Italian novellieri, Boccaccio, Bandello, and the rest, their tales of intrigue had been imitated in the Cent Nouvelles, the Tales of the Queen of Navarre, and other works of a similar kind. In all these collections, the seductive intrigues, which carry dishonour and desolation into the bosom of families, had been exposed by the novelists, and listened to by their hearers, the courtiers of a licentious age, as fitting subjects for jest and railery rather than crimes imperatively demanding censure. If Moliere, on the present and future occasions, lent his admirable talents to the same depraved purpose of entertaining profligates by placing their guilt in a ludicrous point of view, Fortune reserved for him a severe retaliation, of which we shall speak hereafter.

After an unsuccessful effort at a serious piece, (*Don Garcie de Navarre, ou Le Prince Jaloux*), Moliere resumed his natural bent; and in *L'Ecole des Maris*, presented one of his best compositions, and at once obliterated all recollection of his failure.

It was acted at Paris with unanimous applause, and again represented at the magnificent entertainment given by the superintendent of finances, Fouquet, to Louis XIV. and his splendid court. Fouquet, at once the most opulent and the most splendid man of his time, had exhausted every species of incense which could be offered to a royal idol. The beautiful Bejart, whom Moliere afterwards married, appeared as a Naiad, in a shell shaped like the chariot of a sea-goddess, and delivered an elegant compliment composed by Pelisson. Le Brun painted the decorations of the scene,—Le Nôtre laid out the surrounding architectural ornaments,—La Fontaine wrote verses,—Moliere composed and performed parts which none but himself could have invented. All visible to the eye was mirth unbounded, wealth immeasurable, a mighty king receiving the homage of a devoted subject. But never was there so complete a resemblance of the banquet of Damocles. The sharp glaive, suspended by a single hair, was hanging above the head of the devoted entertainer. Accustomed, like the successful lover of Danaë, to make love in a shower of gold, the financier had found an unexpected resistance in Mademoiselle La Valliere, a beautiful young person, attached to the train of Madame, the king's sister-in-law. Provoked at his want of success, the superintend-

ent watched so closely every motion of the lady, that he discovered he had the king for his rival. Fouquet, at this moment, was not without hopes of attaining the unbounded power possessed by the lately deceased prime minister, the Cardinal Mazarin. Yet though he nourished this distinguished ambition, his views as a courtier and statesman could not make him suppress his resentment, and, with extreme imprudence, he let La Valliere know that he was acquainted with the secret of her attachment. Indignant at the freedom of the communication, La Valliere lost no time in informing her royal lover of the discovery. It was at the period of the magnificent fête at Vaux, that the king's resentment and jealousy were roused to the highest pitch, by his seeing a portrait of Mademoiselle La Valliere in the cabinet of the ambitious financier. He would have had him arrested and sent to prison on the spot, had not the queen-mother deterred him by the simple yet expressive words—"What! in the middle of an entertainment which he gives to you?" The punishment was only delayed till it could be less scandalous. The disgrace of the superintendent followed close on his magnificent entertainment.

Besides *L'Ecole des Maris*, Moliere contributed to the celebrated entertainment at Vaux a dramatic representation, called *Les Fâcheux*, consisting of a series of detached scenes, which were only designed to be acted during the intervals of a ballet, to fill the stage while the dancers were changing their dresses and characters for a new exhibition. In these scenes, a lover, who has an assignation with his mistress, is represented as successively interrupted by various importunate persons, (in modern tongue *bored*;) who come to intrude on him their company and their follies. But out of such slender materials, what a lecture upon follies of character and manners has Moliere contrived to read us!

Even the jealous fury which animated Louis did not prevent his entering into the humour of "*Les Fâcheux*," and pointing out to Moliere another folly, which might augment the list of the tormenting intruders. This existed in the person of Monsieur de Soyecourt, Grand Veneur or Great Huntsman to the King, wildly and exclusively attached to the pleasures of the chase. The royal hint was not neglected, but it became necessary, in order to acquire the terms of the chase necessary to be placed in the mouth of the new character, that Moliere should apply to Monsieur de Soyecourt himself, who with unsuspecting good-nature, furnished the comedian with an ample vocabulary of the phrases destined to render himself ridiculous. The scene which Moliere composed on this occasion exhibits a strong contrast betwixt French and English manners. Dorante is a courtier devoted to the chase, who insists upon telling Eraste a long story about a late hunting-match in which he was engaged; and which was broken off by a country gentleman, who, against all the rules of *venerie*, shot the stag dead with a pistol. In England, such a country gentleman as Squire Western would have understood hunting better than all the nobles of the court of St. James's.

M. Taschereau observes, that in one scene

of this little unconnected string of scenes, which nevertheless has more wit and nature in it than most regular comedies, the poet has shown his philosophy as well as his power of comedy. It is where he recognises the efforts of the King to put a stop to the Gothic and barbarous custom of duelling. "It is an example which ought to teach poets how to employ the influence they possess over the human heart." We subscribe to the opinion, yet must add that it was also a high and exquisite touch of flattery, although very properly introduced in the only drama which Molière inscribed to Louis XIV.

L'Ecole des Femmes was Molière's next work of importance. It is a comedy of the highest order. An old gentleman, who had been an intriguer in his youth, and knew (as he flattered himself,) all the wiles of woman kind, endeavours to avoid what he considers as the usual fate of husbands, by marrying his ward, a beautiful girl, simple almost to silliness, but to whom nature has given as much of old mother Eve's talent for persuasion and imposition as enables her to baffle all the schemes of her aged admirer, and unite herself to a young gallant more suited to her age. The "Country Wife" of Wycherly is an imitation of this piece, with the demerit on the part of the English author of having rendered licentious a plot which in Molière's hands is only gay.

Although this piece was well received and highly applauded, it was at the same time severely criticised by those who had swallowed without digesting the ridicule which the author had heaped on the Hotel de Rambouillet in the "*Précieuses Ridicules*," and on the various conceits and follies of the court in "*Les Fâcheux*." Such critics having shown themselves too wise to express the pain which they felt on their own account, now set up as guardians of the purity of the national morals, and of the national language. A naïve expression used by Agnès was represented as depraving the one; a low and somewhat vulgar phrase was insisted upon as calculated to ruin the other. This affected severity in morals and grammar did not impose on the public, who were quite aware of the motive of critics who endeavoured to ground such formidable charges on foundations so limited. The celebrated Boileau drew his pen in defence of his friend, in whose most burlesque expression there truly lurked a learned and useful moral: "Let the envious exclaim against thee," he said, "because thy scenes are agreeable to all the vulgar; if thou wert less acquainted with the art of pleasing, thou wouldest be enabled to please even thy censurers." Molière himself wrote a defence of "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," "in which," says M. Taschereau, "he had the good fortune to escape the most dangerous fault of an author writing upon his own compositions, and to exhibit wit, where some people would only have shown vanity and self-conceit."

The wrath of these paltry and prejudiced critics proceeded beyond all the bounds of literary censure. The Duc de la Feuillade, supposed to be the original of a ridiculous man of quality introduced by Molière in his *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, was guilty of an equally unbecoming and brutal, consider-

ing that the aristocratic laws of the French society of the day left him at liberty to put a personal affront on the manager of a theatre, whatever his genius or respectability, without being exposed to render him a personal account. He met Molière in one of the galleries of the Tuilleries, and assuming the appearance of one who wished to embrace and salute him—then no uncommon compliment—he seized rudely upon the poet's head with both his hands, and rubbing his face violently against the buttons of his own dress, repeated again and again the words, *tarte à la crème—tarte à la crème*—being one of the phrases in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" on which the critics had fastened as unpollite and barbarous. Greatly to the honour of Louis XIV., he censured with severity the courtier who, under the pretence of zeal for the elegance and purity of the French language, had taken the unmanly opportunity to insult a man of genius within the precincts of his master's palace.

L'In-promptu de Versailles was another fugitive piece, in which Molière, under the eyes of the sovereign, repelled the invidious criticism with which he had been assailed. Boursault, a man of talent and genius, had joined the cry against Molière, under the belief that he had himself been aimed at in the character of Lysidas, the poet, in the interlude. But Boursault prudently retired from the combat.

La Princesse d'Élide, executed upon a signal of the royal sceptre, was composed in haste to garnish a splendid fête of Louis, at Versailles, on the 9th of October, 1664, under the title of "The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island." As the scene belongs to the gorgeous and romantic drama, it afforded little scope to Molière's comic powers, though he has thrown in what the old English stage would have called the humours of Moron, a court jester. There may have been, however, allusions which are now lost, but which had poignancy at the time, since the entertainment was received with great applause. This production is, like the interlude of "*Les Fâcheux*," rather a series of detached scenes, connected by one single interest, which they neither advance nor retard, than a comedy bearing a regular plot.

His next production, of the same year, was a one act comedy, entitled *Le Mariage Forcé*. Sganarelle, a humorist of fifty-three or four, having a mind to marry a fashionable young woman, but feeling some instinctive doubts and scruples, consults several of his friends upon this momentous question; and the inimitable wit of Molière sustains so bald and simple a plot without permitting the reader to feel a sensation that the piece is wire-drawn or devoid of interest. The ridicule falls in a great measure on the sophists of the Sorbonne, whose attachment to the categories of Aristotle rendered them so obstinately opposed to every species of philosophical inquiry which transcended the limited sphere of the Stagyrtes. The Aristotelian philosophers of the Sorbonne are treated with as little mercy as those of the ancient schools by the satirist Lucian, to whose works Molière seems to have been no stranger. Receiving no satisfactory counsel, and not much pleased with the proceedings of his bride elect, Sganarelle at last determines to give up his en-

gagement, but is cudgelled into compliance by the brother of his intended; and so ends an entertainment which in the hands of any other would have been meagre enough, but as treated by Molière is full of humour and gaiety.

The concluding incident was taken from an adventure of the celebrated Comte de Grammont, renowned for his wit and gallantry, which made much noise at the time. While residing at the court of Charles II. Grammont had paid his assiduous addresses to the beautiful Miss Hamilton, sister of his future historian, Count Anthony Hamilton. But as fickle as brilliant, the Comte de Grammont being permitted by Louis XIV. to return to Paris, set off for Dover without taking leave of his mistress. Two brethren of the deserted Ariadne pursued and overtook the fugitive Theseus. "Have you not forgotten something in London, Comte?" was the question of the Hamiltons. "In faith, I have," replied the Comte, (more prudent than Sganarelle, and not waiting till things came to extremities)—"to marry your sister." And he returned and redeemed his pledge accordingly, with a better grace at least than most other persons would have manifested in similar circumstances.

In the evening of the same day which saw "*Le Mariage Forcé*," came out as a part of the royal fête, the three first acts, or rough sketch of the celebrated satire, entitled *Tartuffe*, one of the most powerful of Molière's compositions. It was applauded, but from the clamour excited against the poet and the performance, as an attack on Religion, instead of its impious and insidious adversary Hypocrisy, the representation was for the time interdicted; a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, since, in consequence, the drama underwent a sedulous revision, given by Molière to few of his performances.

Le Festin de Pierre—the Feast of the Statue—well known to the modern stage under the name of Don Juan, was the next vehicle of Molière's satire. The story, borrowed from the Spanish, is well known. In giving the sentiments of the libertine Spaniard, the author of *Tartuffe* could not suppress his resentment against the party, by whose interest with the King that piece had been excluded from the stage, or at least its representation suspended. "The profession of a hypocrite," says Don Juan, "has marvellous advantages. The imposture is always respected, and although it may be detected, must never be condemned. Other human vices are exposed to censure, and may be attacked boldly. Hypocrisy alone enjoys a privilege which stops the mouth of the satirist, and enjoys the repose of sovereign impunity." This expression, with some other passages in the piece, (the general tenor of which is certainly not very edifying,) called down violent clamours upon the imprudent author; some critics went so far as to invoke the spiritual censure, and the doom of the civil magistrate on Molière, as the Atheist of his own "*Festin de Pierre*." He was, however, on this as on other occasions, supported by the decided favour of the king, who then allowed Molière's company to take the title of *Comédiens du Roi*, and bestowed on them a pension of seven thousand livres, thereby showing how

little he was influenced by the clamours of the poet's enemies, though attacking his mind on a weak point.

In the month of September, 1665, the king having commanded such an entertainment to be prepared, the sketch or impromptu called *L'Amour Médecin*, was, in the course of five days composed, got up, as the players call it, and represented. In this sketch, slight as it was, Molière contrived to declare war against a new and influential body of enemies. This was the medical faculty, which he had slightly attacked in the "*Festin de Pierre*." Every science has its weak points, and is rather benefited than injured by the satire which, putting pedantry and quackery out of fashion, opens the way to an enlightened pursuit of knowledge. The medical faculty at Paris, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was at a very low ebb. Almost every physician was attached to some particular form of treatment, which he exercised on his patients without distinction, and which probably killed in as many instances as it effected a cure. Their exterior, designed, doubtless, to inspire respect by its peculiar garb and formal manner, was in itself matter of ridicule. They ambled on mules through the city of Paris, attired in an antique and grotesque dress, the jest of its laughter-loving people, and the dread of those who were unfortunate enough to be their patients. The consultations of these sages were conducted in a barbarous Latinity, or, if they condescended to use the popular language, they disfigured it with an unnecessary profusion of technical terms, or rendered it unintelligible by a prodigal tissue of scholastic formalities of expression. M. Taschereau quotes the verses of a contemporary:

"Affecter un air pedantesque,
Cracher du Grec et du Latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et de satin :
Tout cela reuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin."

The rules taught to the faculty were calculated to cherish every ancient error and exclude every modern improvement, for they were sworn never to seek out discoveries in the science which they practised, or to depart from the aphorisms of Hippocrates. Daring empirics were found amongst them, who adventured upon the administration of chemical receipts, of which they could not even conjecture the effect, and there were individuals believed capable, if gained by a sufficient bribe, of accelerating the death of the patients whom they came to cure. The medical science was, in short, enveloped in ignorance, and to encourage those who followed the profession in the attainment of real knowledge, it was necessary to expose the pedantry and insufficiency of these formal and empty pretenders to a science of which they knew nothing. To rescue the noble power of healing, which has in our days been followed by so many men of minds as vigorous and powerful as their hearts were benevolent, from the hands of ignorance and empiricism, was a task worthy the satire of Molière, who with *Le Sage* for his colleague, went far in accomplishing it.

The venerable dulness and pedantic ignorance of the faculty was incensed at the ridicule cast upon it in *L'Amour Médecin*, especially, as four of its most distinguished members were introduced under Greek names, invented by Boileau for his friend's use. The consultation held by these sages, which respects every thing save the case of the patient—the ceremonious difficulty with which they are at first brought to deliver their opinions—the vivacity and fury with which each finally defends his own, menacing the instant death of the patient, if any other treatment be observed, seemed all to the public highly comical, and led many reflecting men to think Lisette was not far wrong, in contending that a patient should not be said to die of a fever or a consumption, but of four doctors and two apothecaries. The farce enlarged the sphere of Molière's enemies, but as the poet suffered none of the faculty to prescribe for him, their resentment was of the less consequence.

The *Misanthrope*, accounted by the French critics the most correct of Molière's compositions, was the next vehicle of his satire against the follies of the age. Except for the usual fault of his gratuitously adopted coarseness, it is admirably imitated in the "Plain Dealer," of Wycherley. Alceste is an upright and manly character, but rude, and impatient even of the ordinary civilities of life and the harmless hypocrisies of complaisance, by which the ugliness of human nature is in some degree disguised. He quarrels with his friend Philinte for receiving the bow of a man he despises; and with his mistress for enjoying a little harmless ridicule of her friend, when her back is turned. He tells a conceited poet, that he prefers the sense and simplicity of an old ballad to the false wit of a modern sonnet,—he proves his judgment to be just,—and receives a challenge from the poet in reward of his criticism. Such a character, placed in opposition to the false and fantastic affectations of the day, afforded a wide scope for the satire of Molière. The situation somewhat resembles that of Eraste, in "Les Fâcheux." But the latter personage is only interrupted by fools and impostors during a walk in the Tuilleries, where he expects to meet his mistress: the distress of Alceste lies deeper,—he is thwarted by pretenders and coxcombs in the paths of life itself, and his peculiar temper renders him impatient of being pressed and shouldered by them; so that like an irritable man in a crowd, he resents those inconveniences to which men of equanimity submit, not as a matter of choice, indeed, but as a point of necessity. The greater correctness of this piece may be owing to the lapse of nine months, (an unusual term of repose for the muse of Molière,) betwixt the appearance of "*L'Amour Médecin*" and that of the "*Misanthrope*." Yet this chef-d'œuvre was at first coldly received by the Parisian audience, and to render it more attractive, Molière was compelled to attach to its representation the lively farce of *Le Médecin malgré lui*. In a short time the merit of the "*Misanthrope*" became acknowledged by the public, even many of those critics who had hitherto been hostile, united in its praise. Scandal was not silent; for Molière was

loudly censured, as having, in the person of Alceste, ridiculed the Duke de Montausier, a man of honour and virtue, but of blunt uncourtous manners. The duke informed that he had been brought on the stage by Molière, threatened vengeance; but being persuaded to see the play, he sought out the author instantly, embraced him repeatedly, and assured him, that if he had really thought of him when composing the "*Misanthrope*," he regarded it as an honour which he could never forget.

The lively farce of "*Le Médecin malgré lui*," was translated by Fielding, under the title of "Mock Doctor." The story is taken from an old fabliau, which in its turn has probably been derived from an eastern tale. In the original tale, the Mock Doctor having been cudgelled into a leech of deep skill, is commanded by the king of the country, on pain of perishing under the bastinado, to cure at once all the sick of the capital, whom the well-meaning sovereign has assembled for the purpose, in an immense hospital. The "*médecin malgré lui*" extricates himself with dexterity. He assembles his patients in a great hall, in one end of which is lighted a mighty fire.

"My friends," says the physician, "I can, it is true, cure all your complaints, but the principal ingredient in my panacea, is the ashes of a man who has been burned alive? As this is indispensable to the composition of the medicine, I have no doubt that the patient amongst you who feels himself most deplorably indisposed, will willingly agree to be sacrificed as the victim, by means of whose death the rest are to be cured. You, sir," addressing a gouty patient, "have much the appearance of being the greatest invalid present." "Who, I, sir?" replied Gout, "appearances are deceitful, I was never better in my life than at this moment." "If well in health what business have you among the sick? Get out with you! You," to a paralytic patient, "have, I presume, no objection to become the scape-goat." "Every objection p-p-possible," stammered Palsy, and was turned out to hobble after Gout. The doctor gets rid of all his patients in the same manner, without any loss of reputation; for as they leave the hospital they are interrogated severally by the king, to whom, under apprehension of being sent back to be calcined, they all report themselves perfectly cured."

We cannot help thinking, that if Molière had been acquainted with this singular conclusion of the story, he would have, under some form or other, introduced it into his whimsical and entertaining little drama. The author himself treated the piece as a trifle, for which he is affectionately reproved by the author of the following verses:—

"Molière, dit-on, ne l'appelle
Qu'une petite bagatelle :
Mais cette bagatelle est d'un esprit si fin,
Que, s'il faut que je vous le dise,
L'estime qu'on en fait est une maladie,
Qui fait que, dans Paris, tout court au Médecin."

But not even the praises paid to the "*Misanthrope*," though a piece of a mood much higher than *Le Médecin malgré lui*, satisfied Molière. "*Vous verrez bien autre chose*," said he

to Boileau, when the latter congratulated him on the success of the chef-d'œuvre which we have just named. He anticipated the success of the most remarkable of his performances, the celebrated "Tartuffe," in which he has unmasked and branded vice, as in his lighter pieces he has chastised folly. This piece had been acted before Louis, before his queen, and his mother, and at the palace of the great Prince of Condé; but the scruples infused into the king long induced him to hesitate ere he removed the interdict which prohibited its representation. Neither were these scruples yet removed. Permission was, indeed, given to represent the piece, but under the title of the "Impostor," and calling the principal person, Panulphe, for it seems the name of Tartuffe was peculiarly offensive. The king, having left Paris for the army, the president of the parliament of Paris prohibited any further representation of the obnoxious piece, thus disguised, although licensed by his majesty. Louis did not resent this interference, and two compositions of Moliere was interposed betwixt the date of the suspension which we have noticed, and the final permission to bring "Tartuffe" on the stage. These were—*Mélicerte*, a species of heroic pastoral, in which Moliere certainly did not excel,—and *Le Sicilien, ou L'Amour Peintre*, a few lively scenes linked together so as to form a pleasing introduction to several of those dances in costume, or ballets, as they were called, in which Louis himself often assumed a character.

At length, in August, 1667, *Le Tartuffe*, so long suppressed, appeared on the stage, and in the depth and power of its composition left all authors of comedy far behind. The art with which the "Impostor" is made to develop his real character, without any of the usual soliloquies or addresses to a confidant, for the benefit of the audience, has been always admired as inimitable. The heart of a man who had least desired, and could worst bear close investigation, is discovered and ascertained in all its bearings, gradually, yet certainly, as navigators trace the lines and bearings of an unknown coast. The persons amongst whom this illustrious hypocrite performs the principal character are traced with equal distinctness. The silly old mother, obstinate from age as well as bigotry; the modest and sensible Cléante; his brother-in-law, Orgon, prepared to be a dupe by prepossession and self-opinion; Damis, impetuous and unreflecting; Mariane, gentle and patient, with the hasty and petulant sallies of Dorine, who ridicules the family she serves with affection; are all faithfully drawn, and contribute their own share on the effect of the piece, while they assist in bringing on the catastrophe. In this catastrophe, however, there is something rather inartificial. It is brought about too much by a *tour de force*, too entirely by the "de par le roi," to deserve the praise bestowed on the rest of the piece. It resembles, in short, too nearly the receipt for making the "Beggars' Opera" end happily, by sending some one to call out a reprieve. But as it manifested at the same time, the power of the prince, and afforded opportunity for panegyric on his acuteness in detecting and punishing fraud, Moliere, it is certain, might have his

own good reasons for unwinding and disentangling the plot by means of an *exempt* or king's messenger.

Besides the honourable tribute paid to the sovereign in the close of the "Tartuffe," a diverting part of the colloquy in the first act was borrowed from an expression of Louis himself. It chanced that upon the eve of a fast, the king being hungry, sat down to a repast, and invited Perefex, Bishop of Rhodéz, to bear him company. The prelate declined with affectation, and with an obstinacy of which the king desired to know the motive. After the bishop had left the apartment, some one gave Louis a particular account of his reverence's dinner; which consisted of so many dishes, and was so well done justice to, that his majesty could have no apprehension of his suffering from famine. At the name of each new dish, the king exclaimed, in a varied inflection of voice, "*Oh, le pauvre homme!*" the very expression which Orgon uses to express his sympathy with Tartuffe. This anecdote associated the prince, in a certain degree, with the success of the play, and may have inclined him at last to the favourable estimate which he formed of "Tartuffe."

But our readers may request, after all, to know our sentiments on the objection of profanity, which, though unquestionably it was advanced against Moliere by men actuated by personal and invidious motives, was also supported by the authority of Bossuet and Bourdaloue.

"As true and false doctrine," says the latter preacher, "have I know not how many actions in common betwixt them, and the exterior of the one can hardly be discriminated from the other, it is not only an easy but almost a necessary consequence, that the railery which attacks one should affect the other, and that the features imputed to the one should disfigure the other. Such has been the actual consequence when profane wits have undertaken to censure hypocrisy, and thereby caused unjust suspicions to be entertained of real piety, by malignant interpretations put upon that which is false. This is what they have attempted in exposing to the laughter of a public theatre, an imaginary hypocrite, and turning, in his person, the most holy things into ridicule, representing him as blaming the scandals of the world in an extravagant manner, and as affecting a scrupulous conscience on indifferent matters, while he scrupled not, secretly, to meditate the most atrocious crimes, assuming a rueful penitentiary visage, which only served to cover the most sensual indulgences, and affixing to him, as their caprice suggests, an exterior of austere piety, as a cover for the basest and most mercenary purposes."

Such is the charge brought by a wise, eloquent, and pious man, in his sermon on the seventh Sunday after Easter. But wisdom, eloquence and piety, are all liable to error, and differing essentially from Bourdaloue in the opinion which he has expressed, we have deemed it only justice to state the case in his own forcible words before we venture to express our humble sentiments.

We may remark, in the first place, that

the preacher's arguments to be carried to extremity, it would follow as a result, that no vice could be blamed, lest a censure should arise on its corresponding virtue. In that mode of reasoning, a satire upon avarice would be objectionable as a censure of economy, and the blame applicable to profusion would be proscribed as discrediting generosity. For every virtue, brilliant in itself, is followed by a vice, attached to it as shadow is to substance, bearing in its milder aspect the appearance of the virtue carried to excess, and seeming as inseparable from it as Bourdaloue declares hypocrisy to be from true religion. But are we, therefore, to refrain from censuring the vicious excess, because we render due honour to the virtue practised in its just mean? We do not, however, insist on this general argument, because we willingly concede that it is less lawful and even more dangerous to treat lightly the language and observances of religion, than those which only regard moral conduct and social life.

We agree, therefore, with Father Bourdaloue, that the rash application of satire or ridicule, as the single test of truth, from which there lies no appeal, may lead to the worst consequences where religion is in question. To hold up to ridicule the scruples of a conscience really tender and fearful of offence, even if these scruples are stretched, in our estimation, to the verge of absurdity, is, we think, likely to be attended with all the scandal to true religion which the learned preacher apprehends. But, grant the existence of such criminals as Tartuffe, (and, alas! who dare deny that there have existed, and perhaps are yet to be found such snakes in the bosom of Christian society,) we search in vain in Scripture, or in the practice of the best friends of religion in all ages, for any warrant to spare them. If we look to the Holy Scripture, our best and safest guide, no crime is denounced more frequently, or described as more odious to the Author of our religion, than that of the hypocrites who made a gain of godliness, and possessed themselves by means of long prayers of the goods of orphans. We find them repeatedly mentioned, and with a deepness of denunciation on their practices which seems to authorize their being held up to detestation by every means which can be taken to expose moral criminals. If the state of society be such, that characters of a cast so dangerous,

'Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone,'

where shall we find the means of assailing them unless by the influence of satire?

If ridicule as well as reason had not been employed, and that with an unsparing hand, the whole Christian world would at this day have groaned under the oppressions and usurpations of the Church of Rome; or if Louis XIV. had fully apprehended the satire of Moliere, he might have saved that great blot on his name, the persecution of his Protestant subjects, and the breach of public faith, in revoking the Edict of Nantes. Ridicule is, we allow, a hazardous weapon, to be used with caution; yet when employed with a good faith and honest purpose, it is the most formidable

and effectual which can be directed against a crime equally odious in the sight of God and dangerous to human society. It is, we think, in the allegorical romance of Spenser, that a champion is introduced bending with awe and reluctance his lance against an opponent covered by the red cross shield. But when that sign is found to disguise an impostor and a felon, the true knight does not permit him for an instant to enjoy its protection. There is much less danger of religion being discredited by the discovery and exposure of devoted and self-seeking hypocrisy, than in permitting that vice to lurk like a concealed and consuming canker in the bosom of society, undetected and uncauterized. To assert that the practice of exterior observances is to preserve the hypocrite from exposure, because it may occasion a scrupulous inquisition into the conduct of the really conscientious, is saying, that we ought to receive a false coinage because it is an imitation of that which is true, or that the profession of religion ought to serve, like the churches in Popish countries, as an asylum for all that is vicious and criminal in society.

If, indeed, hypocrisy is to be sacred from ridicule, it is not easy to see to what tribunal that odious vice is to be delivered for trial and censure. The scandal which Père Bourdaloue apprehends to real religion must be incurred by every species of inquisition that shall be made into the reality of religious pretences; and yet without some such inquisition the tares cannot be severed from the wheat—the forged and worthless imitation distinguished from the precious and inimitable reality. The same evil would arise from punishing the crimes of Tartuffe in a court of justice as from exposing them upon the stage. But, surely, although such exposure may lead men to try more severely the pretensions of such as make peculiar professions of devotion, the separation of the pure gold from the dross must in the end lead to the first being held in higher estimation, and to the worthlessness of the second being exposed to deserved contempt.

We have hitherto considered the case of an incorrigible hypocrite, as of one who is punished not with a view to his correction, but to his detection and the prevention of the mischief he may work in society. But this is only half of the real question. Spiritual pride, a sin, and a great one, often creeps insensibly into bosoms which are most formed to nourish devotional sentiments. The self-supposed elect of the Deity is too apt (so easily are our best inclinations turned to corruption and perversion,) to look down on the race of worldly men, and, in his delusion, to return thanks, with the Pharisee, that he is not like the contrite Publican. A portrait like that of Tartuffe may arrest such a man in his course, by showing him that the fairest professions and the strictest observances may be consistent with the foulest purposes; and that though we may strictly discharge our religious duties, we are not to arrogate to ourselves merits towards heaven, or entertain hopes which can only be grounded on merits far different from our own. Such a picture may also call to reflection the bold and ambitious impostor, who, from the desire of acquiring influence over his fellow men, is

tempted to use his religious character as the means of effecting his purpose. As the career of such a character often begins and proceeds to a certain length in the sincere feeling of devotion, it may be prevented from ending in a course of hypocrisy equally dangerous to the individual himself and to society, by the public exposure of the contents of one of those sepulchres, whitened on the outside, which are a charnel house within.

We do not desire to travel out of the record, or to lay down any general rule in what cases satire ought, or ought not, to be employed in reprehension of hypocrisy. Undoubtedly there may be instances to which Bourdaloue's arguments are applicable, and where it may be better that a criminal person should be punished, or expelled from society, without public exposure. But the case of *Tartuffe* is that of a vilely wicked man, rendering the profession of religion hateful, by abusing it for the worst purposes; and if such characters occurred, as there is little reason to doubt, in the time and court of Louis XIV; we can see no reason against their being gibbeted in effigy. The poet himself is at pains to show that he draws the true line of distinction betwixt the hypocrite and the truly religious man. When the duped Orgon, astonished at the discovery of *Tartuffe's* villany, expresses himself doubtful of the existence of real worth, Cléante replies to him with his usual sense and moderation.

"Hé bien! ne voilà pas de vos emportemens! Vous ne gardez en rien les doux tempéramens. Dans la droite raison jamais n'entre la vôtre; Et toujours d'un excès vous vous jetez dans l'autre.

Vous voyez votre erreur, et vous avez connu Que par un zèle feint vous étiez prévenu: Mais pour vous corriger quelle raison demande Que vous aliciez passer dans une erreur plus grande,

Et qu'avecque le cœur d'un perfide vaurien Vous confondiez les cœurs de tous les gens du bien?

Quoi! parce qu'un fripon vous dupe avec audace

Sous le pompeux éclat d'un austère grimace, Vous voulez que partout on soit fait comme lui, Et qu'aucun vrai dévot ne se trouve aujourd'hui?

Laissez aux libertins ces sottes conséquences: Démêlez le vertu d'avec ses apparences, Ne hasardez jamais votre estime trop tôt, Et soyez pour cela dans le milieu qu'il faut. Gardez vous, s'il se peut, d'honorer l'imposture: Mais au vrai zèle aussi n'allez pas faire injure; Et s'il vous faut tomber dans une extrémité, Péchez plutôt encor de cet autre côté."

Act V. Scene 1.

After the victorious reception of "*Tartuffe*," and before the clamour and controversy to which it gave occasion were nearly ended, Moliere presented the stage with the wild and lively comedy of *Amphitryon*. We must own that a piece founded on such a subject does not appear to us to have been wisely calculated to efface the reproaches cast upon the author of "*Tartuffe*," as a corrupter of national morals, and that a satire on some decided vice, fashionable at the time, would have much better sup-

ported his defence against the devotees, whether true or false, than a drama, which, though drawing its origin from pagan times, must always remain censurable. But the subject had been admitted on every stage in Europe, although, according to Riccoboni, it should not be received on any theatre, where morals are respected.

The truth may, perhaps, be, that Moliere, weary for the moment of contention, was willing to compose a play, entertaining from its subject, and affording room for jests, which neither men of fashion, doctors, princesses, nor bigots, could regard as personal. He might remember what the great Condé said to Louis XIV., when the king asked him how the auditors, so sensitive about *Tartuffe*, listened, without indignation, to the profanities and indecencies of a coarse farce called *Scaramouche Hermite*. "Because," replied Condé, "it only violates decency and religion, without attacking priests and bigots." Be that as it may, *Amphitryon* was handled with infinite humour, and with as much decency as the story permitted, and censure was drowned in laughter.

Moliere was not so fortunate in his next piece, though equally well received, and no less deserving of it. *George Dandin*, a wealthy citizen, who has had the imprudence to marry a sprig of quality, daughter of an old jackass of nobility called Monsieur De Sotenville, and his no less noble spouse Madame de la Prudoterie, is exposed at once to the coquetry of a light-headed wife, who despises his birth and understanding, and to the rigorous sway of her parents; who, called upon to interfere with their authority, place their daughter in the right, and the unhappy roturier, their son-in-law, in the wrong, on every appeal which is made to them. Angelica is represented as thoughtless, not criminal, and appearances, at least, are thus saved. Nevertheless, there was more than one Sotenville about court, and Dandin in the city, who felt the ridicule sting home, and complained, as Rousseau did afterwards, that, in seeking food for his satiric vein, Moliere was not unwilling to pervert the order of society, and to sow dissention in the bosom of families. The public again laughed at the sufferers, and exculpated the poet, or became, by their applause, his accomplices in the pretended crime.

George Dandin was acted 18th July, 1668. On the 3d September, in the same year, the moral comedy of *L'Avare* was presented to the public by the fertile muse of our author. The general conception of the piece, as well as many of the individual scenes, are taken from Plautus, but adapted to French society, with a degree of felicity belonging to Moliere alone. The poor, (and most people think themselves so with relation to their expenses,) are usually somewhat envious of the rich, and very willing to enjoy a laugh at their cost; especially if the latter stand convicted of avarice, or saving money, not for the sake of what it can procure, but for the purpose of amassing and hoarding it. No vice meets with less sympathy than avarice, for the good reason that all think that they could employ, to advantage, what the miser seems to possess only after the manner of *Æsop's* dog in the manger, withholding it from others, yet denying to himself the enjoy-

ments which it might command. The vice also, when it gains possession of an individual, shows so mean, inconsequential, and unreasonable, that we cannot wonder at its being a favourite subject for satirical poetry. The highest compliment paid to the truth of Moliere's picture was by an actual miser, who was so much delighted with the representation, that he did not grudge the money which his admission had cost, because the piece, as he argued, contained such excellent lessons of economy. It is remarkable that M. Taschereau, while he mentions this play as an immortal page in the history of French manners, seems to think that it records a character which has now ceased to exist in Paris. Elwes has been long in his grave; but we believe that Harpagon could yet be found on this side of the Channel. "L'Avare" was less favourably received than usual; the reason assigned is its being written in prose;—but posterity did Moliere ample justice:—it was transferred to the British stage, of which it still retains possession, by the celebrated Fielding.

Monsieur De Pourceaugnac, acted in autumn, 1669, "is," says Voltaire, "a farce; but in all Moliere's farces are found scenes worthy of the highest class of comedy." It is mixed, undoubtedly, with much buffoonery of a coarse and low kind; but this was necessary to attract large popular audiences. "I am the manager of a theatre as well as an author," said Moliere, "I must make some money, as well as correct and instruct, and I am necessarily sometimes induced to consult the profit and interest of my company, at the expense of my own fame as an author." To a confession so frank and manly no critic can venture to reply; the only wonder is, how little, comparatively speaking, there is of meanness or sacrifice to public taste, how much of real wit and comedy, in compositions which claim no higher name than farces.

The province of Limoges has been esteemed the Thebes of France, and its natives, as if born in a grosser air, are popularly supposed peculiarly dull, and liable to imposition. A Limosin gentleman named Monsieur De Pourceaugnac (almost all the names of that country terminate in *ac*), comes to Paris to marry Julie, the heroine; the authority of her father having destined her hand to him. But Julie has a lover, and this lover has the art to play off so many tricks and mystifications upon the provincial suitor, that he finally relinquishes his suit in despair. The piece being a *comédie-ballet*, the comic scenes are intermingled with pageants resembling the ancient masque, which were ingeniously contrived so as to blend with the interest of the piece. What is delivered as real comic dialogue is so excellent, that Diderot has well said, the critic would be much mistaken who should think there were men more capable of writing "*Monsieur De Pourceaugnac*" than of composing the "*Misanthrope*." This piece was brought on the English stage under the title of the "*Brave Irishman*." The object of the tricks and jests of the scene is, in that little piece, an honest Hibernian, whom the author has gifted with a perfect ignorance of the town, and a competent quantity of confusion of ideas, but, at the same

time, with so much of the native gallantry of his country, that, instead of encountering the fate of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, he breaks through all the toils which have been spread for him, and carries off the lady in spite of his intriguing rival.

Omitting *Les Amans Magnifiques*, called by Moliere a minor comedy, but which may be rather considered as a piece of frame-work for the introduction of scenic pageantry, and which is only distinguished by some satirical shafts, directed against the now obsolete folly of judicial astrology, we hasten to notice a masterpiece of Moliere's art in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. This piece was written to please the court and gentry, at the expense of the *noix-reux riches*, who, rendered wealthy by the sudden acquisition of immense fortune, become desirous to emulate such as have been educated in the front ranks of society, in those accomplishments, whether mental or personal, which cannot be gracefully acquired after the early part of life is past. A grave, elderly gentleman learning to dance is proverbially ridiculous; but the same absurdity attaches to every one, who, suddenly elevated from his own sphere, becomes desirous of imitating, in the most minute particulars, those who are demizens of that to which he is raised. It is scarcely necessary to notice, that the ridicule directed against such characters as Monsieur Jourdain properly applies, not to their having made their fortunes, if by honest means, but to their being ambitious to distinguish themselves by qualities inconsistent with their age, habits of thinking, and previous manners. Jonson, before the time of Moliere, had described, in the character of Sogliardo, a character something like Monsieur Jourdain, to whom the Herald's College had assumed for crest a headless bear. "And rampant too—troth I commend the herald's wit," observes one of the personages. "He has decyphered him with a swine without a head, without brain, wit, or any thing, indeed, ramping to gentility." But the comic power of Moliere has dwelt upon and illustrated the character, which Jonson only indicated by a few rough outlines; and there are few scenes, even in this admirable author's performances, more laughable than those of Jourdain's scenes with his various teachers, illustrated by the raillery of Nicole, who sees and exposes so naturally the folly of her master.

The subjects of raillery most generally poignant to the high born and courtly, are those directed against such intruders as Monsieur Jourdain, whom wealth emboldens to thrust upon them an awkward pretension to equality. Yet the court of France did not receive *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in a favourable manner, when first presented at Chambord, on 14th October, 1670. Louis XIV., contrary to his wont, sat silent during the entertainment, and did not, as had been his custom hitherto, address a single word of encouragement to the author. *Regis ad exemplum*, the lords of the court looked cold on Moliere, and the tongues of all his enemies were unchained. Some called shame upon him, for having represented Dorante, a man of quality, united in a scheme for duping Monsieur Jourdain, and partaking his spoils. Others, with more judgment, exclaimed

against the extravagant interlude, in which the *bourgeois gentilhomme* is persuaded that the Grand Seigneur has made him a Mamamouchi, a knight of an imaginary order, and goes through the ceremony of a mock installation. Those very critics who asked how Molière had hoped to pass such gibberish upon them as was sung on this occasion, had listened with tranquillity, nay, with affected delight, to entertainments of the same kind, in which Louis himself had appeared as a performer. The friends of Molière made no very judicious defence. They endeavoured to represent the plot of the interlude as probable, and quoted the instance of the Abbé St. Martin, who had been duped into a belief that he had received honours from the king of Siam. But Molière's apology rested on the very nature of the comédie-ballet, which admits of every species of incident, provided it produces good music and merry dances.

Several days elapsed between the first and second representation; during which Molière sustained all the anxiety of a discountenanced author. But after the piece had been acted for the second time, Louis at once did justice to the poet, and to his own judgment. The piece, he said, was excellent, and he had only suspended his opinion till he should be assured that he was speaking on mature reflection, and not under the seductive impression of excellent acting.

Of course the tone of the courtiers changed; the chorus of "Ha la ba, Ba la chou," became wit and sense, and Dorante was only a man of quality who inflicted condign punishment on an insolent roturier, and abated his fever of conceit by assisting to drain his pocket. A certain duke, in particular, who had been loud in declaring against the dancing Turks and their unintelligible mummeries, now exclaimed in well painted rapture, "Molière is inimitable. He has reached a point of perfection to which none of the ancients ever attained."

Les Fourberies de Scapin, an imitation of the Phormio of Terence, was Molière's next performance. It was written not for the amusement of the court, but for the diversion of the city of Paris, and possesses no other interest than what can be produced by whimsical interest, the tricks of an ingenious valet,

"From top to toe the Geta now in vogue," upon an ill-tempered and avaricious father, in behalf of a giddy and extravagant son. There is no severe strain of morality in such a plot, but it is absurd to suppose that either parents will become dishonest, or sons disobedient, because they see Scapin and Leandre cheat old Argante. It would be as reasonable to suppose that a peasant would go home and beat his wife, because Punch in the puppet-show cudgels Joan. This comedy is one of adventure and intrigue, with little pretension to delineation of character. But Molière's exquisite skill in dialogue could not be suppressed or concealed. We doubt if, with his utmost efforts, he could have been absolutely dull, without the assistance of a pastoral subject and heroic measure. The phrase *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* will live as long as the French language.

Psyche may be omitted as a subject totally unfitted for Molière's genius; we are even tempted to say it could not be the work of the author of the "Misanthrope," with its brilliant associates in fame—*Non omnia*—the highest genius has its natural bounds. *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, which next appears, turns entirely upon the oddities, absurdities, and affectations, of the provincial noblesse, who had at that time manners and habits of thinking extremely ridiculous in the eyes of the more polished society of the court. Molière must have been completely acquainted with these ludicrous points in the character of this class of society, as he had resided in so many different parts of France at the head of his wandering troop. Accordingly he has presented us with the rural Dowager, who is deeply incensed that a man of quality at court, whose family is not, perhaps, above two hundred years old, should dare to compare his gentility with that of her deceased husband, who had lived all his life in the country, kept a pack of hounds, and signed himself *Count*, in every bill, bond, or acquittance. The clownishness of the poor lady's servants is humorously contrasted with her vain attempts to make them keep up the appearances she thinks suitable to her rank. It is, perhaps, the piece of Molière's in which foreigners feel the comic point less forcibly; but it was followed by one, the interest of which is vivid and unimpaired by the course of time.

This is *Les Femmes Savantes*, acted on 11th March, 1672; it was directed against a new female foible which had sprung up in the world of fashion, after the explosion of that of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Always ambitious of exclusive distinction, as they dared no longer render themselves conspicuous by the jargon of romance, they adopted the honours of science, and aspired to the dignity of learned ladies. Molière, "the Contemplator" as his friends called him, did not suffer this new species of pedantry to elude his vigilance. In fact it was of the same *genus*, though of a different species from that which he had formerly assailed successfully; for modish affectation possesses as many heads as the fabled hydra, of which

"One still bourgeons where another falls:"

and the satirist, on his part, deserved the praise due to a moral Hercules.

Out of a fashion or humour, which to an ordinary man would have but afforded a few scenes, Molière has found sufficient interest to fill up five acts of one of his best regular comedies. The Abbé Cotin—a personage who, affecting to unite in himself the rather inconsistent characters of a writer of poems of gallantry and a powerful and excellent preacher, had obtained in the satires of Boileau a painful immortality—was also distinguished in "*Les Femmes Savantes*" as one of the leading beaux-esprit of the day, a poet à la mode, who, with equal truth and modesty, had the assurance to claim for himself the title of the Father of French Epigram. His dramatic name was originally Tricotin, which, as too plainly pointing out the individual, was softened into Trisotin. The following are the colours of

which Moliere has painted the unfortunate academician, for such Cotin had the honour to be.

—“Monsieur Trissotin

M'inspire au fond de l'âme un dominant chagrin.

Je ne puis consentir, pour gagner ses suffrages,
A me deshonorer en prisant ses ouvrages;

C'est par eux qu'à mes yeux il a d'abord paru,
Et je connoissois avant que l'avoir vu.

Je vis, dans le fatras des écrits qu'il nous donne,
Ce qu'étaie en tous lieux sa pédante personne,

La constante hauteur de sa présomption,

Cette intrepidité de bonne opinion,

Cet indolent état de confiance extrême,

Qui le rend en tout temps si content de soi-même,

Qui fait qu'à son mérite incessamment il rit,

Qu'il se sait si bon gré de tout ce qu'il écrit,

Et qu'il ne voudroit pas changer sa renommée

Contre tous les honneurs d'un général d'armée.”

The coxcombry of Trissotin is most pleasantly contrasted with the severe, grave, and more formal folly and presumption of Vadius, a pedant of heavier pretensions, founded upon his scholarship. The effect produced by the introduction of this brace of pretenders to the heroines, upon whom their supposed merits produce the same effect as the fashionable brilliancy of Mascarille and Jodelet in “*Les Précieuses Ridicules*,” is extremely comical; nor is the behaviour of the two originals to each other less so, since, after dispensing the necessary degree of mutual flattery, a mistake of the pedant in criticising a madrigal of which Trissotin was the author, sets them together by the ears, and produces a scene of quarrelling as ridiculous as that of mutual flattery which preceded it.

The character of the learned ladies, who exclaim in rapture at sight of a man who understands Greek, dismiss their female domestic because she does not understand the delicacies of French grammar, and well-nigh cashier a lackey, not for dropping a chair, but because he does not know the consequence of any derangement from the centre of gravity, is well contrasted with the foible of the Father of the Family, a man not devoid of good sense, and extremely fond of vindicating his title to be obeyed, so long as his wife is absent, but submitting on all occasions when he is called upon to maintain his rights by courageous perseverance against the will of his helpmate. This play has been always considered one of Moliere's most powerful, as it is one of his most regular comedies.

The last of this great author's labours was at once directed against the faculty of medicine, and aimed at its most vulnerable point—namely, the influence used by some unworthy members of the profession to avail themselves of the nervous fears and unfounded apprehensions of hypochondriac patients. Instead of treating imaginary maladies as a mental disease, requiring moral medicine, there have been found in all times medical men, capable of listening to the rehearsal of these brain-sick whims as if they were real complaints, prescribing for them, and receiving the wages of imposition, and of the honourable reward of science.

On the other hand it must be admitted that the faculty has always possessed members of a spirit to condemn and regret such despicable practices. There cannot be juster objects of satire than such empirics, nor is there a foible more deserving of ridicule than the selfish timidity of the hypochondriac, who, ungrateful for the store of good health with which nature has endowed him, assumes the habitual precautions of an infirm patient.

Moliere has added much to the humour of the piece by assigning to the *Malade Imaginaire* a strain of frugality along with his love of medicine, which leads him to take every mode that may diminish the expense of his supposed indisposition. The expenses of a sick bed are often talked of, but it is only the imaginary valetudinarian who thinks of carrying economy into that department; the real patient has other things to think of. Argan therefore is discovered taxing his apothecary's bill, at once delighting his ear with the flowery language of the Pharmacopœia, and gratifying his frugal disposition by clipping off some items and reducing others, and arriving at the double conclusion, first, that if his apothecary does not become more reasonable, he cannot afford to be a sick man any longer; and secondly, that as he has swallowed fewer drugs by one-third this month than he had done the last, it was no wonder that he was not so well. The inference “*Je le dirai à Monsieur Pargon, afin qu'il mette ordre à cela,*” is irresistibly comic.

It is scarcely an overstrained circumstance that an original, at once so fond of medicine and so chary of his money, should think of marrying his daughter to a young cub of a medical student, who is to be dubbed doctor in a few days. He is directed to this choice both by the honour in which he holds the faculty, and the desire to possess the necessary medical advice within his own family which he is obliged to purchase at so dear a rate. A second wife, the stepmother of the destined bride, soothes her husband in this as well as his other humours. The match is opposed, and finally with success, by the inclinations of Angelique, the daughter, and the intrigues of her lover, Cléante, seconded by Toinette, a *filie de chambre* of the same brisk lively humour which the author loved to draw. Thomas Diafoirus, the young candidate for the privilege of killing or curing, is an admirable portrait of its particular class. Pedantry is never more ridiculous than when associated with youth, upon which it sits so awkwardly.

There is a stage anecdote about the representation of the characters, worth the remark of more than one manager. An actress of his troop, of considerable pretensions, had married an inferior comedian named Beauveau, who had been at one time a candle-snuffer in the theatre. The parts of Toinette and Thomas Diafoirus were entrusted to this couple. Moliere made so many critical objections to the lady's performance that she lost all patience. “You say all this to me,” said she, “and not a word to my husband.” “Heaven forbid I should attempt to instruct him,” said Moliere, “nature has given Monsieur Beauveau an instinctive comprehension of the part, which I should spoil in attempting to mend it.”

Argan is at last persuaded, that the surest and cheapest way of securing himself against the variety of maladies by which he is beset, will be to become a doctor in his own proper person. He modestly represents his want of preliminary study, and of the necessary knowledge even of the Latin language; but he is assured that by merely putting on the robe and cap of a physician, he will find himself endowed with all the knowledge necessary for exercising the profession. "What," says the patient, "will merely putting on the habit enable me to speak scholarly upon diseases?" "Assuredly," reply his advisers, "under such a garb gibberish becomes learning, and folly wisdom." This leads to the interlude which concludes the piece, being the mock ceremonial of receiving a physician into the Esculapian college, couched in macaronic Latinity, which was afterwards introduced by Foote in the farce where Dr. Last makes a figure so distinguished. Another of these interludes we may barely mention as containing one of those flashes of humour of which Moliere was so lavish, that they are to be found in his most trifling productions. Such certainly is a dance in which Polichinelle (Punch namely), is pursued in the dark by the officers of justice (archers), and puts them to flight by making a sound resembling the report of a pistol. But though this is even childishly farcical, what can be more truly comic than the exclamation of the archers when they rally on the unfortunate jester:—

"Faquin, maraud, pendar, impudent, téméraire,
Insolent, effronté, coquin, filou, voleur,
Vous osez nous faire peur !"

As the "Malade Imaginaire" was the last character in which Moliere appeared, it is here necessary to say a few words upon his capacity as an actor. He bore, according to one contemporary, and with justice, the first rank among the performers of his line. He was a comedian from top to toe. He seemed to possess more voices than one, besides which every limb had its expression;—a step in advance or retreat, a wink, a smile, a nod, expressed more in his action, than the greatest talker could explain in words in the course of an hour. He was, says another contemporary, neither corpulent nor otherwise, rather above the middle size, with a noble carriage and well formed limbs; he walked with dignity, had a very serious aspect, the nose and mouth rather large, with full lips, a dark complexion, the eyebrows black and strongly marked, and a command of countenance which rendered his physiognomy formed to express comedy. A less friendly pen (that of the author of *L'In-promptu de l'Hotel de Conde*) has caricatured Moliere as coming on the stage with his head thrown habitually back, his nose turned up into the air, his hands on his sides with an affectation of negligence, and (what would seem in England a gross affectation, but which was tolerated in Paris as an expression of the *superbia quaesita meritis*;) his peruke always envired by a crown of laurels. But the only real defect in his performance arose from a habitual *hoquet*, or slight hiccup, which he had acquired

by attempting to render himself master of an extreme volubility of enunciation, but which his exquisite art contrived on almost all occasions successfully to disguise.

Thus externally fitted for his art, there can be no doubt that he, who possessed so much comedy in his conceptions of character, must have had equal judgment and taste in the theatrical expression, and that only the poet himself could fully convey what he alone could have composed. He performed the principal character in almost all his own pieces, and adhered to the stage even when many motives concurred to authorize his retirement.

We do not reckon it any great temptation to Moliere, that the Academy should have opened its arms to receive him, under condition that he would abandon the profession of an actor; but the reason which he assigned for declining to purchase the honour at the rate proposed, is worthy of being mentioned. "What can induce you to hesitate?" said Boileau, charged by the Academicians with the negotiation. "A point of honour," replied Moliere. "Now," answered his friend, "what honour can lie in blacking your face with mustachios, and assuming the burlesque disguise of a buffoon, in order to be cudgelled on a public stage?" "The point of honour," answered Moliere, "consists in my not deserting more than a hundred persons, whom my personal exertions are necessary to support." The Academy afterwards did honour to themselves and justice to Moliere by placing his bust in their hall, with this tasteful and repentant inscription—

"Nothing is wanting to the glory of Moliere. Moliere was wanting to ours!"

That Moliere alleged no false excuse for continuing on the stage, was evident, when, in the latter years of his life, his decaying health prompted him strongly to resign. He had been at all times of a delicate constitution, and liable to pulmonary affections, which were rather palliated than cured by submission, during long intervals, to a milk diet, and by frequenting the country, for which purpose he had a villa at Auteuil, near Paris. The malady grew more alarming from time to time, and the exertions of voice and person required by his profession tended to increase its severity. On the 17th of February, 1673, he became worse than usual; Baron, an actor of the highest rank, and of his own training, joined with the rest of the company in remonstrating against their patron going on in the character of Argan. Moliere answered them in the same spirit which dictated his reply to Boileau: "There are fifty people," he said, "who must want their daily bread, if the spectacle is put off. I should reproach myself with their distress, if I suffered them to sustain such a loss, having the power to prevent it."

He acted accordingly that evening, but suffered most cruelly in the task of disguising his sense of internal pain. A singular contrast it was betwixt the state of the actor and the fictitious character which he represented; Moliere was disguising his real and, as it proved, his dying agonies, in order to give utterance and interest to the feigned or fancied complaints of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and re-

ing the voice of mortal sufferance to affect that of an imaginary hypochondriac. At length on arriving at the concluding interlude, in which, assenting to the oath administered to him as the candidate for medical honours, in the mock ceremonial, by which he engages to administer the remedies prescribed by the ancients whether right or wrong, and never to use any other than those approved by the college—

“Maladus dût-il crevare,
Et mori de suo malo,”

as Moliere, in the character of Argan, replied *Juro*, the faculty had a full and fatal revenge. The wheel was broken at the cistern—he had fallen into a convulsive fit. The entertainment was hurried to a conclusion, and Moliere was carried home. His cough returned with violence, and he was found to have burst a blood-vessel. A priest was sent for, and two scrupulous ecclesiastics of Saint Eustace's parish distinguished themselves by refusing to administer the last consolations to a player and the author of *Tartuffe*. A third of better principles came too late, Moliere was insensible, and choked by the quantity of blood which he could not discharge. Two poor Sisters of Charity who had often experienced his bounty, supported him as he expired.

Bigotry persecuted to the grave the lifeless reliques of the man of genius. Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, who himself died of the consequences of a course of continued debauchery, thought it necessary to show himself as intolerantly strict in form as he was licentious in practice. He forbade the burial of a comedian's remains. Madame Moliere went to throw herself at the feet of Louis XIV. but with impolitic temerity her petition stated, that if her deceased husband had been criminal in composing and acting dramatic pieces, his Majesty, at whose command and for whose amusement he had done so, must be criminal also. This argument, though in itself unanswerable, was too bluntly stated to be favourably received; Louis dismissed the suppliant with the indifferent answer, that the matter depended on the Archbishop of Paris. The King, however, sent private orders to Harlai to revoke the interdict against the decent burial of the man, whose talents, during his life-time, his Majesty had delighted to honour. The funeral took place accordingly, but, like that of Ophelia, “with maimed rites.” The curate of St. Eustace had directions not to give his attendance, and the corpse was transported from his place of residence, and taken to the burial-ground, without being, as usual, presented at the parish church. This was not all. A large assemblage of the lower classes seemed to threaten an interruption of the funeral ceremony. But their fanaticism was not proof against a thousand francs which the widow of Moliere dispersed among them from the windows, thus purchasing for the remains of her husband an uninterrupted passage to their last abode.

In these latter proceedings all readers will recognise the bigotry of the time. If in the peculiar circumstances in which Moliere died, while personating a ridiculous character, and acting an imaginary disease, there are precie-

posed to regard this catastrophe as a special manifestation of the divine displeasure, we would remind them, first, of the passage in the Gospel of St. Mark, chapter xiii. verse 2, &c. strongly discountenancing such deductions. Secondly, we would observe, that the benevolent motive expressed by Moliere for acting upon that occasion could not be other than sincere, since bodily malady of the severe nature under which he laboured must have silenced personal vanity, or any less powerful reason than the one alleged. Lastly, we may add, that if it be in any circumstances lawful to correct vice and folly by ridicule, and by an appeal to the feelings of the ludicrous which make part of our nature, the exposure of the selfish folly of the *Malade Imaginaire*, and of the ignorance as well as covetousness of those who assume the robe of knowledge without either knowledge or probity, must be a lawful and a useful employment.

We have now finished with Moliere's public life, which was, in many respects, one of the most triumphant, and even apparently the most happy, that a man of genius could well propose to himself. From the time he returned to Paris in 1658, till 1673 when he died, fifteen years of continued triumph had attended his literary career; and, wonderful to tell, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of courts and of popular audiences, Moliere never for a moment appears to have lost ground in their high opinion. His most insipid pieces, such as *Mélicerte* and the like, incurred no disapprobation, they served their purpose, and were so far applauded; while those in which his own vein of wit and humour was displayed, were, in every instance, welcomed with shouts of applause at their first representation, or with universal approbation after a short interval of doubt, which must have rendered it still more flattering; like favours won from a mistress who would have refused them if she could. These were years, indeed, not of peace,—for Moliere was surrounded by enemies,—but years of victorious war with enemies whom he despised, defied, and conquered. Nor were they years of ease and indolence, but a far more happy period of successful exertion. His reputation was unbounded, and his praise the theme of every tongue, from that of the Grand Monarque himself, to the meanest of his subjects.

Other men of genius have been victims to poverty and difficulties. But of these Moliere knew nothing. His income, arising from his profits as manager, actor, and author, was extremely considerable, and, together with his pension, amounted to a sum amply sufficient for every purpose, whether of necessity or elegance. He was, in fact, an opulent man. This good fortune was well bestowed, for he was indefatigable in acts of charity. He sought out objects for his liberality amongst sufferers of a more modest description, and was lavish of his alms, less justifiably perhaps, to the poor whom he met in the streets. It is well remembered how, on one of these occasions, having given a piece of money to a beggar as he ascended his carriage, he was surprised to see the man come hallooing and panting after him, to tell him he had made a mistake, in giving him a piece of

gold in place of some less valuable coin. "Keep the money, my friend, and accept this other piece," said Moliere, "*Ou la vertu vaille seicher*?" The action, as M. Taschereau says truly, shows Moliere's benevolence, and the exclamation, in finding an expression so happy for such just wonder, marks his genius.

The private circle of Moliere embraced the most distinguished men of the age. La Fontaine, Boileau, the joyous Chapelle, Racine, and other names of distinction in that Augustan age of French literature, formed the society in which he commonly enjoyed his hours of leisure, and in which literature, taste, and conviviality were happily blended. Many of the nobility had taste enough to waive the difference of rank and to choose Moliere for a companion. "Come to me at any hour you please," said the great Prince de Conde to our author, "you have but to announce your name by a valet-de-chambre, your visit can never be ill-timed."

When aristocratic pride, or more frequently private malice, and wounded self-conceit, assuming the pretext of difference of rank, endeavoured to put an affront upon Moliere, he usually received instant indemnification from some nobleman of better taste. Thus when the other valets-de-chambre of the royal household showed an unwillingness to assist Moliere in the discharge of his office, Monsieur de Bellocq, a man of genius as well as rank, rebuked them by saying aloud to the object of their paltry spite—"Permit me to assist you in making the king's bed, Monsieur de Moliere—I shall esteem myself honoured in having you for a companion."

Louis XIV., as we have already observed, was the constant and firm supporter of Moliere. When assailed by a horrible calumny, which we will presently notice, the king showed his total disbelief by becoming godfather to one of his children. In fact, to his own great honour, he spared no opportunity of showing favour to a man whose genius he was fortunately able to appreciate. The following is a remarkable instance, occurring in the Memoirs of Madame Campan.

All the world has heard of the hearty appetite of the Grand Monarque. The liberal means which he took to appease his hunger at meal times not appearing uniformly sufficient to parry its attacks, the king introduced a general custom, that there should be a cold fowl, or some such trifle, kept in constant readiness *en cas de nuit*—in case that his Majesty should awake hungry. The King had been informed that the officers of his household had refused to admit Moliere to the table provided for them, under pretence of the inequality of his condition. He took an opportunity to correct this folly. "Moliere," said he, "I am told you make bad cheer here, and I myself feel something of an appetite. Let them serve up my *en cas de nuit*." He then caused Moliere to sit down, cut up the fowl, and helping his valet-de-chambre, proceeded to breakfast along with him. It was at the King's levee, so that the noblest about the court saw the society in which it pleased his Majesty to eat his meals; and it may be well believed there was no ob-

jection in future to the introduction of Moliere to the table of service, as it was termed.

Yet Moliere had his cares and vexations; and the doom of man, born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, was not reversed for this distinguished author. The plague and vexation arising from quarrels amongst his players, led him to exclaim, in "*L'In-promptu de Versailles*,"—"What a troublesome task to manage a company of players." To a young man, also, who wished to embrace the profession of an actor, and really had some talents for it, he painted his own art in the most degrading colours; described its followers as compelled to procure the countenance of the great and powerful by the most disagreeable condescensions, and conjured him to follow out the law, for which his father had destined him, and to renounce all thoughts of the stage. There is room to believe that Moliere's temper was so impatient, quick, and irritable, as to make him unusually sensible of the plagues and disappointments incidental to the situation of a manager. He was sensitively alive to the mispronunciation of his own verses; and the anecdote which M. Taschereau gives us as to his extreme agony on this subject, induces us to give credit to what is told of his impatience at any occasional want of punctuality, or accidental derangement of the business of the scene.

But Moliere's greatest source of unhappiness arose from his marriage; and upon this subject, the license of his younger years became the means of subjecting him to the most cruel calumnies in his more advanced life.

During the time that Moliere was travelling about in the provinces, he formed a connexion with an actress of his company, named Madelaine Bejart. This lady had been previously a favourite of the Count de Modene, by whom, in 1638, she had borne a daughter, named Françoise, who is supposed to have died soon afterwards. After the amour of Madelaine Bejart and Moliere had terminated, our author, in 1661, married another Bejart, whose Christian name was Armande, and who, according to M. Taschereau, was the sister of his mistress Madelaine. In this connexion there is something disgusting, and which the laws of some countries even regard as criminal. But a much more foul accusation was framed upon it. One Montflouri, the favourite performer of a troop of comedians, called of "*l'Hotel de Bourgogne*," who were the rivals of that of Moliere, extracted out of the above circumstance a most horrible and unnatural accusation, which he had the audacity to put into the form of a petition to his Majesty. According to this atrocious libel, Armande was not the sister of Moliere's former mistress Madelaine, but her daughter, and the fruits of her communication with Moliere himself; thus confusing her with Françoise, daughter of the Count de Modene, the fact of whose birth seemed to give some credit to the horrible assertion.

Such is the account, given by M. Taschereau, of the real family of Moliere's wife. According to another hypothesis, detailed in three letters published as a supplement to the last edition of Moliere's works, Armande Bejart was not the sister, but actually the daughter

of Madelaine Bejart and of the Count de Modene. Under this supposition, Moliere married the child of his former mistress. The subject is disgusting, and the evidence on either side very imperfect. Undoubtedly it underwent some examination at the time; for the King refused all credit to the odious imputation of Montfleuri, and, as we elsewhere hinted showed his total incredulity on the subject, by condescending, along with the Duchess of Orleans, to stand godfather to Moliere's first child, — the best refutation, certainly, which could be given to the calumny.

But this marriage was in every respect imprudent and inauspicious, and laid the foundation of his principal misfortunes. His wife was gay, beautiful, and coquettish in the extreme, yet he was not able to forbear loving her with an attachment which was neither deserved nor returned. She disgraced him repeatedly by her intrigues during his lifetime, and her scandalous adventures after his death were dishonourable to his memory. The honest men whom his satire had ridiculed on account of domestic distresses of the same nature, had no doubt some feeling of internal satisfaction, when they found that the author of the "*Cocu Imaginaire*" shared the same apprehensions with his hero, without having the slightest reason to doubt, in his own instance, of their being founded in reality.

Leaving the consideration of his private life, chequered as it was by favourable and painful circumstances, we willingly take some general view of the character of Moliere as an author, in which we feel it our duty to vindicate for him the very highest place of any who has ever distinguished himself in his department of literature. His natural disposition, his personal habits, his vivacity as a Frenchman, the depth of his knowledge of human nature, his command of a language eminent above all others for the power of expressing ludicrous images and ideas, raise him to the highest point of eminence amongst the authors of his own country and class, and assure him an easy superiority over those of every other country.

Our countrymen will perhaps ask, if we have forgotten the inimitable comic powers of our own Shakspeare. The sense of humour displayed by that extraordinary man is perhaps as remarkable as his powers of searching the human bosom for other and deeper purposes. But if Johnson has rightly defined comedy to be "a dramatic representation of the lighter faults of mankind, with a view to make folly and vice ridiculous," it would be difficult to show that Shakspeare has dedicated to such purposes more than occasional and scattered scenes, dispersed through his numerous dramas. The "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" is perhaps the piece most resembling a regular comedy, yet the poetry with which it abounds is of a tone, which soars, in many respects, beyond its sphere. In most of his other compositions, his comic humour is rather an ingredient of the drama, than the point to which it is euphatically and specially directed. The scenes of Falstaff are but introduced to relieve and garnish the historical chronicle which he desired to bring on the stage. In the characters of Falconbridge and Hotspur, their peculiar humour gilds the stern

features of high and lofty chivalry: in the "*Tempest*," the comic touches shine upon and soften the extravagance of beautiful poetry and romantic fiction. These plays may be something higher and better, but they are not comedies dedicated to expose the vices and follies of mankind, though containing in them much that tends to that purpose. It must also be remembered, that the manners in Shakspeare (so far as his comedy depends on them) are so antiquated, that but for the deep and universal admiration with which England regards her immortal bard, and the pious care with which his works have been explained and commented upon, the follies arising out of the fashions of his time would be entirely obsolete. We enjoy such characters as Don Armado, and even Malvolio, as we would do the pictures of Vandike in a gallery; not that they resemble in their exterior any thing we have ever seen or could have imagined, until the excellence of the painter presented them before us, and made us own that they must have been drawn from originals, now forgotten.

The scenes of Moliere, however, are painted from subjects with which our own times are acquainted; they represent follies of a former date indeed, but which have their resemblances in the present day. Some old-fashioned habits being allowed for, the personages of his drama resemble the present generation as much as our grandmother's portraits, but for hoop petticoats and commodes, resemble their descendants of the present generation. Our physicians no longer wear robes of office, or ride upon mules, but we cannot flatter ourselves that the march of intellect, as the cant phrase goes, has exploded either the "*Malade Imaginaire*," or the race of grave deceivers who fattened on his folly. If, again, we look at Moliere's object in all the numerous pieces which his fertile genius produced, we perceive a constant, sustained, and determined warfare against vice and folly,—sustained by means of wit and satire, without any assistance derived either from sublimity or pathos. It signified little to Moliere what was the mere form which his drama assumed: whether regular comedy or comédie-ballet, whether his art worked in its regular sphere, or was pressed by fashion into the service of mummery and pantomime, its excellence was the same,—if but one phrase was uttered, that phrase was comic. Instead of sinking down to the farcical subjects which he adopted, whether by command of the king, or to sacrifice to the popular taste, Moliere elevated these subjects by his treatment of them. His pen, like the hand of Midas, turned all it touched to gold; or rather, his mode of treating the most ordinary subject gave it a value such as the sculptor or engraver can confer upon clay, rock, old copper, or even cherry-stones.

It is not a little praise to this great author, that he derived none of his powers of amusement from the coarse and mean sources to which the British dramatic poets had such liberal recourse. This might, and probably did, flow in part from the good taste of the poet himself, but it was also much owing to that of Louis XIV. Whatever the private conduct of that prince, of which enough may be learned

from the scandalous chronicle of the times, he knew too well *son métier de Roi*, and what was due to his dignity in public, to make common jest with his subjects at any thing offensive to good morals or decorum. Charles II., on the other hand,—

"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor,"—

had been too long emancipated by his exile from all regal ceremonial, to lay his sense of humour under any restraints of delicacy. He enjoyed a broad jest, as he would have done an extra bottle of wine, without being careful about the persons who participated with him in either; and hence a personal laxity of conduct which scandalized the feelings of Evelyn, and a neglect of decency in public entertainments, encouraged by the presence of the sovereign, which called down the indignation of Collier. Some comparatively trifling slips, with which the critics of the period charge Moliere, form no exception to the general decorum of his writings.

Looking at their general purpose and tendency, we must be convinced that there is no comic author, of ancient or modern times, who directed his satire against such a variety of vices and follies, which, if he could not altogether extirpate, he failed not at all events to drive out of the shape and form which they had assumed.

The absurdities of *L'Etourdi*, the ridiculous jargon of the *Précieuses*, the silly quarrels of the lovers in the *Dépit Amoureux*, the absurd jealousy of husbands in *L'Ecole des Maris*, the varied fopperies and affectations of men of fashion in *Les Fâcheux*, the picture of hypocrisy in the *Tartuffe*, the exhibition at once of bizarre and untractable virtue, and of the depravity of dissimulation in the *Misanthrope*, the effects of the dangers of misassorted alliances in *George Dandin*, of the tricks of domestics in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, of the pedantic affectation of learning in *Les Femmes Savantes*, of the dupes who take physic and the knaves who administer it in the *Malade Imaginaire*,—all these, with similar aberrations, exposed and exploded by the pen of a single author, showed that Moliere possessed, in a degree superior to all other men, the falcon's piercing eye to detect vice under every veil, or folly in every shape, and the talons with which to pounce upon either, as the natural prey of the satirist. No other writer of comedy ever soared through flights so many and so various.

We have said that the comedy of Moliere never exhibits any touch of the sublime; and from its not being attempted in those more serious pieces, as *Don Garcie* and *Mélicerte*, where a high strain of poetry might have been struck to advantage, we conceive that Moliere did not possess that road to the human bosom. One passage alone strikes us as approaching to a very lofty tone. *Don Juan*, distinguished solely by the desperation of his courage, enters the tomb of the Commander, and ridicules the fears of his servant when he tells him that the statue has nodded in answer to the invitation delivered to him by his master's command. *Don Juan* delivers the same invitation in person, and the statue again bends his head. Feel-

ing a touch of the supernatural terror to which his lofty courage refuses to give way, his sole observation is, "*Allons, sortons d'ici.*" A retreat, neither alarmed nor precipitated, is all which he will allow to the terrors of such a prodigy.

In like manner, although we are informed that Moliere possessed feelings of sensibility too irritable for his own happiness in private life, his writings indicate no command of the pathetic. His lovers are always gallant and witty, but never tender or ardent. This is the case, not only where the love intrigue is only a means of carrying on the business of the scene, but in *Le Dépit Amoureux*, where the ardour of affection might have gracefully mingled with the tracasseries of the lovers' quarrels; and in *Psyché*, in which it is to be supposed the author would have introduced the passionate and pathetic, if he had possessed the power of painting it. Nor do any of his personages, in all the distresses in which the scene places them, ever make a strong impression on the feelings of the audience, who are only amused by the ludicrous situations to which the distresses give rise. The detected villany of *Tartuffe* affects the feelings indeed strongly, but it is more from the gratification of honest resentment against a detected miscreant, than from any interest we take in the fortunes of the duped Orgon.

Neither did Moliere ornament his dramatic pieces with poetical imagery, whether descriptive or moral. His mode of writing excluded the "morning sun, and all about gilding the eastern horizon." He wrote to the understanding, and not to the fancy, and was probably aware moreover that such poetical ornaments, however elegant when under the direction of good taste, are apt to glide into the opposite extreme, and to lead to that which Moliere regarded as the greatest fault in composition, an affectation of finery approaching to the language of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. *Alceste*, in *Le Misanthrope*, expresses the opinion of the author on this subject—

Ce style figuré, dont on se fait vanité
Sort de bon caractère, et de la vérité,
Ce n'est que jeu de mots, qu' affectation pure,
Et ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature.
Le méchant gout de siècle en cela me fait peur,
Nos peres tout grossiers l'avoient beaucoup
moilleur.

In what, therefore, it may be asked, consisted the excellence of this entertaining writer, whose works, as often as we have opened a volume during the composition of this slight article, we have found it impossible to lay out of our hand until we had completed a scene, however little to our immediate purpose of consulting it? If Moliere did not possess, or at least has not exercised the powers of the sublime, the pathetic, or the imaginative in poetry, from whence do his works derive their undisputed and almost universal power of charming? We reply, from their truth and from their simplicity; from the powerful and penetrating view of human nature, which could strip folly and vice of all their disguise, and expose them to laughter and scorn when they most hoped for honour and respect; also from

the extreme *natreté* as well as force of the expressions which effect the author's purpose. A father consults his friends about the deep melancholy into which his daughter is fallen: one advises to procure for her a handsome piece of plate, beautifully sculptured, as an object which cannot fail to give pleasure to the most disconsolate mind. The celebrated answer, *vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse*, at once unmasks the private views of the selfish adviser, and has afforded a measure by which all men, from Moliere's time to our own, may judge of the disinterested character of such friendly counsels. This short, dry, sudden and unexpected humour of Moliere, seconded as it always is by the soundest good sense, is one great proof of his knowledge of his art. The tragic may be greatly enlivened by some previous preparation, as the advance of a mighty host with its ensigns displayed has, even at a distance, an effect upon the nerves of those whom it is about to assail. But wit is most successful when it bursts from an unexpected ambush, and carries its point by surprise. The best jest will lose its effect on the stage, if so much preparation is employed as leads the spectator to anticipate what is coming, as it will suffer in society if introduced with the preface of "I'll tell you a good thing!" In this species of surprise Moliere surpasses every writer of comedy, but the jest at which you laugh springs as naturally out of the subject, as if it had been obvious to your apprehension from the very commencement of the scene. A brief sentence, a word, even an exclamation, is often sufficient to produce the full effect of the ludicrous, as a spark will spring a mine, in the place and time when the explosion is least suspected. The most unexpected means in the hands of this great artist are also the most certain; and you are first made sensible of what he has aimed at, when you admire his arrow quivering in the centre of the mark.

The depth and force of Moliere's common sense is equally remarkable in displaying his own just and sound opinions, as in exposing the false taste and affectation of others. Ariste, Philinte, and the other personages of his drama, to whom (as the ancients did to their choruses) he has ascribed the task of moralizing upon the subject of the scene, and expressing the sentiments which must be supposed those of the author himself, have all the firmness, strength, and simplicity proper to the enunciation of truth and wisdom; and much more of both will be found within the precincts of Moliere's works, than in the formal lessons of men of less acute capacity.

Moliere himself knew the force and value of his simplicity, although sometimes objected to by fastidious critics as hurrying him into occasional vulgarity. In order that he might not depart from it, he adopted the well-known practice of reading his pieces while in manuscript to his housekeeper, La Foret, and observing the effect they produced on so plain, but shrewd and sensible a mind, before bringing them on the stage. The habit of being called into consultations of this kind had given the good dame such an accurate tact, that it was in vain that Moliere tried to pass upon her the composition of another poet for his own. The circumstance

proves how well she deserved to sit in the chair of censorship which her master had assigned her. Mons. Taschereau thinks that the opinion of La Foret was only demanded by Moliere upon low and farcical subjects. But though we allow that some parts of his higher comedy might be above her sphere, we can easily conceive that the author might have an interest in knowing exactly how much his housekeeper,—at once an exact and favourable specimen of a great majority of his audiences,—might be able to comprehend of his higher comedy, and in what particulars it was elevated beyond the line of her understanding. Nor is it unreasonable to conceive, that an author who desired above all other things to be generally understood, should have paused on the passages which La Foret comprehended less perfectly, and omitted or explained what was like to prove *carriar* to the multitude. It would not be perhaps unnatural to suppose, that to the shrewd, frank, acute, and penetrating character of Moliere's housekeeper we owe the original idea of those clever and faithful, but caustic and satirical female domestics, the Toinettes and Nicoles, whom he has produced on the stage with so much effect.

We must now take our leave of M. Taschereau, to whose entertaining work we are obliged for so much instruction or amusement. Some readers may be disappointed, that after pronouncing Moliere the prince of the writers of comedy, we should have limited the talents by which he attained such pre-eminence to the possession of common sense, however sound, of observation however acute, and of expression, however forcible, true and simple. It is not, however, by talents of a different class from those enjoyed by the rest of humanity that the ingredients which form great men are constituted. On the contrary, such peculiar tastes and talents only produce singularity. The real source of greatness in almost every department is an extraordinary proportion of some distinguishing quality proper to all mankind, and of which therefore all mankind, less or more, comprehends the character and the value. A man with four arms would be a monster for romance or for a show; it is the individual that can best make use of the ordinary conformation of his body, who obtains a superiority over his fellow-creatures by strength or agility. In a word, the general qualities of sound judgment, clear views, and powerful expression of what is distinctly perceived, acquire the same value, as they rise in degree above the general capacity of humanity, with that obtained by diamonds, which in proportion to their weight in carats become almost inestimable, while the smaller sparks of the same precious substance are of ordinary occurrence, and held comparatively in slight esteem.

From the New Monthly Magazine

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

We met not in the sylvan scene
Where lovers wish to meet,
Where skies are bright, and woods are green,
And opening blossoms sweet;

But in the city's busy din,
Where Mammon holds his reign,
Sweet intercourse we sought to win
Mid traffic, toil, and gain;
Above us was a murky sky,
Around, a crowded space,
Yet dear, my love, to thee and me,
Was this—our Trysting Place.

We dwelt not on the linnet's note,
Or skylark's warbling lay;
We heard not murmuring zephyrs float
Upon the dewy spray;
But sounds of discord met our ear,
The taunt but ill repress,
The miser's cold and cautious sneer,
The spendthrift's reckless jest;
Yet while we heard each other's tone,
And viewed each other's face,
We seem'd sequester'd and alone
In this—our Trysting Place.

They err who say Love only dwells
'Mid sunshine, light, and flowers;
Alike to him are gloomy cells,
Or gay and smiling bowers;
Love wastes not on insensate things
His sweet and magic art,
No outward shrine arrests his wings,
His home is in the heart;
And, dearest, hearts like thine and mine
With rapture must retrace,
How often Love has deign'd to shine
On this—our Trysting Place.

M. A.

From the London Weekly Review.

BEECHEY'S TRAVELS IN CYRENAICA.

WHEN we lately reviewed M. Pacho's Travels in Cyrenaica, &c. we gave a slight outline of the ancient history of these regions, and a general and, we hope, correct view of the manners of the Bedouins, their present inhabitants. For this reason we shall now abstain from entering upon those subjects. Indeed, although our present travellers have many valuable remarks on points of ancient history, and not a few details respecting the wild and singular race that now wander over the wastes and fertile valleys of Lybia, their principal object was to illustrate the geography of the country; and, in this respect, their researches are of the highest value. A very cursory glance over the chart, which accompanies these Travels, will at once show the reader how greatly our knowledge of the northern coast of Africa has been improved by the labours of this expedition. We find land where we before supposed that the open sea flowed; and the outline of the coast, particularly about the greater Syrtis, is discovered to be almost totally different from what it was hitherto represented to be. The geographical position of several cities has been correctly ascertained, and the site of others described, less picturesquely, perhaps, than could have been wished, but minutely and fully. What is also of much moment, the character of Herodotus, the most extraordinary historian of antiquity, for fidelity of description, has been

defended successfully; and numerous passages of Strabo, and other ancient geographers, hitherto scarcely intelligible, have been rendered perspicuous and easy. The whole account of Bengazi and Cyrene, their sites, the ruins that surround them, the soil, plants, and scenery, is ample, and, in most instances, satisfactory. We must except, however, what relates to the gardens of the Hesperides, which, although in many respects interesting, is by no means what we expected. The dissertation on these celebrated spots should unquestionably have contained, first, a condensed account of all that history and fable have left us concerning them; secondly, a report of the various attempts that have been made to ascertain their site; thirdly, a minute description of the district in which the authors have chosen to place them, with the reasons that determined their choice; and, fourthly, it should have been illustrated by a map. It must, however, be confessed that our travellers have added considerably to the materials which already existed, for a complete dissertation on the subject; and that the spot they have selected answers better to the descriptions of the ancients, than the oasis of M. Gosselin. Servius says expressly, that these celebrated gardens were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Berenike, the modern Bengazi; and we know of no oasis sufficiently near to that city, in which they could have been situated; though it is possible that such a beautiful spot may formerly have existed in the neighbouring desert, and have been overwhelmed by the sand.

In our extracts, the reader will observe that the Cyrenaica is by no means a barren country. Landscapes of surpassing richness and beauty delight the eye on all sides; and weeds and grasses, nourished by the fat soil, tower up to an incredible height, and almost conceal the ruins among which they grow. It is true, they generally disappear before the summer's heat, and leave the antiquities of the country more accessible; but at all seasons the ravines and gentle hills of Cyrenaica are clothed with verdure, and preserve a freshness and beauty, hardly to be expected in an African landscape. But we must hasten to present the reader with a few further specimens of the work.

The extreme delicacy of Arab manners could not be better illustrated than by the following lively anecdote:—"Among the numerous instances which we observed during our stay at Bengazi, illustrative of Arab character and prejudices, we may notice one which occurred in the skeefa (or entrance-hall) of our house, where a select party of the inhabitants of the town usually assembled themselves when the weather permitted. On this occasion, the women of England formed the principal subject of conversation, and the reports of their beauty, which had reached some of our visitors, appeared to have made a great impression in their favour. One of our party then produced a miniature from his pocket, which chanced to be the resemblance of a very pretty girl; and he roundly asserted, as he handed it to the company, that every woman in England was as handsome. We have already observed, that the subject was a very pretty girl; and the who are unacquainted with the force of cu-

and prejudice will hardly conceive that an object so pleasing could be the cause of a moment's alarm. But truth obliges us to add, that the first Arab of our party who was favoured with a sight of the lady in question, started back in dismay and confusion; and all his worthy countrymen who cast their eyes upon the picture withdrew them, on the instant, in the greatest alarm, exhibiting the strongest symptoms of astonishment and shame. The fact was, that the young lady who had caused so much confusion was unluckily painted in a low evening dress; and her face was only shaded by the luxuriant auburn curls, which fell in ringlets over her forehead and temples.

"There was nothing, it will be thought, so extremely alarming in this partial exhibition of female beauty; and the favoured inhabitants of less decorous, and more civilized countries, would scarcely dream of being shocked at a similar spectacle. But to men who inhabit those regions of delicacy, where even one eye of a female must never be seen stealing out from the sanctuary of her veil, the sudden apparition of a sparkling pair of those luminaries is not a vision of ordinary occurrence. At the same time, the alarm of the worthy Shekhs assembled, which the bright eyes and *naked* face (as they termed it) of our fair young countrywoman had so suddenly excited, was in no way diminished by the heinous exposure of a snowy neck and a well-turned pair of shoulders; and had they been placed in the situation of Yusuf, when the lovely Zuleika presented herself in all her charms as a suitor for the young Hebrew's love, or in the more embarrassing dilemma of the Phrygian shepherd-prince, when three immortal beauties stood revealed before his sight, they could scarcely have felt or expressed more confusion. Every Arab, who saw the picture, actually blushed and hid his face with his hands; exclaiming—*w'Allah harâm*—(by Heaven 'tis a sin) to look upon such an exposure of female charms!" p. 311–312.

In the solitude of the desert, where the fancy has but few objects to dwell on, it is apt to run a little wild, as the following anecdote of an Arabic Darwin will show:—"Osmai relates (says the story in question) that an inhabitant of Yemama, a province in Arabia, once made him the following recital. 'I was possessor of a garden in which was a palm-tree, which had every year produced me abundance of fruit; but two seasons having passed away, without its affording any, I sent for a person well acquainted with the culture of palms, to discover for me the reason of this failure. 'An unhappy attachment,' observed the man, after a moment's inspection, 'is the sole cause why this palm-tree produces no fruit!' He then climbed up the trunk, and, looking round on all sides, discovered a male palm at no great distance, which he recognised as the object of my unlucky tree's affection; and advised me to procure some of the powder from its blossoms, and to scatter it over her branches. This I did,' said the Arab, 'and the consequence was, that my date-tree, whom unrequited love had kept barren, now bore me a most abundant harvest!'

"The palm-tree, however, though a beautiful tree, is sometimes, it appears, a very obsti-

nate one; and the means which we are told, on Arab authority, should be used to render it more docile on these occasions, would astonish the horticulturists of Europe.

"When a palm-tree refuses to bear (says the Arab author of a treatise on agriculture), the owner of it, armed with a hatchet, comes to visit it in company with another person. He then begins by observing aloud to his friend (in order that the date-tree should hear him), 'I am going to cut down this worthless tree, since it no longer bears me any fruit.'—'Have a care what you do, brother,' returns his companion; 'I should advise you to do no such thing—for I will venture to predict that this very year your tree will be covered with fruit.' 'No, no,' replies the owner, 'I am determined to cut it down, for I am certain it will produce me nothing;' and then approaching the tree, he proceeds to give it two or three strokes with his hatchet.—'Pray now! I entreat you, desist,' says the mediator, holding back the arm of the proprietor.—'Do but observe what a fine tree it is, and have patience for this one season more; should it fail after that to bear you any fruit, you may do with it just what you please.' The owner of the tree then allows himself to be persuaded, and retires without proceeding to any further extremities. But the threat, and the few strokes inflicted with the hatchet, have always, it is said, the desired effect; and the terrified palm-tree produces the same year a most abundant supply of fine dates!" p. 342—344.

The following is another illustration of Arabic simplicity, though of a very different kind:—"We found the Arabs very hospitable and obliging, and one of our party, who had strayed from the rest, and taken shelter at night-fall in one of their tents, was received and entertained with great kindness and liberality; a sheep having been killed expressly for his supper, and the women of the family employed for two hours in preparing it, in the most savoury manner with which they were acquainted. While the mutton was occupying the united attention of the most accomplished cooks of the household (the mother, one of the wives, and the two eldest daughters of the host), another wife had prepared a large dish of barley-cakes and fried onions, over which was poured some hot melted butter: a great portion of this very speedily disappeared before the repeated attacks of the hungry guest, whose appetite for the savoury meat which was afterwards served up to him was not quite so great as the dish deserved; the skill of the young wife who had cooked the first mess was in consequence highly commended by her spouse, who could no otherwise account for the great portion of meat which was left, than by supposing that the first dish was most to the stranger's taste; never dreaming that a pound of dough, besides butter and onions, could in any way tend to diminish a man's appetite." 351–352.

We cannot pass over the following description of the scenery found in the neighbourhood of Ptolemeta:—"There are beauties which may be felt, but cannot be described; and the charm of romantic scenery is one of them. We will not therefore attempt any other description of the eastern valley of Ptolemeta, than by

remarking that it rises gradually from the sea, winding through forests of pine and flowering shrubs, (which thicken as the sides of the mountain on which they grow become higher and more abrupt,) till it loses itself in the precipitous part of the range which bounds it to the southward, and which presents a dark barrier of thickly-planted pines, shooting up into the blue sky above them. The windings of the valley greatly add to its beauty, and the scenery increases in interest at every turn, in tracing it up towards the mountains in which it loses itself. Sometimes the path is impeded by trees, which throw their branches across it, leaving only a narrow passage beneath them; and sometimes, on emerging from this dark and difficult approach, a broad sweep of verdant lawn will suddenly present itself, fenced in, apparently, on all sides, by high walls of various-coloured pines, rising one above the head of the other, in all the grandeur of uniformity. On reaching the opposite end of this verdant amphitheatre, a new scene presents itself, before unsuspected; and the rambler, bewildered with variety, finds himself utterly incapable of deciding which pleases him most, or when he shall feel himself equal to the task of tearing himself away from the spot. We confess that, when first we discovered this valley, the shades of night surprised us before we thought the sun had set, far in its deepest recesses; and we never afterwards visited it without regretting that our occupations would not allow us more leisure to admire it." 359-360.

It is well known that the ancients chose the sites of their cities with great judgment. The site of Cyrene is peculiarly beautiful. "The position of Cyrene is, in fact, on the edge of a range of hills of about eight hundred feet in height, descending in galleries, one below another, till they are terminated by the level ground which forms the summit of a second range beneath it. At the foot of the upper range, on which the city was built, is a fine sweep of table-land most beautifully varied with wood, among which are scattered tracts of barley and corn, and meadows which are covered for a great part of the year with verdure. Ravines, whose sides are thickly covered with trees, intersect the country in various directions, and form the channels of the mountain-streams in their passage from the upper range to the sea. The varied tract of table-land of which we are speaking extends itself east and west as far as the eye can reach; and to the northward (after stretching about five miles in that direction), it descends abruptly to the sea. The lower chain, which runs all along the coast of the Cyrenaica, is here, as it is at Ptolemeta and other places, thickly covered with wood, and intersected, like the upper range, with wild and romantic ravines; which assume grander features as they approach the sea. The height of the lower chain may be estimated at a thousand feet, and Cyrene, as situated on the summit of the upper one, is elevated about eighteen hundred feet from the level of the sea, of which it commands an extensive view over the top of the range below it. For a day or two after our first arrival at Cyrene, a thick haze had settled over the coast, and we

were not aware that the sea was seen so plainly from the town as we found it afterwards to have been. When the mist cleared away, the view was truly magnificent, and may be said to be one of those which remain impressed upon the mind, undiminished in interest by a comparison with others, and as strongly depicted, there after a lapse of many years as if it were still before the eyes. We shall never forget the first effect of this scene (on approaching the edge of the height on which Cyrene is situated) when the fine sweep of land which lies stretched at the foot of the range burst suddenly upon us in all its varied forms and tints; and imagination painted the depth of the descent from the summit of the distant hills beneath us to the coast, terminated by the long uninterrupted line of blue, which was distinguished rising high in the misty horizon." p. 434-435.

Two men belonging to Capt. Beechey's party discovered a very singular kind of dwellings in the precipices of Cyrenaica:—"It appeared that the road up the mountain which they had been observed to take terminated abruptly at the foot of a precipice, a circumstance which greatly surprised them, for the track which they followed was undoubtedly trodden, and, as it seemed to them, very recently. No outlet, however, was on any side visible, and as they stood pondering on the object of a road which led only to the base of a high perpendicular cliff, and was closely hemmed in by thickets and brushwood, they thought they heard a mill at work, the sound of which seemed to come from above." As they looked up with astonishment towards the side of the mountain from which the noise apparently came, they clearly heard a soft female voice issue from it, and soon perceived two very pretty young Arab girls looking out of a square hole on the side of the precipice, at the height of about an hundred and fifty feet above their heads—the place being not only inaccessible from below, but equally so from above, and indeed on all sides of it, owing to the smoothness and perpendicular surface of the cliff in which it was formed.

"When their surprise was a little abated, our servants requested some water, but were told that there was none in the house; the girls inquiring at the same time where our people were going, and if they belonged to the English at Grenna. They replied in the affirmative, and said they had lost their way. One of the females then asked how many the party consisted of, and was answered, fifteen, though there were only two; the remainder, it was added, were close at hand in the wood. This embellishment was intended as a defensive measure to conceal the actual weakness of the company, for the elevated position of their fair auditors had not made the most favourable impression upon our servants; who suspected that persons living so far out of reach, must have stronger reasons for moving so far from their fellow-creatures, than was consistent with

"* The mill used for grinding corn by the Arabs is nothing more than a small flat stone, on which another is turned by the hand, and this is usually placed in the lap of the woman who are the only millers and bakers in

honesty and peaceable intentions. Accordingly when the girls had explained that the road which they were seeking led over the plain below, (where their fathers, they said, were cutting corn,) our wanderers turned to retrace their steps and descend the mountain-path as fast as possible; not a little anxious with regard to the reception they might experience on their route from neighbours of a more formidable description than the elevated little personages who had addressed them. As they began to descend, one of the girls again called to them, and letting down a long rope made of twisted skins with knots in it two feet apart, desired them to make their water-skin fast to the end of it, with which, as the skin was empty, they willingly complied, choosing rather to run the risk of losing it altogether than to forego a possible chance of getting it replenished. The skin was quickly hauled up, and disappeared through the hole, leaving its owners in anxious suspense, not so much on account of the hide itself as of its anticipated contents. They had however no reason to repent of their confidence, for the skin very shortly made its appearance again, and proved to be nearly full of water, to the delight of our thirsty attendants, who, after expressing their gratitude for the supply, continued their journey with renewed strength and spirits, and arrived at Cyrene in the evening, as we have already mentioned above." p. 466—488.

We quote the ensuing short passages to show that this sort of dwellings is not uncommon in those countries:—"On our return to Apollonia, by the road which we have just described, we noticed several excavated chambers in similar positions to those which our servants had mentioned: they were cut in a ravine to the westward of our path, many hundred feet above the level of the torrent, in places apparently inaccessible. We found, on inquiry, that whole families resided in them, ascending and descending by means of ropes; and indeed we ourselves could see persons in some of them who appeared to be reconnoitering our movements."

"The sides of this ravine are nearly perpendicular, and about five hundred feet in height: near the top we observed two caves, situated as those were which have already been described; and had some conversation with the people who appeared at the entrance of them. We made them understand that we should like to ascend and pay them a visit in their aerial abodes, but as they seemed to be unwilling to admit us, we did not press the subject any further. The lower parts of the ravine are thickly covered with pine, olive, and carob trees, and the whole has a very wild and picturesque appearance." p. 491—494.

We do not suppose that these travels will ever be what may be termed *popular*—they are too learned for that; but they will unquestionably be read with extreme pleasure by every admirer of antiquity, and by all those for whom geography has any charms. In fact, we have seldom read a more able, or more instructive volume of travels.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

ANDREW CLEAVES.

ANDREW CLEAVES was the oldest man in the parish of Redburn, and had been one of the most prosperous among its numerous class of thriving and industrious husbandmen.

His little property, which had descended from father to son for many generations, consisted of a large and comfortable cottage, situated on the remote verge of the village common, a productive garden, and a few fields, which he cultivated so successfully, rising up early, and late taking rest, that by the time he had attained the middle period of life, he was enabled to rent a score more acres—had got together a pretty stock of cattle—had built a barn—and enclosed a rickyard—and drove as fine a team as any in the parish—was altogether accounted a man "well to do in the world," and was generally addressed by the style and title of "Farmer Cleaves." Then—and not till then,—and still with most phlegmatic deliberation, he began to look about him for a partner—a *help meet*—in the true homely sense of the word, was the wife he desired to take unto himself; and it was all in vain—"Love's Labour Lost"—that many a wealthy farmer's flaunting daughter—and many a gay damsel of the second table, from my lord's, and the squire's,—and divers other fair ones set their caps at wary Andrew, and spake sweet words to him when chance threw them in his path, and looked sweet looks at him, when he sat within eye-shot at church, in his own old oaken pew, hard by the clerk's desk, with his tall, bony, athletic person, erect as a poker, and his coal-black hair (glossy as the raven's wing) combed smooth down over his forehead, till it met the interesting line of two straight jetty eyebrows, almost meeting over the high curved nose, and overhanging a pair of eyes, dark, keen, and lustrous; but withal, of a severe and saturnine expression, well in keeping with that of the closely compressed lips, and angular jaw. Those lips were not made to utter tender nonsense—nor those eyes for ogling, verily; but the latter were sharp and discerning enough, to find out such qualifications as he had laid down to himself, as indispensable in his destined spouse, among which (though Andrew Cleaves was justly accounted a close, penurious man) money was *not* a paramount consideration, as he wisely argued within himself, a prudent wife might save him a *fortune*, though she did not bring one. A small matter by way of portion, could not come amiss, however, and Andrew naturally weighed in with her other perfections the twenty years' savings of the vicar's housekeeper, whose age did not greatly exceed his own—who was acknowledged to be the best housewife in the parish, and the most skillful dairy-woman, having come from a famous cheese country, whose fashions she had successfully introduced at Redburn Vicarage. Beside which, Mrs. Dinah was a staid, quiet person—not given to gadding and gossiping and idle conversation; and, "moreover," quoth Andrew, "I have a respect unto the damsel, and, verily, I might go farther and fare worse." "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," was, however, another of Andrew's favourite say-

ings, so he took another year or two to consider the matter in all its bearings; but as all things earthly come to an end, so at last did Andrew Cleaves' ponderings; and as his actual wooing was by no means so tedious an affair, and as the discreet Dinah had had ample time for deliberation while the important question was pending, the favoured suitor was not kept long on the rack of uncertainty, and the third Sunday, which completed the bans, saw Mrs. Dinah "endowed," by Andrew Cleaves, with "all his worldly goods," and installed Lady and Mistress of his hitherto lonely dwelling.

He had no reason to repent his choice. For once Dame Fortune (so often reviled for her strange blunders in matchmaking—so often accused of "joining the gentle with the rude,") had hooked together two kindred souls; and it seemed indeed as if Andrew had only reunited to himself a sometime divided portion of his own nature, so marvellously did he and his prudent Dinah sympathise in their views, habits, and principles. Thrift—thrift—thrift—and the accumulation of worldly substance, was the end and aim of all their thoughts, dreams, and undertakings; yet were they rigidly just and honest in all their dealings, even beyond the strict letter of the law, of which they scorned to take advantage in a doubtful matter; and Andrew Cleaves had been known more than once to come forward to the assistance of distressed neighbours (on *good security* indeed), but on more liberal terms than could have been expected from one of his parsimonious habits, or than were offered by persons of more reputed generosity.

Moreover, he was accounted—and he surely accounted himself—a very religious man, and a very pious Christian,—“a serious Christian, he denominated himself; and such a one he was in good truth, if, a sad and grave-spect—solemn speech, much abounding in scriptural phrases—slow delivery—erect deportment, and unsocial reserve, constitute fair claims to this distinction. Moreover, he was a regular church-goer—an indefatigable reader of his Bible, (of the Old Testament, and the Epistles in particular,) fasted rigidly on all days appointed by the church—broke the heads of all the little boys who whistled, within his hearing, on Sabbath and Saints' days—said immoderate long graces before and after meals, and sang hymns by the hour, though he had no more voice than a cracked pitcher, and not ear enough to distinguish between the tunes of the 100th Psalm, and “Molly put the Kettle on.”

Besides all this, he had been a dutiful, if not an affectionate son—was a good, if not a tender husband—a neighbour of whose integrity no one doubted—a most respectable parishioner; and, yet, with all this, Andrew Cleaves was not *vital religion*, for it partook not of that blessed spirit of love, meekness, and charity, which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—thinketh no evil of its neighbour—neither maketh broad its phylacteries, nor prayeth in the corners of market-places, to be seen of men. He was neither extortionate nor a drunkard. He gave tithes of all that he possessed. He did not give *half* his goods to the poor; but, nevertheless, contrived to make out such a

catalogue of claims on the peculiar favour of Heaven, as very comfortably satisfied his own conscience, and left him quite at leisure to “despise others.”

It had been the misfortune of Andrew Cleaves, to have imbibed from his parents those narrow views of Christianity, and their early death had left him an unsociable being, unloving, unloved, and unconnected, till he changed his single for a married state.

“Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passions grow so haughty,
There is no clipping of his wings.”

Now, Andrew was full forty-three when he entered the pale of matrimony, and the staid Dinah, three good years his senior, had no wish to clip them, being, as we have demonstrated, his very counterpart, his “mutual head” in all essential points; so, without a spark of what silly swains and simple maidens call love, and some wedded folks “tender friendship,” our serious couple jogged on together in a perfect matrimonial rail-road of monotonous conformity, and Andrew Cleaves might have gone down to his grave unconscious that hearts were made for any other purpose than to circulate the blood, if the birth of a son, in the second year of his union, had not opened up in his bosom such a fountain of love and tenderness, as gushed out, like water from the flinty rock; and became thenceforth the master passion, the humanizing feeling of his stern and powerful character. The mother's fondness, and she was a fond mother, was nothing, compared with that with which the father doated on his babe; and he would rock its cradle, or hush it in his arms, or sing to it by the hour, though the lullaby seldom varied from the 100th psalm, and, as he danced it to the same exhilarating tune, it was a wonder that the little Josiah clapped his hands, and crowed with antic mirth, instead of comporting himself with the solemnity of a parish clerk in swaddling clothes.

It was strange and pleasant to observe, how the new and holy feeling of parental love penetrated, like a fertilizing dew, the hitherto hard, insensible nature of Andrew Cleaves; how it extended its sweet influence beyond the exciting object, the infant darling, to his fellow creatures in general, disposing his heart to kindness and pity, and almost to sociability. In the latter virtue, he made so great progress as to invite a few neighbours to the christening feast, charging his dame to treat them handsomely to the best of every thing, and he himself, for the first time in his life, “on hospitable thoughts intent,” pressed and smiled, and played the courteous host to a miracle.

And sometimes, on his way home of an evening, he would stop and exchange a few words with an acquaintance, at his cottage door, attracted by the sight of some chubby boy, with whose short limbs, and infant vigour he would compare, in his mind's eye, the healthful beauty of his own urchin. But great, indeed, was the amazement of Dame Cleaves, when Andrew, who had always “set his face like a flint” against the whole tribe of idle mendicants, making it a rule, not only to chase them from his own door, but to consign them, if possible, to

the wholesome coercion of the parish stocks, actually went the length of bestowing a comfortable meal, a night's shelter in an outhouse, and a bed of clean straw, on a soldier's widow, who was travelling, with her babe in her arms, towards the far distant home of its dead father.

Dame Cleaves stared in strange perplexity, and said something about "charity beginning at home," and "coming to want," and, "harbouring idle husseys and their brats." But Andrew was peremptory, for his eye had glanced from the poor soldier's fatherless babe to the cherished creature at that time nestling in his own bosom. So the widow was "warmed and fed," and left a blessing on her benefactor, who, on his part, failed not to accompany his parting "God speed you," and the small piece of money which accompanied it, with an impressive lecture on the sinfulness of want and pauperism, and a comfortable assurance, that they were always deserved manifestations of divine displeasure.

Just as the little Josiah had attained his second year, Andrew Cleaves was called on to resign the wife of his bosom, who went the way of all flesh, after a short but sharp illness. She had so fully realized all the calculations that had decided Andrew to choose her for his mate, that he regretted her loss very sincerely; but resignation, he justly observed, was the duty of a Christian, and Andrew was wonderfully resigned and composed, even in the early days of his bereavement, throwing out many edifying comments on the folly and sinfulness of immoderate grief, together with sundry apposite remarks, well befitting his own circumstances, and a few proverbial illustrations and observations, such as, "misfortunes never come alone, for his poor dame was taken at night, and the old gander was found dead in the morning." Moreover, he failed not to sum up, as sources of rational consolation, "that it had pleased the Lord to spare her till the boy ran alone, and Daisey's calf was weaned, and all the bacon cured; and he himself had become fully competent to supply her place in the manufacturing of cheeses." So Andrew buried his wife, and was comforted.

And, from the night of her death, he took his little son to his own bed, and laid him in his mother's place; and long and fervent were the prayers he ejaculated before he went to rest, kneeling beside his sleeping child; and cautious and tender as a mother's kiss, was that he imprinted on its innocent brow, before he turned himself to slumber. Early in the morning an elderly widow, who had been used to cook his victuals, and set the cottage to rights before his marriage, came to take up and tend the boy, and get breakfast for him and his father, and she was now detained through the day, in the care of household concerns, and of the motherless little one. She was a good and tender foster-mother, and a careful manager withal, falling readily into Andrew's ways and likings; a woman of few words, and content with little more than her victuals and drink—and (inoffensive and taciturn as she was) he had a feeling of snug satisfaction in locking her out every evening when she betook herself to sleep at her own cottage. Then was An-

drew wont to turn back to his own solitary hearth, with a feeling of self gratulation, not evincing much taste for social enjoyment, or any disposition again to barter his secure state of single blessedness for a chance in the matrimonial lottery—from which, having drawn a first-rate prize, it would have been presumptuous to expect a second.

What with old Jenny's help, and his own notability, (he had not lived so long a bachelor without having acquired some skill in housewifery,) he got on very comfortably; and for a living object to care for, and to love, the little Josiah was to him wife, child, companion—every thing! So Andrew continued faithful as a widowed turtle to the memory of his deceased Dinah; and the motherless boy thrived as lustily as if he had continued to nestle under the maternal wing. He was, in truth, a fine sturdy little fellow, full of life and glee, and "quips and cranks, and mirthful smiles," and yet as like Andrew as "two peas." "The very moral of the father," said old Jenny, "only not so solemn like." He had Andrew's jetty eyebrows, and black lustrous eyes, deep set under the broad projecting brow; but they looked out with roguish mirth from their shadowy cells, and the raven hair, that, like his father's, almost touched his straight eyebrows, clung clustering over them, and round his little fat poll, in a luxuriance of rich, close, glossy curls. His mouth was shaped like his father's, too; but Andrew's could never, even in childhood, have relaxed into such an expression of dimpled mirth, as the joyous laugh burst out—that sound of infectious gladness, which rings to one's heart's core like a peal of merry bells. He *was* a fine little fellow! and, at five years old, the joy and pride of the doating father, not only for his vigorous beauty, but for his quick parts, and wonderful forwardness in learning; for Andrew was a scholar, and had early taken in hand his son's education; so that, at the age above mentioned, he could spell out passages in any printed book, could say the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, and great part of the Ten Commandments, though he stuck fast at the 30 Articles, and the Athanasian Creed, which his father had thought it expedient to include among his theological studies. It was the proudest day of Andrew Cleaves' whole life, when, for the first time, he led his little son by the hand up the aisle of his parish church, into his own pew, and lifted up the boy upon the seat beside him, where (so well had he been tutored, and so profound was his childish awe,) he stood stock still, with his new red prayer-book held open in his two little chubby hands, and his eyes immoveably fixed, "not on the book, but" on his father's face. All eyes were fixed upon the boy, for, verily, a comical little figure did the young Josiah exhibit that Sabbath-day. Andrew Cleaves had a sovereign contempt for petticoats, (though of course, he had never hinted as much in his late spouse's hearing,) and could ill brook that his son and heir, a future lord of creation, should be ignominiously trammelled even in swaddling clothes. So soon, therefore, as a change was feasible—far sooner than old Jenny allowed it to be so—the boy was emancipated from his effeminate habiliments, and made a man of—

little man complete, in coat, waistcoat, and breeches, made after the precise fashion of his father's, who had set the tailor to work in his own kitchen, under his own eye, and on a half-worn suit of his own clothes, out of which enough remained in excellent preservation, to furnish a complete equipment for the man in miniature. So little Josiah's Sunday-going suit consisted of a long-tailed coat of dark blue broad cloth, lapelled back with two rows of large gilt basket-work buttons; a red plush waistcoat, (the month being July,) brown corduroy breeches with knee buckles, grey worsted hose, and large new square-toed shoes, with a pair of heavy silver buckles, once belonging to his mother, that, covering his little feet quite across, like a couple of pack-saddles, touched the ground, as he walked, on either side of them. Add to this, a stiff broad-brimmed beaver, (padded within all round, to fit his tiny pate,) under the shadow of which the baby-face was scarce discoverable, and the whole diminutive person moved like a walking mushroom.

Proud was the boy of his first appearance, so equipped, before the assembled congregation; and very proud was Andrew Cleaves, who felt as if now indeed he might assume unto himself, before the elders of his people, the honour of being father to a man-child.

From that day forth little Josiah, led in his father's hand, came regularly to church every sabbath-day; but, alas! his after demeanour, during service, by no means realized the promise of that solemn propriety wherewith he comforted himself, on his first memorable appearance; and it soon required Andrew's utmost vigilance to rebuke and check his son's restless and mischievous propensities. Great was the father's horror and consternation, on detecting him in the very act of making faces at the vicar himself, whose unfortunate obliquity of vision had excited the boy's monkey talent of mimicry; and, at last, the young rebel was suddenly and for ever deposed from his lofty station on the seat beside his father, for having taken a sly opportunity of pinning the hind bow of an old lady's bonnet to the back of her pew, whereby her bald pate was cruelly exposed to the eyes of the congregation, as she rose up with unsuspected innocence, at the Gloria Patri.

At home, too, Andrew soon discovered that his parental cares were likely to multiply in full proportion to his parental pleasures. Little Josiah was quick at learning, but of so volatile a spirit, that in the midst of one of his father's finest moral declamations, or most elaborate expoundings, he would dart off after a butterfly, or mount astride on the old sheep-dog; and at last, when sharply rebuked for his irreverent antics, look up piteously in his father's face, and yawn so disconsolately, that Andrew's iron jaws were fain to sympathise with the infectious grimace, to their owner's infinite annoyance. At meal times, it was well-nigh impossible to keep his little hands from the platter, while his father pronounced a long and comprehensive grace, with an especial supplication for the virtues of abstinence and forbearance; and so far from continuing to take pride in the manly dignity of his raiment, it

became necessary to dock his waistcoat flaps, and the long skirts of his week-day coat, the pockets of the former being invariably crammed with pebbles, munched apples, worms, brown-sugar, snails, cock-chafers, and all manner of abominations; and on the latter, it was not only his laudable custom to squat himself in the mud and mire, but being of an imitative and inventive genius, and having somewhere read a history of the beavers, he forthwith began to practise their ingenious mode of land-carriage, by dragging loads of rubbish behind him on the aforesaid coat tails, as he slid along in a sitting posture.

Greatly did Andrew Cleaves marvel that a son of his should evince such unseemly propensities, having perpetually before his eyes an example of sober seriousness and strict propriety. But, nevertheless, he doated on the boy with unabated fondness—toiled for him—schemed for him—waked for him—dreamt of him—lived in him—*idolized* him!—Yes!—Andrew Cleaves, who had been wont to hold forth so powerfully on the sin and folly of idol worship, *he* set up in his heart an earthly image, and unconsciously exalted it above his Maker.

Andrew's cottage was situated on the extreme verge of a large and lonely common, which separated it from the village of Redburn, and it was also at a considerable distance from any other habitation. He had taken upon himself his son's early instruction, and it was consequently easy enough to maintain a point which he had much at heart, that of keeping the boy aloof from all intercourse with the village children, or indeed with any persons save himself and old Jenny, except in *his* company. This system, to which he rigidly adhered, had a very unfavourable effect on his own character, repressing in it all those kindlier and more social feelings, which had almost struggled into preponderance, when the hard surface was partially thawed, by the new sense of parental tenderness, and while his son was yet a cradled babe, and he had nothing to apprehend for him on the score of evil communications. But now he guarded him as misers guard their gold. As he himself, alas! hoarded the Mammon of unrighteousness (his secondary object) but “solely for his darling's sake.” So Andrew compromised the matter with his conscience; and so he would have answered to any inquiring Christian.

The boy, though thus debarred from all communication save with his father and old Jenny, was nevertheless as happy as any child of the same age. He had never known the pleasures of association with youthful playmates—he was full of animal spirits and invention, particularly in the science of mischief—he completely ruled old Jenny in the absence of his father, and (except at lesson times, and on Sabbaths) had acquired more ascendancy over that stern father himself, than Andrew any way suspected.

The interval between the boy's fourth and seventh year was, perhaps, the happiest in the whole lives of father and son; but that state of things could not continue. Andrew Cleaves had aspiring views for his young Josiah—and it had always been his intention to give him “the best of learning;” in furtherance of

purpose, he had looked about him almost from the hour of the boy's birth, for some respectable school wherein to place him, when his own stock of information became incompetent to the task of teaching. He had at last pitched upon a grammar school in the county town, about five miles from his own habitation, where the sons of respectable tradesmen and farmers were boarded, and taught upon moderate terms; though, to do Andrew justice, *saving* considerations were not paramount with him, when his son's welfare was concerned, and he was far more anxious to ascertain that his morals, as well as his learning, would be strictly attended to. On that head, he, of course, received the most satisfactory assurances from the master of the "academy for young gentlemen," and having likewise ascertained that the boy would have an ample allowance of wholesome food, it is not wonderful that Andrew Cleaves threw the "moderate terms" as the third weight into the scale of determination.

The greater number of the boys,—those whose parents were dwellers in the town of C—, were only day-boarders; but some, whose families lived at a greater distance, went home on Saturdays only, to spend the Sabbath-day; and it was Andrew's private solace, to think that the separation from his child would be rendered less painful by that weekly meeting. It had taken him full six months, and sundry journeyings to and fro, to make all his arrangements with the master. But at last they were completed, and nothing remained but the trial—the hard, hard trial—of parting with that creature who constituted his all of earthly happiness. Andrew was a hard man, little susceptible of tender weakness in his own nature, and ever prone to condemn and censure in others the indulgence of any feeling incompatible (in his opinion) with the dignity of a man, and the duty of a Christian.

His God was not a God of love; and when he rebuked the natural tears of the afflicted,—the submissive sorrows of the stricken heart,—it was in blind forgetfulness of him who wept over the grave of his friend Lazarus. He had honoured his parents during their lifetime, and buried them with all decent observance; but with no other outward demonstration of woe, than a more sombre shade on his always severe countenance. "The desire of his eyes" was taken from him, and he had shown himself a pattern of pious resignation. And now he was to part with his son for a season, and who could doubt that the temporary sacrifice would be made with stoical firmness? And so it should verily, was Andrew's purpose;—upon the strength of which he proceeded, with old Jenny's advice and assistance, to make requisite preparation for the boy's equipment. Nay, he was so far master of himself, as to rebuke the old woman's foolish fondness, when she remarked, "how lonesome the cottage would seem when the dear child was gone;" and he expressed himself the more wrathfully, from the consciousness of a certain unwonted rising in his throat, which half choked him as he went "maundering on."

To the child himself, he had not yet breathed a syllable of his intentions, and yet more than vice or thrice he had taken him on his knee,

to tell him of the approaching change. But something always occurred to defer the execution of his purpose—the boy stopt his mouth with kisses—or he prattled so there was no getting in a word edgewise—or it would do as well in the evening, when he came home from his fields. But then, the young one came running to meet him, and had always so much to ask and tell, that the important communication was still delayed. In the morning, before he rose from his pillow, he would tell it as the boy lay still by his side; but while the secret was actually on his lips, his little bedfellow crept into his bosom, and nestled there so lovingly, that his voice died away, as it were, into the very depths of his heart, and the words were yet unspoken. At length he hit upon an opportunity, which was sure to present itself ere long. The next time Josiah was idle and refractory at his lessons—that very moment, in the strength of indignation, he would tell him he was to leave his father's roof, and be consigned to the rule of strangers. Alas! that fateful occasion was in vain laid wait for—Josiah truly did his best to forward it, but the father could not be angry—and he could not speak.

At last, seriously angry with himself—humiliated at the triumph of human weakness, to which he had hitherto boasted himself superior—Andrew departed one morning to his labours earlier than usual, having deputed to Jenny the task, to which he felt himself unequal. All that morning the father's thoughts were with his child. He pictured to himself the first burst of distress—the first grievous surprise—the inconsolable sorrow at the thought of parting—and he longed to return, and clasp the boy to his heart, and to kiss off the tears from his dear face, and comfort him with soothing words and indulgent promises.

But still as the fond impulse rose within him, he wrestled with it manfully, and lashed on his team, and laid his hand upon the plough, as if to support himself in resolute forbearance. No wonder the furrows Andrew traced that day were the most uneven he had ever drawn, since the hour he first guided his own plough on his own acres. He kept firm to his post, however, till the usual dinner hour, and even left the field with his labourers, without deviating from his accustomed firm, deliberate step; but when they had turned out of sight to their own homes, then Andrew speeded on rapidly towards his cottage, till just within sight of it he spied the little Josiah running forward to meet him. Then again he slackened his pace, for his heart shrunk from the first burst of the boy's impetuous sorrow.

But those apprehensions were soon exchanged for feelings of a more irritable nature, when he perceived that the merry urchin bounded towards him with more than his usual exuberant glee; and the first words he distinguished were,—“Father, father, I'm going to school!—I'm going to school!—I'm going to town, father!—I'm going to school! When shall I go?—Shall I go to-morrow? Shall I take my new clothes, father? And my hoop, and my lamb, and old Dobbin?”

A bitter pang it was that shot through Andrew's heart at that moment—a bitter revelation of feeling was that he experienced. He made

no allowance for the volatile nature of childhood—its restless desire of change and love of novelty, its inconsideration—its blissful recklessness of the future. He read only in the boy's exulting rapture, that this his only, only child—the only creature he had ever loved—who had slept in his bosom, and prattled on his knee, and won from him such fond indulgences as he could scarce excuse to his own conscience—this darling of his age, now on the eve of a first separation, broke out into extravagant joy at the prospect, and testified no anxiety, but to take with him his playthings, and his dumb favourites. The sudden revulsion of feeling came upon Andrew like an ice-bolt, and there he stood motionless, looking sternly and fixedly on the poor child, who was soon awed and silenced by his father's unwonted aspect, and stood trembling before him, fearing he knew not what. At last he softly whispered, sidling closely up, and looking earnestly and fearfully in his father's face,—“Shall I *not* go to school then? Old Jenny said I should.”

That second, quiet interrogatory restored to Andrew the use of speech, and the mastery over all his softer feelings. “Yes,” he replied, taking the boy's hand, and grasping it firmly within his own, as he led him homeward—“Yes, Josiah, you *shall* go to school—you have been kept too long at home—to-morrow is the Sabbath—but on Monday you shall go. On Monday, my child, you shall leave your father.”

That last sentence, and a something he perceived, but comprehended not, in his father's voice and manner, painfully affected the boy, and he burst into tears, and, clinging to his father's arm, sobbed out,—“But *you* will go with me, father; and you will come and see me every day, will you not? And I shall soon come home again.”

That artless burst of natural affection fell like balm on Andrew's irritated feelings, and he caught up his child to his bosom, and blessed and kissed him, and then they “reasoned together:” and the father told his boy how he should fetch him home every Saturday with Dobbin; and how they should still go hand-in-hand to church on the Sabbath; and how his lamb, and the grey colt, should be taken care of in his absence; and his hoop and other toys might be carried with him to school.

Then the child began again his joyous prattle, with now and then a sob between; and the father kissed his wet glowing cheek, carrying him all the way home in his arms; and thus lovingly they entered the little garden, and the pretty cottage, and sat down side by side, to the neat homely meal old Jenny had provided.

The Sabbath-day passed on as usual; its wonted calm, unbroken even by Josiah's eager anticipation of the morrow—for so early and so severely had Andrew inculcated the duty of a grave and solemn demeanour on the Lord's day, that the child had learnt to imitate his father's serious and mortified aspect, and his joyous laugh was rarely heard ringing through the house during those twelve long tedious hours; and, contrary to his usual vivacious habits, he was always anxious to go to bed very early on the Sabbath evening, and he had already been some hours in a sweet and profound

sleep, when his father came to bed on that last night preceding the important Monday.

If ever prayers were breathed from the heart, such were those of Andrew Cleaves, when, by the pale light of a cloudless moon, he knelt down at that solemn hour, beside the pillow of his sleeping child, who “looked like an angel as he slept,” the tender moon-beams playing like a glory round those young innocent temples. Yes, if ever prayer came direct from the heart, such was that of Andrew Cleaves at that solemn hour; yet never before were his whispered aspirations so broken, so faintly murmured, so devoid of all the graces of speech and metaphor. Over and over again his lips murmured—“Bless my child—bless him, oh Lord!” and then the words died away, and the heart only spoke, for its eloquence was unutterable; yet he continued near an hour in that holy communion; and when at length he rose up from his knees, and bending over his child, bowed his head to imprint the accustomed kiss, large drops rolled down his rugged features, and fell on the soft glowing cheek of the little sleeper.

Andrew Cleaves laid himself down to rest that night, with such thoughts as might “if heaven had willed it,” have matured even then to fruits of blessedness. But his time was not come. The rock was stricken, but as yet the waters gushed not freely out.

Daylight brought with it other thoughts, and more worldly feelings; and Andrew Cleaves rose up himself again, stout of heart and firm of purpose, remembering that he was to appear among men; and scorning to betray, before his fellow creatures, any symptom of that tender weakness, which he felt half humiliated at having yielded to in the sight of his Creator.

He roused the boy up hastily and cheerily, and hurried old Jenny in her breakfast preparations, and in completing the packing up of Josiah's box, and equipping him for his departure, and the new scene he was about to enter on, in a suit of bran new clothes, made, however, after the precise fashion of his first manly habiliments;—and Andrew himself was less methodical and deliberate than usual in his own proceedings, finding something to do, or to seek for, which hurried him hither and thither, with a bustling restlessness very unlike his general clock-work movements.

He sat scarce five minutes at his breakfast, and had not consumed half his morning's portion of oatmeal porridge, when he started off to draw out the cart, and harness old Dobbin; and the box was locked and brought out—and the boy rigged at all points, like a little hog in armour—and the horse and cart at the door—and all ready, though Andrew professed he had believed it later than it really was, by a full hour, and the sooner they were off the better—so cutting short, with peevish impatience, the blubbering adieu of poor Jenny—just as Josiah was beginning to sob out in concert—and saying “Up wi' ye, my man,” he jerked him suddenly into the cart, and mounting himself, drove off at a rate that caused old Jenny to exclaim, “Lord save us, for certain master's bewitched!”—and greatly inconvenienced Dobbin, whose usual paces were every whit as sedate and deliberate as her master's.

It is not to be inferred, however, that he continued to urge on the venerable beast to those unnatural exertions throughout the whole five miles. Andrew was so far a human man, that he was "merciful to his beast," and once ought of sight of home, permitted her to fall into her old jog-trot, taking the opportunity, after clearing his throat with sundry hums and ha's, to hold forth very lengthily to his young companion, on the new course of life he was about to enter on—the new duties he would have to fulfil—the zeal for learning—aptness, diligence, and perseverance, that would be expected from him—the care he was to take of his clothes, and his new Bible and Prayer-book, and the caution with which it would behove him to select intimates among his schoolfellows, many of whom might be wild, riotous chaps, given to such wicked ways as Andrew trembled to think of.

The boy had listened to this edifying exhortation—which had held on through four interminable miles, for Andrew was always soothed and inspired by the sound of his own droning preachments—just as he had been wont to listen to the Rev. Mr. Leadbeater's hydra-headed sermons—in silence indeed, but with most disconsolate yawnings and twitchings, and indescribable fidgetings—but when his father came to the head of *Schoolfellows*, his attention was instantly excited, and suddenly brightening up, and skipping over the prohibitory clauses of the discourse, he broke in on it with an inquiry—whether the boys were like to be good hands at hoops and marbles?

An interruption so ill-timed and incongruous, would have drawn down a sharp rebuke on the heedless offender, but just as it was breaking from Andrew's lips, a sudden turn of the road brought them to the top of the last hill overlooking the town of C—, which now opened at a short distance in full view of the travellers.

There—the father remembered he was to leave his boy—so the severe words died away upon his lips,—and the child looked, for the first time in his life, on the wonderful labyrinth of houses, churches, markets, and manufactories, that constitute a considerable county-town; and his amazement and delight broke forth with inexpressible vehemence.—"Ay,—it's all very fine, my man!" said the father, shaking his head—"A fine thing to look at, yon great city; and ye've seen nothing like it afore, poor innocent lamb; but God keep ye from the evil ways that are in it, and from the tents of the ungodly!" So groaned Andrew; but nevertheless he drove on with his precious charge towards the tents of ungodliness, for he had worldly and ambitious views for the boy, and they were not to be forwarded in the desert.

The road wound quite round the brow of the hill in a somewhat retrograde direction, so as to alter the otherwise precipitous descent, into one more gradual and easy. On one side arose a wall of chalky cliff—on the other a steep slope of slippery down—so Andrew guided old Dobbin slowly and carefully round the promontory's brow; and on doubling the point, an unexpected and unwelcome sight saluted him. Just beneath, on a sort of green platform half way down the declivity, had stood from times be-

yond the memory of man, an awful fixture, from which the eminence derived its designation of "Gallows-Hill." Round that fatal tree, and quite down the remaining descent, and ranged, ledge above ledge, up the chalky summit, the whole population of C— seemed now assembled; yet such was the stillness of the vast multitude, that no sound, indicative of the scene they were approaching, had reached the ears of Andrew or his son, till they came in full sight of it. Andrew Cleaves instinctively tightened his rein and halted abruptly, and the boy jumped up and caught hold of his father's arm, but uttered not a word, as he looked down breathlessly on the condensed living mass. At last he drew a long deep inspiration, and looked round in his father's face, the seriousness of which had darkened into unusual severity. Rather in answer to his own momentary surprise, than in reply to the boy's inquiring looks—Andrew uttered, in his deepest, lowest tone—"Ay, I see how it is—Siz'es are over, and there's an execution going forward.—So perish the guilty from the land!"

Andrew Cleaves would have been a sturdy champion for that faith, in the strength of which the valiant Bishop Don Hieronyme urged on the slaughter of the infidels, with the shout of—"Smite them, for the love of God!" And under the Jewish dispensation, he would never have spared Agag, whatever he might have done by "the best of the sheep and oxen." So now twice over—yea, three several times, he fervently ejaculated—"So perish the guilty from the land! concluding the third repetition with a sonorous "Amen!" which was softly re-echoed by the tremulous voice of the unconscious child, who, having been accustomed at home and at church always to repeat the word after the clerk or his father, now chimed in mechanically with the pious aspiration. "Amen!" quoth Andrew, and whipt on Dobbin, though rather perplexed at having to make his way through the close-wedged multitude. Andrew Cleaves, though a severe, was not a cruel man: Though a zealous advocate for the extreme rigour of the law, he took no delight in witnessing the actual execution of its dread sentence; neither did he desire that his innocent companion should thus prematurely behold a sight so awful. Therefore he pushed on as fast as possible, hoping to get clear of the crowd before the arrival of the Sheriff and the mournful cavalcade, which was slowly approaching. As they passed close to the foot of the gibbet, Josiah, glancing upwards at the fatal tree, shrunk close to his father, as if he would have grown into his very side; and now their onward progress became more difficult—almost impossible. The fatal cart was close at hand, and the curious people thronged about it to catch a passing view of the condemned. It was in vain that Andrew urged on the old mare with voice and lash: she could not force a passage through the living wall, so he was fain to take patience and draw up to the side of the road, till the sad pageant had passed by. The crowd which had arrested his progress, impeded also the advance of the cart with its wretched burden; and during the time of its tedious approach, Andrew gathered from some of the bystanders, that the criminal, who was that day

to meet an ignominious and untimely fate, was a mere youth, having barely attained his 20th year; that he had been a boy of fair promise, till seduced by bad company, and evil example, into irregular ways, and lawless practices; which, proceeding from bad to worse, had at last involved him in the crime for which he was about to suffer, and which would surely bring down to the grave with sorrow the grey hairs of his unhappy parents, whose only child he was.

"Maybe they'll have to blame themselves for the ill deeds of their offspring. Maybe they'll have fallen short in setting him a good example, and in bringing him up in the fear of the Lord, and the renunciation of sin and Satan," sententiously observed Andrew, firmly compressing his lips, and contracting his dark brows into their sternest and most awful expression.

"You're quite wrong there, master," indignantly retorted a woman, who was squeezed up close to the side of the cart, and whose hard-favoured countenance exhibited an expression little less saturnine than Andrew's: and, to use the vulgar phrase, far more "*evil*."—"You're quite wrong there, any way. Better Christians and honest folk never broke bread than that poor lad's parents; ay, and better parents too, though maybe a thought too proud and fond of him, for pride will have a downfall; and I always told 'em Joe wanted a tight hand over him; but it's too late now.—God help 'em, poor souls, I say."

"Amen! Mistress," quoth Andrew. "Nevertheless, punishment is wholesome, for example's sake; and it's right guilt should suffer; and verily the parents of the lad, if they be, as you say, pious Christians, should rather rejoice in their affliction, and praise the Lord, that he is cut short in his wickedness."

"I say, 'praise the Lord!' indeed, that their only child should come to the gallows! A fine thing to praise God on!" growled the woman—yet more indignantly. "I wonder what some folks' feelings are made of! I say, 'praise the Lord,' indeed!"

"Woman!" snorted Andrew; but his expostulatory sentence was cut short by her angry vehemence, as she continued in a taunting key,—

"Maybe you'll like, 'for example's sake,' to see that pretty lamb by your side with the rope round his neck some day. Maybe you'll praise the Lord for that, master!" and so saying, she stretched out her long bony arm, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the shuddering child, and when Andrew turned to rebuke her, and their eyes met, the expression of hers struck into his heart such a sensation of strange uneasiness, as caused him suddenly to draw the child beyond her reach; and long afterwards, for many and many a day, and when months and years had passed by, and the recollection of that scene had faded, and no particular circumstance occurred to revive it, that woman's face, and that peculiar look, would come across him, and again strike to his heart the same feeling of indefinite horror, which impelled him, at the moment he actually encountered it, to snatch the boy from within the evil influence of her touch. But at the time that pain-

ful sensation was as momentary as vivid, for all farther altercation was cut short, by the pressure of the living mass, among which a general agitation, and a low confused murmur took place, as it fell back on either side, to make way for the fatal cart. The woman left off, in the midst of a volley of revilings on Andrew's hard-heartedness, in her anxiety to press back in time to secure a snug place near the gibbet, where she might see all in comfort. And Andrew held his peace, and drew still closer to the road-side, as the cart came slowly on; and as vulgar curiosity was not one of his besetting sins—(Andrew Cleaves's was by no means a vulgar mind, nor was his character a common one)—his eye followed not the broad eager gaze of the multitude, but looking downward, with serious and not unbecoming solemnity, he raised his head only for an instant, and as it were involuntarily, first as the cart came abreast of his own vehicle, and the wretched criminal was so near, that in the deep stillness which had succeeded that prelude murmur, his short, quick, laborious respiration, broken at intervals by a convulsive sob, was distinctly audible; and transient as was Andrew's involuntary glance, the object it encountered was not one soon to be forgotten. It was a sight, indeed, to touch a father's heart; and who could have beheld it unmoved?

The culprit, as has been said, was a mere youth. He appeared scarcely to have numbered twenty summers. A tall slim lad he was, almost effeminate in the transparent delicacy of his complexion, the profusion of fair silky hair which waved in disorder about his blue-veined temples, and the sickly whiteness of his long thin hands, one of which hung lifelessly over the side of the cart, in which he sat erect and stiffened, as if under the influence of some benumbing spell (his eyes only wandering with a bewildered stare,) and seemingly incapable of attending to the Clergyman, who was seated by his side, occasionally reading to him a few sentences from the Book of Common Prayer, and mildly exhorting him to join in some pious ejaculations, or penitential verse.

At such times, indeed, the wretched boy looked for an instant towards the book of prayer, and his lips moved, but no articulate sound proceeded from them. Those quivering lips were parched and deadly white, but a spot of vivid crimson burnt on his hollow cheek, and the expression of his large blue eyes, distended to an unnatural roundness, was exceedingly ghastly. Occasionally he looked quickly and eagerly from side to side, and in one of those hurried glances his eyes met Andrew's, and at that moment his frame was convulsed with a universal tremor, and he faintly articulated the word "Father!" Right glad was Andrew Cleaves when the cart with its miserable burden, the Sheriffs with their attendants, and the whole dismal train, having passed onward, the people thronged after them to the place of execution, and he was once more at liberty to pursue his way, which he did with all possible expedition, urging on Dobbin with an energy he had never before ventured to exert on that steep declivity. But the sound of the agitated multitude, (that heavy, awful sound, like the swell of a distant ocean,) was

still audible, and Andrew speeded to get beyond it, and to reach C—, now within the distance of a few furlongs. All this while not a word had passed between the father and son; but just before they entered the town, Andrew looked round upon his child, who had remained, as it were, glued on to his side, both his little arms fast locked round one of his father's. He was very pale, and trembled like a leaf, and when his father spoke to him, and he tried to answer, the attempt produced only a deep choking sob, that burst out, as if his very breath had been pent up for ages; one or two hysterical catches succeeded, a broken word or two, the brimming eyes overflowed, and then the little heart was relieved and lightened—Oh, would the burden of elder bosoms was as easily breathed out!—And he slackened his grasp of his father's arm, and began again to breathe and prattle freely. Andrew fairly enough improved the opportunity of that awful sight they had just witnessed, by pointing out to his young companion, the dreadful consequences of vice, and the danger of yielding to temptation, even by the most trifling deviation from moral and religious rectitude. They had just reached the entrance of C—, so the lecture was necessarily concluded; but Andrew failed not to wind up his exhortation against the early inroads of sin, by inveighing, especially, against the particular guilt of waste and extravagance, charging his son to take extraordinary care of his new clothes, not to skuff out his shoes by unnecessary activity and acts of wanton mischief, nor to squander away his pocket money in idle toys and sensual indulgences. The latter charge was particularly requisite, as Josiah took with him to school the capital of three sixpences in silver, and was to receive the stipend of twopence every Monday morning. He was moreover enjoined to keep an exact account of his expenditure, and his father presented him for that purpose, with a long narrow ledger-looking account book, all ruled and lined with red ink, under the heads, of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Andrew's last charge was abruptly put an end to, by the rumbling of his cart wheels over the stones of the High Street; and in two minutes, they had turned out of it into the Market-place, then through a long, narrow, back street, and at length drew up before a tall red house, with a bright green door, having on it a large plate of resplendent brass, whereon was engraved with sundry flourishes,—

"THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY FOR
YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
KEPT BY THE REV. JEREMIAH JERK."

All matters concerning the admission of Josiah had been settled, and resettled, over and over again, between the careful father and the Rev. Mr. Jerk, so the former had nothing more to do, than to consign his precious deposit into the care of that respectable pedagogue, which transfer was the affair of a moment, for Andrew had his private reasons for brief leave-taking; so setting down his son at the door of his new abode, (when the master took the hand of his little pupil with that peculiar tenderness of manner so insinuating to the breaking hearts of new comers,) he laid his hand on the

boy's head, and with an abrupt "God be with ye, my man!" was in his seat again, and off, and round the corner of the street, before the tears that had been swelling up into the little fellow's eyes had burst over their lids, and down his pale, quivering face, in all that agony of grief excited by the first trial of the heart—the first pang of the first parting.

However cogent were the motives which decided Andrew Cleaves to decline the Rev. Mr. Jerk's proffered hospitality, he was by no means in haste to get home that day. He had business to transact with sundry corn-factors and graziers, and various other persons in C—, and altogether found—or made, so much to detain him there, though his concerns were wont to be more expeditiously transacted, that it was evening before he remounted his rumbling vehicle, and put Dobbin in motion, and quite dark before he reached the door of his own cottage. It was a cold evening too—a cold, cheerless, bleak March evening, and an east wind and a sleety rain had been driving in his face all the way home; and as he approached the cottage, its bright blazing hearth glowed invitingly through the low casement, and reflected a red cheerful light on the half-open door, and streamed forward like a clew of welcome along the narrow gravel walk to the entrance wicket. And yet Andrew was in no haste to re-enter his comfortable home—Some hearts may guess why he lingered on the cold heath—Such as have felt the pang of returning to an abode, when all is as it was—except—that the light of life is extinguished—the jewel gone—the shrine left desolate.

But at last poor old Jenny came hurrying out at the sound of the cart-wheels, with her humble welcome, and wonderment at his late return, and offers of assistance in unharnessing Dobbin, that her master might the sooner come in and warm himself. Her well-meant kindness was rather gruffly declined, so she was fain to retreat within doors, and leave "Master," as she muttered to herself, in not the best of humours, "to please himself his own way;" (the most difficult thing in the world, by the by, to some folks in some moods,) and when at last he approached the fireside, and she ventured a cautious question as to how he left the dear child? she was snapt off with an injunction to mind her own business, and not trouble him with foolish questions. So, having set down his supper on the small table already prepared with its clean white cloth, and partaken of the meal in unsocial silence, she was dismissed to her own hovel, with an intimation that Andrew would himself put away the fragments of the repast, and had no need of her further services that night.

What were Andrew Cleaves' special reasons for ridding himself so impatiently of old Jenny's company that evening, and what were his cogitations after he had locked her out, and himself in, and resumed his former station by the hearth and the little supper-table, we cannot exactly ascertain, though it is to be presumed they differed widely from those feelings of snug satisfaction, with which, after the old lady had set by him his pipe and his small glass of ale, he had been wont to lock her civilly out, and re-seat himself in his comfortable corner,

with the sweet consciousness, that his child was sleeping peacefully in the little adjoining chamber, and that he should himself lie down to rest on the same bed, when the cuckoo flung open his small door in the old Dutch clock, and warned him it was time to retire.

Very different must have been his cogitations the night he dismissed poor Jenny so impatiently—for when the cuckoo warned, he still sat on unheeding, with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the cold fireless hearth, where no spark had glimmered for the last half hour—the pipe unlit, and the small glass of ale still untasted. But when the hour actually struck, it aroused him from his comfortless abstraction; and starting and shivering with a sensation of cold to which he had been till then insensible, he hastily swallowed down his temperate draught, and taking up the end of the candle, now flaring in its socket, and moving with the noiseless stealthy step acquired by long habits of carefulness for the slumbers of his little bed-fellow, he entered his now solitary chamber, and shut himself within it—and what were his thoughts that night, his feelings, and his prayers, may be guessed by some hearts, but perhaps not fully conceived by any.

It would be hard to say whether the ensuing Saturday was more eagerly looked forward to by father or son. Certain it is, that when the morning of that day arrived, Andrew was in no less haste to be gone, than when he had harnessed old Dobbin to the cart so expeditiously on the preceding Monday. But when he reached C—, it was still too early to call for his boy, for Andrew, with all his impatience, would not on any account have anticipated the precise moment when the half-holiday commenced—so he trafficked away the intervening time at his different places of call, and drew up the cart at the door of Mr. Jerk's Academy, just as the "young gentlemen" had risen from their Saturday's commons of scrapie and stick-jaw—certain savoury preparations not enumerated in the catalogue of that scientific professor Monsieur Ude, or perhaps recommended by the late Dr. Kitchiner, but quite familiar to the palate of provincial school-boys. Little Josiah, having just arisen from the aforesaid banquet, came running to the door at the sound of the cart-wheels, choking with joy, and the last huge mouthful of tenacious compound. In a moment he was up in his father's arms, and hugging him so tight round the neck, that Andrew was fain to cry out,

"Well, well, my man! but you'll not throttle your old dad, may ye? Have you been a good boy, Joey?"

Joey answered with a second hug, and the usher, who stood smirking at the door, satisfactorily certified the same; so the boy was sent to wash his greasy face and hands, and fetch his hat and little bundle of Sunday clothes, and then his father lifted him up into the cart, and turning old Dobbin, and giving him the sign of departure, a bright cherup and a propelling stamp, in a few minutes they were fairly out of C—, and on their glad way to the cottage. What were the boy's acclamations of delight at the first sight of its curling smoke, and dark brown thatch—and how, in

spite of all Andrew's endeavours to set him right, he persisted in miscalculating time and space—and how often he fidgeted up and down on the seat—and how he took a heap of chalk in a distant field for the grey colt—and a flannel petticoat hung out to dry, for old Jenny in propria persona—and how his father went on pointing out the folly and unprofitableness of such crude guesses and rash assertions; and how the boy went on making them thick and threefold—those will be at no loss to conceive who have ever accompanied a lively urchin to his own home, on his first return after his first week's schooling.

They may also picture to themselves the actual arrival—little Joey actually at home again—smothering old Jenny with kisses—squeezing the cat to a thread-paper—scampering down the garden to see if his beans were come up—unhitching his hoop from the nail, and flinging it away, to run and see whether the grey colt was in the home croft—scrambling upon the back of his unbroken favourite, and racing round the field, holding on by its mane, not a jot the worse—as a finale—for being pitched right into the privet hedge, from whence, half rolling, half scrambling out into the garden, he came crawling up the gravel walk on all fours, with that characteristic disregard of seriousness and propriety, which had so early evinced itself, in despite of his father's solemn admonitions and decorous example. Fortunately, on the present occasion, Andrew was absent unharnessing the mare, and there was nothing new to Jenny in the uncouth performance. When the first ebullition of joy had subsided, (or rather when the animal spirits were sobered by actual exhaustion,) Josiah was well content to sit on his little stool beside his father, close by the bright warm hearth, while Jenny lit the candle, and set on the kettle, and brought out the cups and saucers, and Josiah's own basin, full of the red cow's milk, set by for him at that evening's milking, and the hot oat-cake, prepared for his especial regale. Then came the time for question and answer, and the father made minute inquiry into all school particulars, and his brow contracted a little, when Joey confessed that his three sixpences were gone; yea, melted away, expended to the last fraction; yet *how*, he could by no means explain even to his own satisfaction, though he counted over and over again, upon his little fat fingers, sundry purchases of pies, crabs, gingerbread, marbles, and pennyworths of brown sugar; the enumeration whereof by no means tended to unknit the puckers in his father's brow, who, for that time, however, contented himself with a *short* lecture on prodigal expenditure. But Joey's bosom laboured with matter more important, and his little heart swelled indignantly, as, with a quivering lip, and broken voice, he began to recount a long list of the insults and mortifications to which he had been subjected. He had been the butt of the whole school, twirled about like a te-totum; while one pretended to admire the fashion of his clothes, and another asked if they were made by Adam's tailor; and a third, if his hat had belonged to his great-grand-father; and with that, clapping it on the crown, till his little face was buried th

in, and the broad brim rested on his shoulders, they called him little Aminadab, and bandying him about thus blindfold from one to the other, bade him complain to his dad, old "Praise-God-barebones;" and then the poor little boy revealed to the indignant eyes of his father and Jenny, an awful fracture, which, in the progress of these mischievous sports, had nearly dissevered one of his long coat-flaps, though the maid of the house had hastily tacked up the rent when his father called for him. Darker and darker Andrew's countenance had waxed, as he listened to the detail of these atrocities. Fearful was the contraction of his brow, the dilatation of his nostril, and the compression of his thin straight lips, when Joey, with an apprehensive side-glance and a suppressed tone of horror, pronounced the opprobrious cognomen which had been so irreverently applied to his own sacred person; and by the time all was unfolded, he had well nigh made up his mind that his son should return no more to the companionship of such daring reprobates; but Andrew Cleaves was seldom guilty of hasty decision; and when his displeasure had had time to cool, and he found reason to be satisfied on the whole with Joey's further report of school progress, he thought it expedient to gulp down the unpalatable part of the narration, and to reconduct his son to the Rev. Mr. Jerk's Academy at the expiration of the Sabbath holiday.

That Sabbath had passed like all former ones at the cottage, undistinguished by any additional gleam of cheerfulness or innocent recreation; and by the time it was half over, Joey began to think of the morrow, and his return to school, with less repugnance than on the preceding evening. When Monday came, indeed, *home* was *home* again; and when the cart was ready, Joey ascended it rather dejectedly, consoling himself, however, with the thought, that Saturday would come round again in five days. Joey's calculations were correct for once—Saturday came in five days, and he was fetched home again, and again returned rapturously to all its delights; and this time he had no grievance to relate; no, not though his broad-brimmed beaver had been clipped to a porringer, and his whole raiment exhibited such woful dilapidation, as to set at naught all Jenny's repairing ingenuity, for both coat-flaps were gone—annihilated, irremediably abstracted—having been, (as strongly indicated by certain suspicious appearances) actually singed off from the dishonoured garment. Still, in spite of Jenny's dismay, and his father's indignation, Joey persisted that all was well: that he was now "very good friends with his schoolfellows; that they were only very funny fellows; and if they *had* burnt off his coat-tails, a jacket was much more comfortable and convenient, especially for playing at leap-frog."

In short, so perversely resigned was Master Joey to the docking which had been inflicted on his "good grey frieze," that it might have been shrewdly inferred he had had a hand in the operation. Happily for him, no such suspicion insinuated itself into his father's mind, who was, however, highly scandalized at the whole proceeding, and carried into effect his

determination of laying it before the Rev. Mr. Jerk, when Josiah returned to school. A conference with that gentleman had, however, the effect, not only of prevailing on Andrew to pass over in silence the illegal curtailment of his son's week-day garb, but to permit the whole suit, as well as that set apart for Sundays, to be so far modernized as no longer to subject the boy to the practical jokes of his mischievous companions.

Happy had it been for Andrew Cleaves if his parental disquietude had been excited by no causes more serious than the aforementioned: But, alas! innumerable vexations sprang up to embitter that weekly reunion with his child, at first so delightful to both parties. Every succeeding Saturday diminished Joey's eagerness to return to his home, his former pleasures, and his dumb favourites. Every succeeding Sunday beneath the paternal roof, hung heavier upon him than the former; and as his impatience increased, his weariness became more apparent, and the lessons of manly independence he had begun to learn among his playfellows, manifested their fruits in such acts of contumacy, as called down stern rebuke, and sometimes severe chastisement, from the hitherto indulgent father,—though Joey still stood too much in awe of the latter to venture on very open rebellion. So he became sullen, and silent, and incommunicative; and the unfortunate result of the father's undue severity, was to impress on the mind of the hitherto thoughtless and frank-tempered boy, the expediency of keeping to himself those idle frolics and venial trespasses, which, on his return from school, had been boasted of, and confessed with an innocent confidence, it should have been Andrew's care to confirm and encourage. But Andrew, with all his fancied wisdom, was profoundly ignorant of the milder arts of training; and it was really on Scripture principles, erroneously applied, that as the boy grew older, he thought it his duty to treat him with increased severity, and to rebuke, with uncompromising sternness, those venial lapses, which, when candidly confessed, should have been commented on with lenient gentleness. Very soon Josiah learnt to anticipate the Sabbath holiday as a weekly penance, and ample amends did he make himself for its dullness and restraint, when he found himself once more among his merry mates in the school play-ground; and very soon Joey was noted for the most daring spirit of the whole riotous assemblage—"Up to every thing!"—The leader of all conspiracies—the foremost in all mischief—the most enterprising in all dangers—and, what was more remarkable, the readiest and most ingenious at equivocations, inventions, and even unblushing falsehood, in cases of suspicion or detection. But as he became more knowing in all evil experience, his home deportment gradually manifested such an alteration as rejoiced the heart, and, at length, excited the highest hopes, of the credulous parent, whose boasted penetration failed him in detecting even the earliest artifices of infant cunning.

Joey's natural shrewdness soon found out the vulnerable points of his father's character; and that by affecting to copy his serious car-

riage and sententious speech, and now and then bringing home a new Psalm tune, or quoting a Scripture text, or relating, with well-feigned abhorrence, some anecdote of a reprobate schoolfellow—or pleading his want of some useful book, the old man was even prevailed on to undraw the strings of his canvass bag; and the young hypocrite's glee at obtaining substantial proofs of his ingenuity, was enhanced by his public triumph, when he rehearsed, in the circle of his thoughtless schoolmates, the "capital acting" with which he had "come over the old gentleman."

In short, Master Joey's proficiency in these thriving arts was such as would have done credit to an older head, and the pupil of a more fashionable establishment; and as his attainments in the ostensible branches of his education really kept pace with his supernumerary accomplishments, all went on seemingly as well as heart could wish; and Andrew's ambitious views for his son's future advancement took firm root in the groundwork of these fair appearances.

Andrew Cleaves was not a man to lay down plans with reservations—to make provident allowance for unforeseen circumstances—or to leave much to Providence. Neither did he ever decide in haste; but having once come to a determination, it was seldom qualified with the mental proviso—"If it please God."

So well considered, so fully matured, and so irrevocably fixed, were his parental plans.

Though still abiding in his father's humble cottage, and (comparatively with many of his neighbours) farming in a small way, Andrew Cleaves had contrived to scrape together a sum of money, on which many a more dashing spirit would have set up a one-horse chay, taken out a shooting license, and drank his bottle of port daily. But our farmer's ambition aimed at more remote objects. His savings were snugly deposited in a banking house at C—; where, however, they by no means lay in unprofitable security; and on certain considerations arranged among the parties concerned, certain engagements had been entered into, that, at a competent age, the young Josiah should be received as a clerk in the establishment; and from that office be further advanced, as after circumstances should warrant. Andrew uttered not a word of these projects to any human being, but he brooded over them in his own heart, till the grand object seemed so secure of attainment—so built up by prudence, and foresight, and calculation, as to bid defiance to all adverse circumstances of time, and change, and even of death itself. Poor man! And yet the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of worldly things, and the snares of riches and honours, were ever in his talk, and in his morbid seriousness of aspect.

Matters went on smoothly on the whole, till Joey had been full two years at school, and his third summer holidays were approaching.

They were no longer anticipated with the same impatient longing which had drawn his heart towards home in his earlier school-days; but still there were home pleasures, and home indulgences, not attainable at school, and foremost of those ranked the privilege of being master of his own time, and of the grey colt, now

become a well-disciplined, yet spirited steed, and destined to succeed to the functions of blind Dobbin, whose faithful career was fast drawing to a close.

In the mean time, Joey was permitted to call young Greybeard his horse, and was indulged in the pride and happiness of driving it himself the first time its services were put in requisition to fetch him home for the Christmas holidays. But when the summer vacation arrived, Joey's return was ordained to be in far other and less triumphant order. It so chanced, that on the very day of breaking up, a great annual fair was held at C—, which was looked forward to as a grand festival by the boys whose parents and friends were resident there. These youngsters had vaunted its delights to Joey, and one especial friend and crony had invited his schoolfellow to go with him to his own house, and stay the two days of the fair. Now it unluckily fell out that these identical two days occurred at a season most important to Andrew—just as his hay-harvest was getting in, and there was reason to expect the breaking up of a long spell of dry weather. So when Joey returned to school on the Monday, he was enjoined to tell his master (with whom Andrew had no time for parance), that it would not be convenient for his father to fetch him home the ensuing Thursday, or indeed (on the account before-mentioned) till the Saturday evening.

Andrew, engrossed by his rural concerns, had not thought of the fair, of which Joey took especial care not to remind him, as he well knew, that were he to give the least hint of his schoolfellow's invitation, and his own vehement longing to accept it, his father would fetch him away at the risk of sacrificing his whole hay crop, rather than leave him exposed to the danger of mixing in such a scene of abomination.

Master Joey, whose genius was of a very inventive nature, soon arranged in his own mind a neat little scheme, which would enable him to partake the prohibited delights, unsuspected by his father or the Rev. Mr. Jerk; so trimming up to his own purpose his father's message to that gentleman, he ingeniously substituted for the request that he might be allowed to stay at school till Saturday,—an intimation that he had obtained parental permission to accept his schoolfellow's invitation for the fair days, and that a neighbour's cart would take him home on Friday evening from the house of his friend's parents. Joey had his own plans for getting home too when the fun was over, and of managing matters so dexterously, that the truth should never transpire either to his father or master. The latter was easily imposed on by the boy's specious story; and when Thursday arrived, Joey, taking with him his little bundle of Sunday clothes, and his whole hoard of pence and sixpences, left school in high spirits with a party of his playmates.

Andrew Cleaves, mean time, got in his crops prosperously, and, exhausted as he was by a hard day's labour, set out on Saturday evening to fetch home the expecting boy. Poor Greybeard was tired also, for he too had worked hard all day; but he was a spirited, willing creature, and went off freely, as if he knew his or-

rand, and rejoiced at the thought of bringing home his young master. So the farmer and his vehicle arrived in good time at the door of the Academy, but Andrew looked towards it in vain, and at the upper and lower windows, for the happy little face that had been wont to look out for him on such occasions.

The servant girl who opened the door looked surprised when Andrew inquired for his son; and still greater astonishment appeared in Mr. Jerk's countenance, when he stepped forward and heard the reiterated inquiry. A brief and mutual explanation ensued—a grievous one to the agitated father, whose feelings may be well imagined—irritated as well as anxious feelings, for on hearing the master's story, little doubt remained in his mind, but that the truant was still harboured at the house of his favourite schoolfellow. But the intelligence promptly obtained there, was of a nature to create the most serious alarm. The parents of Josiah's friend informed Andrew, that his boy had accompanied *their* son home when the school broke up on Thursday morning—they having willingly granted the request of the latter, that his playfellow might be allowed to stay with him till an opportunity occurred (of which he was in expectation) of his returning to his father's the next evening. That after dinner the two boys had sallied out into the fair together, from which *their* son returned about dark without his companion, with the account that they had been separated the latter part of the day, but that just as he began to tire of looking about for his schoolfellow, Josiah had touched him hastily on the shoulder, saying, a neighbour of his father's, who guessed he was playing truant, insisted on taking him home in his own cart, and that he *must* go that moment. This was all the boy had to tell—and that Josiah vanished in the crowd so suddenly, he could not see who was with him. Vain were all possible inquiries in all directions. The distracted father could only learn further, that his child had been seen by many persons standing with his friend at many booths and stalls, and, at last, quite alone in a show-booth, belonging to a set of tight-rope and wire dancers, and of equestrian performers—with some of these he seemed to have made acquaintance, and among them he was last observed. That troop had quitted C— the same night, and having fine horses and a light caravan, must have travelled expeditiously, and were probably already at a considerable distance; nor could the route they had taken be easily ascertained after they had passed through the turnpike, which had been about ten o'clock at night. Now it was, that Andrew Cleaves, in the agony of his distress, would have given half his worldly substance to have obtained tidings—but the least favourable tidings of his lost child—for dreadful thoughts, and fearful imaginings, suggested themselves, aggravating the horrors of uncertainty. There was no *positive* reason for belief that the boy had left C— with the itinerant troop. A rapid river ran by the town—there was a deep canal also—and then—the wharf—crowded with barges—between which—but Andrew was not one to brood over imaginary horrors in hopeless inaction, and the opinion of others encouraged him to hope that

his son had only been lured away by the equestrian mountebanks. With the earliest dawn, therefore, mounted on the young powerful grey, he was away from C—, and (according to the clew at last obtained) in the track of the itinerants. But they were far in advance, and soon after passing through the turnpike, had struck into cross country-roads and by-ways, so that the pursuit was necessarily tedious and difficult; and Andrew was unused to travelling, having never before adventured twenty miles beyond his native place. No wonder that he was sorely jaded in body and mind, when he put up for the night at a small town about thirty miles from C—, through which he ascertained, however, that the caravan, with its escort, had passed early in the morning of the preceding day—that the troop, while stopping to bait, had talked of Carlisle as their next place of exhibition; and had, in fact, struck into the great north road when they proceeded on their way. Andrew could gain no intelligence whether a boy, such as he described, accompanied the party. It having been very early in the morning when they baited their horses at —, the females of the band and children (if there were any) were still asleep within the closed caravan.

So Andrew proceeded with a heavy heart, but a spirit of determined perseverance—and his pursuit (now that he was fairly on the track of its object) was comparatively easy.

About mid-day, in mercy to his beast, as well as to recruit his own strength, he halted at a hedge alehouse, when, having unsaddled Greybeard, and seen that he was taken care of, he entered the kitchen and called for refreshment. There were many persons drinking and talking in the place, and Andrew failed not to make his customary inquiries, which awakened an immediate clamour of tongues—every one being ready with some information relating to the troop Andrew was in pursuit of. Such was the confusion of voices, however, that he was kept for a moment in painful suspense, when a decent-looking woman, (apparently a traveller,) who was taking her quiet meal in one corner of the kitchen, came hastily forward, and laying her hand on Andrew's arm, and looking earnestly in his face, exclaimed,—“After what are ye asking, master? Is it for a stray lamb ye're seeking—and havn't I seen your face before?” Andrew shook like a leaf. The man of stern temper and iron nerves, shook like an aspen leaf, while the woman looked and spoke thus earnestly—“Have ye, have ye found him?—have ye found my boy?” was all he could stammer out. “You are a stranger to me; but God bless you, if you can give me back my boy!”

“I am not a stranger to you, Andrew Cleaves; and I can give you back your boy; and the Lord bless him for your sake, for you saved me and mine, and took us in, and gave us meat and drink when we were ready to perish. Come your ways with me, Andrew Cleaves; but soft and quiet, for the laddy's in a precious sleep. He *has* come to hurt, but the Merciful watched over him.”

So she led him softly and silently through a little back kitchen, and up a steep dark stair, into a small upper chamber, before the case-

ment of which a checked apron was pinned up, to exclude the full glow of light from the uncurtained bed. Softly and silently, with finger on her lip, she drew him on to the side of that humble bed, and there, indeed, fast locked in sleep, in sweet untroubled sleep, lay the little thoughtless one, whose disappearance had inflicted such cruel anxiety and distress.

The boy was sleeping sweetly, but his cheeks and lips were almost colourless; a thick linen bandage was bound round his head; and over one temple, a soft fair curl, that had escaped from the fillet, was dyed and stuck together with clotted blood. Andrew shuddered at the sight; but the woman repeated her whispered assurance, that there was no serious injury. Then the father knelt softly down beside his recovered darling, his head bent low over the little tremulous hand that lay upon the patchwork-counterpane. Almost involuntarily his lips approached it; but he refrained himself by a strong effort, and, throwing back his head, lifted his eyes to Heaven, in an ecstasy of silent gratitude; and, one after another, large tears rolled down over the rough, hard-featured face, every muscle of which quivered with powerful emotion. Yes, for the first time in his life, Andrew Cleaves poured out his whole heart in gratitude to his Creator in the presence of a fellow-creature; and when he arose from his knees, so far was he from shrinking abased and humiliated from the eyes that were upon him, that, turning to the woman, and strongly grasping her hands in his own, he said, softly and solemnly, "Now I see of a truth, that a man may cast his bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days. I gave thee and thine orphan babe a little food and a night's shelter, and thou restorest to me my child. While Andrew Cleaves has a morsel of bread, thou shalt share it with him." And he was as good as his word; and from that hour, whatever were, in other respects, his still inveterate habits of thrift and parsimony, Andrew Cleaves was never known to "turn away his face from any poor man."

By degrees all particulars relating to Joey's disappearance and his providential recovery, were circumstantially unravelled. The little varlet had been accidentally separated from his schoolfellow, and while gaping about the fair in search of him, had straggled towards the large showy booth, where feats of rope-dancing and horsemanship were exhibited. Long he stood absorbed in wondering admiration of the Merry-Andrew's antic gestures, and the spangled draperies and nodding plumes of the beautiful lady who condescended to twirl the tambourine, and foot it aloft, "with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," for the recreation of the gaping multitude. Others of the troop came in and out on the airy stage, inviting the "ladies and gentlemen" below to walk in, with such bland and cordial hospitality, that Joey thought it quite irresistible, and was just stepping under the canvass when a strong arm arrested him, and a splendid gentleman, in scarlet and gold, demanded the price of entrance. That was not at Joey's command, for all his copper hoard was already expended, so he was shrinking back, abashed and mortified, when one or two idlers of the band, probably seeing something

promising about him, and that he was a pretty, sprightly, well-limbed lad, whose appearance might do credit to their honourable profession, entered into a parley with him, and soon made out that he was playing truant at that very moment, and apparently blessed with such adventurous genius, as, with a little encouragement, might induce him to join the company, and succeed to the functions of a sharp limber urchin, of whom inexorable death had lately deprived them. So Joey was let in gratis; and there he was soon translated into the seventh heaven of wonder and delight at the superhuman performances of his new acquaintances. He had, as it were, an innate passion for horses, and the equestrian feats threw him into fits of ecstasy. Then all the gentlemen and ladies were so good-natured and so funny! and one gave him a penny-pie, and another a drop of something strong and good; and then the manager himself—a very grand personage—told him, if he liked, he should wear a blue and silver jacket, and ride that beautiful piebald, with its tail tied up with flame-coloured ribbons. That clinched the bargain; and in a perfect bewilderment of emulation and ambition—wonder and gratitude—gin and flattery—poor Joey suffered himself to be enrolled in "The Royal Equestrian Troop of Signor Angelo Galopo, di Canterini."

Forthwith was he equipped in the azure vestments of the deceased Bobby, and indulged with five minutes' sitting on the back of the beautiful piebald; after which, on the close of the day's performance, he made one of the jovial and uncereemonious party round a plentiful board, where he played his part with such right good will, and was so liberally helped to certain cordial potations, that long before the end of the banquet, his head dropt on the shoulder of his fair neighbour, the lovely Columbine, and in a moment he was fast locked in such profound slumber, that he stirred not hand or foot, till so late the next morning, that the caravan (in a snug birth, whereof he had been securely deposited) had long passed the small town, where Andrew had halted on his first day's chase.

Joey's awakening sensations were nearly as astonishing as those of Abon Hassan, when he unclosed his eyes in his own mean mansion, after his waking vision of exaltation to the throne of the Caliph. Poor Joey, who had fallen asleep in the intoxication of supreme enjoyment and gratified vanity, among knights and ladies, glittering with gold and spangles, himself radiant in all the glories of the blue and silver, and the fancied master of the prancing piebald—found himself, on awaking, stowed away into a corner of the dark, suffocating, jolting caravan, of course divested of his finery, huddled up on a bag of straw, and covered with a filthy horse-rug. The whole ambulating dormitory was heaped with similar bedding, from which peeped out heads and arms and dirty faces, which Josiah was some time in assigning to the blooming heroines of the preceding evening. At last, however, he satisfied himself of the identity of the lovely Columbine; and as she lay within reach, and had taken him under her especial protection, he made bold to pluck her rather uncereemoniously by the outstretch-

arm, which salutation had the desired effect of rousing the fair one from her innocent slumbers, but only long enough to obtain, for Joey, a sound box of the ear, and a drowsily-muttered command, "to lie still, for a little troublesome rascal." So there he lay, half frightened, and half repentant, and quite disgusted with his close and unsavoury prison, from whence his thoughts wandered away to the pleasant cottage on the thymy common—his clean, sweet, little chamber, where the honeysuckle looked in at the window—his breakfast of new milk and sweet brown bread—his own little garden and his bee-hives, and Graybeard, that paragon of earth-born steeds. But then came in review, the rival glories of the piebald, and Joey's remorseful feelings became less troublesome, and he longed ardently for the hour of emancipation. It came at last; a brief and unceremonious toilet was despatched by the female group; and great was Joey's indignation, when, in lieu of the silver and azure, or his own good raiment, he was compelled to dress himself in the every day suit of his deceased predecessor—a most villanous compound of greasy tatters, which, had he dared, he would have spurned from him with contemptuous loathing; but a very short experience, and the convincing language of a few hearty cuffs, accompanied with no tender expletives, had satisfied him of the danger of rebellion, and he was fain to gulp down his rising choler, and the scraps of last night's meal, which were chucked over to him, as his portion of the slovenly breakfast.

In the mean time, the door and little square window of the caravan had been thrown open, and at last the machine came to a full stop on the high-road, by a hedge-side, and the ladder was hooked to the high door-way, and the manager, who, with his spouse, had occupied a back compartment of the van, descended to review his cavalry, while the equestrians snatched a hasty meal dispensed to them by their associated Hebes.

There was the piebald shining in the morning sun, in all the perfection of piebald beauty—pawing, and sidling, and curving inward his graceful neck, and small elegant head, as if impatient of the rein by which he was led at the side of a large Flemish-looking mare. At sight of his appointed palfrey, Joey was about to scramble down the ladder after Signor Angelo, when the latter most uncourtously repelled him, with such a push as sent him sprawling backwards on the floor of the caravan, and more than revived his late incipient feelings of disgust and repentance. But now the whole party, females and all, held parley of no very amicable nature about the door of their migratory council-chamber. The success of the late performance at C— had by no means been such as to sweeten the manager's temper, or to harmonize the "many minds" he had to deal with; and loud, and surly, and taunting accusations and recriminations were bandied about, the most acrimonious of which, Joey soon gathered, related to himself, and to some dispute respecting him, which had occurred the preceding night, after they had deposited him in his luxurious resting place. It appeared, that some of the party had even then begun to think

with apprehension of the danger to which they exposed themselves by the abduction of a boy, whose father had ample means to pursue and punish them, should he discover that his son had left C— in their company. These prudent suggestions were made light of by others of the troop, words had run high even then, and the insides and outsides had arranged themselves for the night in no very placable moods. During the many silent hours of darkness, they had joggled and jolted in company; almost every one, however, in his secret mind, came over to the side of the doubters, and when at last they halted and called council, each accused the other of having caused the present dilemma. From words they proceeded to rough arguments, and at length to something very near a general battle, in which their fair companions, descended from "their high estate," took part so heartily, that Joey, finding himself quite unobserved, seized the opportunity to scramble down after them; but in his haste to reach *terra firma*, he missed his footing, and fell headlong among the horses, already fretted and fidgety at the disorder of their riders, so that Joey's sudden precipitation set them rearing and pawing furiously, and he—the luckless truant!—received such a kick on the head, from the hard hoof of the ungrateful piebald, as not only completely stunned him, but left him such a ghastly and bloody spectacle, as stilled in a moment the uproar of the conflicting parties, and made them unanimous in their apprehensions of the serious consequences in which they might all be involved, should the accident prove fatal, of which there was every appearance. The child had ceased to breathe—not the faintest pulsation was perceptible. The panic became general, and the decision immediate, to consider their own safety, by moving on as fast as possible, leaving the unhappy boy (who was pronounced quite dead) on the grass bank by the road side.

In two minutes the troop was in motion—in ten more, quite out of sight—and there lay poor Joey to all appearance a corpse, and soon to have become one in reality, but for the providential intervention of that poor woman, by whom Andrew Cleaves was conducted to the bedside of his recovered child. That woman (as she briefly explained to Andrew on their stealthy progress towards the little chamber) was, indeed, the poor Soldier's widow, who, with her orphan babe, had owed to his compassion in her utmost need, the reasonable mercy of a night's lodging and a wholesome meal; and she had never forgotten the name of her benefactor, nor thought of him without a grateful prayer. She had travelled far on to her dead husband's birth place in the Scotch Highlands, to claim, for his orphan and herself, the protection and assistance of his kindred. Her claims had not been disallowed, and among them she had dwelt contentedly till her child died. Then she began to feel herself a stranger among strangers, and her heart yearned towards her own country and kinsfolk; and she wrote a letter home to her own place, Manchester, the answer to which told her, that her friends, who were too poor to help her when she was left a widow, were now bettered in circumstances, and would give her a home and

welcome; and that, now she had no living hinderance, she might obtain a comfortable subsistence by resuming her early labours at the loom.

So she set out for her native place, a leisurely foot traveller, for she was no longer unprovided with means to secure a decent resting place, and a wholesome meal; and she it was, who, having so far proceeded on her way, had discovered the young runaway lying by the way-side in the condition before described. Her feelings (the feelings of a childless mother!) needed no incentive to place her in a moment beside the forlorn deserted child, whose head she tenderly lifted on her bosom, and parting off the thickly clotted hair, bound her own handkerchief about his bleeding temples. There was water within reach, with which she laved his face and hands, and had soon the joy of perceiving a tremulous motion of the lips and eyelids—and at last the boy breathed audibly, and his fair blue eyes unclosed, and he uttered a few words of wonder and distress, among which—"Oh, father! father!" were most intelligible, and to the woman's gentle inquiry of "who was his father? and did he live far off?" he answered faintly, that he was the son of Andrew Cleaves, who lived at Redburn. A second fit of insensibility succeeded those few words, but they were sufficient for the widow. Providence had sent her to save (she trusted) the child of her benefactor, and all her homely but well-directed energies were called into action. Partly carrying him in her own arms, and partly by casual assistance, she succeeded in conveying him to the nearest dwelling, that small way-side inn. There he was put comfortably to bed, and medical aid obtained promptly—the longer delay of which must have proved fatal. And then a message was sent off to Farmer Cleaves, (a man and horse, for that poor woman was a creature of noble spirit, and impatient to relieve the father's misery,) and then the widow quietly took her station by the pillow of the little sufferer. His head had undergone a second dressing, and the surgeon had pronounced, that all would go well with him, if he were kept for a time in perfect quiet. It need not be told how rigidly that injunction was attended to, nor how carefully, when he was in a state to be removed, the father conveyed back his truant child to the shelter of his own peaceful cottage—nor how anxiously he was nursed up there to decided convalescence—nor how solemnly, yet tenderly, when the boy was so far recovered, his father set before him the magnitude of his offence, and the fatal consequences which had so nearly resulted from it. Joey wept sore, and looked down with becoming humility, and promised, over and over again, and really with a sincere intention, never, never again to give his father cause for uneasiness or displeasure.

Time travelled on—school-days and holidays revolved in regular succession—and Joey comported himself just well enough to gain the character of a very good scholar in school, and a very idle dog out of it, except at home and in his father's sight, when he comported himself with such a show of sanctity and correctness, as was quite edifying to behold, and too

easily lulled to rest the awakened caution of the still credulous old man.

Andrew had continued his son at the academy to an unusually advanced period of youth, from the difficulty of knowing how to dispose of and employ him profitably, during the interregnum between school and the earliest time of admission in the counting-house, where, at the proper age, he was to be articulated. At last, however, in consideration of his really forward and excellent abilities, the gentlemen of the firm consented to receive him; and now the time arrived when the human bark was to be launched from its supporting cradle into the tumultuous stream of active life. Inasmuch as it advanced him, in his own estimation, to the honour and dignity of confirmed manhood, Josiah was elated at the change; but had he been left to follow the lead of his own inclinations, to a surety *they* would not have hoisted him up with a pen behind his ear, before a dingy desk, in a dark gloomy counting-house, there to pore away the precious hours he could have disposed of so much more agreeably. Had Joey been allowed to choose his own lot in life, to a certainty he would have enrolled himself a bold dragoon, a dashing lancer, a trooper of some denomination,—any thing that would have him clothed in a showy uniform, and given him the command of a horse; but all military professions were so abhorrent to Andrew Cleaves, that he would as lieve have placed his son in the Devil's Own, as in "The King's Own," and the boy was too well aware of his father's inveterate prejudices, even to hint at his own longings; still less did he hazard the more debasing avowal, that he would have preferred the situation of a dashing groom to a station at the desk; and that to be a jockey! a *real*, *knowing* Newmarket jockey! (he had heard a vast deal about Newmarket,) would have been the climax of his ambition. Happy disposition, to qualify him for the staid clerk of a commercial establishment! But knowing the decree was irrevocable, he submitted to it with a tolerably good grace, consoling himself with the reflection, that many young men so situated were nevertheless very fine fellows, and contrived, at odd hours, evenings, and holidays, to indemnify themselves very tolerably for their hours of durance vile. He had great confidence, moreover, that good fortune would introduce him to some of those choice spirits, whose experience would initiate him into many useful secrets.

Joey's expectations were but too well founded; temptation lies in wait for youth at every turning and by-path; but when youth starts with the design of voluntarily entering her fatal snare, the toils are wound about the prey with treble strength, and rarely, if ever, is it disentangled. Joey was soon the associate and hero of all the idle and dissolute youth in C—, the hero of cock-fights, of bull-baitings, of the ring of the skittle ground, of every low, cruel, and debasing sport, that prepares the way, by sure and rapid advances, through all the gradations of guilt, towards the jail, the convict ship, and the scaffold.

Nevertheless, for a considerable time, Josiah contrived to keep up a very fair character with his employers—so clear and prompt was his de-

patch of business, and (with very few exceptions) so punctual and assiduous his attention to office hours. Beyond those seasons, their watchfulness extended not, and no glaring misdemeanour, on the part of their young clerk, had yet awakened any degree of suspicious vigilance.

The heart of Andrew Cleaves, was, therefore, gladdened by such reports of his son's official conduct, as, coming from so respectable a quarter, were, in his estimation, sufficient surety of general good conduct, and he was consequently lulled into a fatal security, not even invaded by any of those vague and flying rumours, which generally lead the way to painful but important discoveries. Andrew Cleaves had no friends, it could scarcely be said, any acquaintance—alas! it is to be feared, no well-wishers. Beyond the cold concerns of business, he had maintained no intercourse with his fellow men. His world was a contracted span; two objects of interest occupied it wholly—his wealth and his son. But there was no equipoise between the scales that held those treasures. He would not, in Shylock's place, have been in suspense between "his ducats and his daughter."

Gold had been his idol, till superseded by that living claimant, to whose imagined good all other considerations became secondary and subservient, and for whom (looking to worldly aggrandizement as the grand point of attainment, though Andrew talked well of "the one thing needful") he continued to improve upon his habits of parsimony and accumulation, so as to deny himself the common comforts becoming necessary to his advancing years. But the hard gripe occasionally relaxed at the persuasive voice of Josiah's eloquence; and that hopeful youth, as he advanced in the ways of iniquity, made especial progress in its refined arts of specious hypocrisy, to which, alas! his early training had too favourably disposed him.

It would be a tedious and distasteful task minutely to trace the progressive steps by which Josiah attained that degree of hardened profligacy, which marked his character by the time he had completed his nineteenth year—the second of his clerkship in Messrs. — counting-house. The marvel is, that his seat on the high office stool had not been vacated long before the expiration of that period. The eyes of his employers had for some time been open to his disreputable and ruinous courses. Their keen observation was of course upon him in all matters that could in any way affect their own interests; and at length, on that account, as well as from more conscientious motives, which ought to have had earlier influence, they deemed it requisite to arouse the fears of the still deluded parent, and to recommend his interference, to avert, if possible, the dangerous career of his infatuated son. Alas! it was a cruel caution, for it came too late. Too late, except to excite the father's fears to a sudden pitch of agony, which provoked him to bitter upbraidings, and violent denunciations, and thus contributed to sear the already corrupted heart of the insensate youth, and to accelerate his desperate plunge into irretrievable ruin.

It was well known at C—— that Andrew Cleaves had (for a man in his station) amassed

considerable wealth, and that his idolized and only son would inherit it undivided; and in that confidence, there were not wanting ventures and unprincipled persons, who not only gave him credit in the way of trade, to an unwarrantable amount, but even advanced him loans from time to time, on the speculation of future repayment, with usurious interest. By such means, added to the not inconsiderable gratifications he at different times obtained from his father, under various specious pretences, Josiah had been enabled to run a course of low and profligate extravagance, far exceeding any thing which had entered into the suspicions of his employers, or the tardily aroused apprehensions of the distressed father. Among the threats of that abused parent, there was one which Josiah doubted not would be promptly executed—a public advertisement in C——, that Andrew Cleaves held himself no-wise answerable for any debts his son might think proper to contract—an exposure which would not only cut him off from all future supplies, but probably create such distrust of his hitherto undoubted heirship, as to bring forward all the claims standing against him, and irritate his father, beyond hope of accommodation.

But the idea of absconding from C—— had long been familiar to Josiah, and he had for some time past been connected with a set of characters, whose daring exploits, and communication with the metropolis, had fired his ambition to emulate the former, and to transfer his genius to a theatre more worthy its enterprising capabilities. Yet Josiah's heart was not quite hardened. It had not lost all pleasant remembrance of his days of boyish happiness—of the indulgences of his father's dwelling, and of the repressed, but ill-dissembled fondness of that doating parent, whose proud and severe nature had even accommodated itself to offices of womanly tenderness, for the feeble infant left motherless to his care.

There were still moments—even in the circle of his vile associates—even in the concerting their infamous schemes—or while the profane oath still volleyed from his tongue—and the roar of riotous mirth and licentious song resounded—there were moments, even then, when recollection of better things flashed across his mind, like angels' wings athwart the pit of darkness, and he shuddered with transient horror at the appalling contrast.

The faint gleam of such a mental vision still haunted him at the breaking up of a riotous meeting, during which he had finally arranged with his confederates the plan which was to remove him (probably for ever!) from C—— and its vicinity.

"But I will have one more look at the old place before I go," suddenly resolved Josiah, when he had parted from his companions. "At least I will have a last look at the outside of the walls—though I can't go in—I can't face the old man, before I leave him—he would not pass over what can't be undone—and there's no going back now—but I will see the old place again."

It was late on the Sabbath evening when Josiah formed this sudden resolution, and so quickly was it carried into effect, that it wanted

near an hour to midnight when he reached the low boundary of the cottage garden.

It was a calm, delicious night of ripening Spring—so hushed and still, you might have heard the falling showers of overblown apple blossoms. Josiah lingered for a moment with his hand on the garden wicket; and while he thus tarried, was startled by a sudden but familiar sound from the adjacent close. It was the nickering salutation of his old friend Greybeard, who, having perceived, with fine instinct, the approach of his young master and quondam playmate, came forward, as in days of yore, to the holly hedge, which divided his pasture from the garden, and poking his white nose through the old gap betwixt the hawthorn and the gate, greeted him with that familiar nicker.

"Ah, old boy! is it thou?" said the youth, in a low hurried voice, as he stooped a moment to stroke the face of his faithful favourite. "Dost thou bid me welcome home, old fellow? Well—that's something!" and a short unnatural laugh finished the sentence, as he turned from the loving creature, and with quick, but noiseless steps, passed up the garden walk to the front of the quiet cottage.

Quiet as the grave it stood in the flood of moonlight—its lonely tenant had long since gone to rest; and no beam from hearth or taper streamed through the diamond panes of the small casements.

The Prodigal gazed for a moment on the white walls—on the honey-suckle already flowering round his own casement—then stepped within the porch, and softly, and fearfully, as it were, raised his hand to the latch—which, however, he lifted not—only softly laid his hand upon it, and so, with eyes rooted to the ground, stood motionless for a few minutes, till the upraised arm dropt heavily; and with something very like a sigh, he turned from the door of his father's dwelling, to retrace his steps towards C—.

Yet once again in his way down the garden path, he turned to look on the home he was forsaking. At that moment the evil spirit slept within him, and his better nature was stirring in his heart. The repose of night—its "beauty of holiness"—the healing influence of the pure fresh air—the sight of that familiar scene—nay, the fond greeting of his dumb favourite—the thought for what purpose he was there—and of the old man who slept within those silent walls, unconscious of the shock impending over him in the desertion of his only child—all these things crowded together with softening influence into the heart of that unhappy boy, as he turned a farewell look upon the quiet cottage—and just then a sound from within smote his ear faintly. At first, a faint, low sound, which deepened by degrees into a more audible murmur, and proceeded surely from his father's chamber. Josiah started—"Was the old man ill?" he questioned with himself—"Ill and alone!" and without farther parley, he stepped quickly but noiselessly to the low casement, and still cautiously avoiding the possibility of being seen from within, gazed earnestly between the vine-leaves through the closed lattice. The interior of the small chamber was quite visible in the pale

moonshine—so distinctly visible that Josiah could even distinguish his father's large silver watch hanging at the bed's head in its nightly place—and on that bed two pillows were yet laid side by side, (it was the old man's eccentric humour) as in the days when his innocent child shared with him that now solitary couch. But neither pillow had been pressed that night—the bed was still unoccupied—and beside it knelt Andrew Cleaves, visibly in an agony of prayer—for his upraised hands were clasped above the now bald and furrowed brow. His head was flung far back in the fervour of supplication—and though the eyelids were closed, the lips yet quivered with those murmuring accents, which, in the deep stillness of midnight, had reached Josiah's ear and drawn him to the spot. It was a sight to strike daggers to the heart of the ungrateful child, who knew too well, who felt too assuredly, that for him, offending as he was, that agonizing prayer was breathed—that his undutiful conduct and sinful courses had inflicted that bitterness of anguish depicted on the venerable features of his only parent. Self-convicted, self-condemned, the youthful culprit stood gazing as if spell-bound, and impulsively, instinctively, his hands also closed in the long-neglected clasp of prayer—and unconsciously his eyes glanced upward for a second, and *perhaps* the inarticulate aspiration which trembled on his lip, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet such it hardly could have been—for that touching cry, proceeding from a deeply stricken heart would have reached the ear of Mercy, and, alas! those agitated feelings of remorse, which might "if Heaven had willed it,"

Have matured to penitence and peace,

were but the faint stirrings of a better spirit doomed to be irrevocably quenched ere thoroughly awakened.

The tempter was at hand, and the infatuated victim wanted moral courage to extricate himself by a bold effort while there was yet time, from the snare prepared for his destruction. Just at that awful moment, that crisis of his fate, when the sense of guilt suddenly smote upon his heart, and his better angel whispered, "Turn—yet turn and live!"—at that decisive moment a rustling in the holly hedge, accompanied by a low whistle, and a suppressed laugh, broke on his startled ear; and, as if a serpent had stung him, he sprang without one backward glance from the low casement and the cottage walls—and almost at a bound he cleared the garden path, and dashed through the little gate which swung back from his desperate hand with jarring violence.

Those awaited him without, from whom he could not brook the sneer of ridicule—with whom he had mocked at and abjured all good and holy things, and, with whose desperate fortunes he had voluntarily embarked his own; and well they knew the hold they had upon him, and having at that time especial motives to desire his faithful adherence, they had dodged his steps to the lone cottage, under a vague suspicion that if an interview should take place between the father and son, Nature might powerfully assert her rights, and

yet detach the youth from their unholly coalition.

"The children of this world *are*, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." They guessed well, and too well succeeded in securing their victim—and before Josiah had half retraced the townward way with his profligate companions, his mind was again engrossed by their nefarious projects, and all that had so recently affected him—the whole familiar scene—the low white cottage—the little chamber, and the aged man who knelt beside that lonely bed in prayer for an offending child—all these things had faded like a vision from his unstable mind; and secretly humiliated at the recollection of his momentary weakness, the miserable youth bade an eternal adieu to the paths of peace and innocence, and gave himself up to work evil unreservedly.

The flood-gates of accusation and information once set open, innumerable tongues that had never stirred to give timely warning to a person so inaccessible and unpopular as was Andrew Cleaves, were voluble in pouring in upon him charge upon charge against the son who had been so lately, not less the darling than the pride of the old man's heart. And many a one with whom he had had weekly dealings, who had refrained from speaking *the word in time*, which might have saved a fellow creature from destruction, because their *own* pride was offended by the reserve of the austere old man—now sought him even in his lonely dwelling, to multiply upon him humiliating proofs of his misfortune, and professions of sympathy and compassion, that would have been gall and wormwood to his proud spirit, if the overwhelming conviction of his son's deceptive and profligate conduct had not already humbled it to the dust. He heard all patiently, and in silence—attempted no vindication of himself, when the comforters obliquely reflected on his blind credulity by observing, that they "had long seen how matters were going on;" that they "had suspected such and such things from the first;" that they "had always looked sharp after their own boys, thank God, but then they were ordinary children—no geniuses;" for it was well known how Andrew Cleaves had prided himself on his child's superior abilities—and the self-sufficient man, who had so long held himself pre-eminent in wisdom, qualified to rebuke and instruct others, now listened with a subdued spirit to the torrent of unasked and impertinent advice, which sounded sweet and pleasant to the ears of the intrusive utterers, if it fell harshly and unprofitably on those of the unhappy hearer.

On the Sabbath morning immediately succeeding that Saturday, in the course of which Andrew Cleaves had been subjected to this spiritual martyrdom, he went twice as usual to his parish church; but during divine service, his eyes were never lifted even during sermon time, so much as to the face of the minister, and his deep sonorous voice mingled not that day with those of the village choristers; and in going and returning, he shunned all passing salutation, and once within his own threshold, the cottage door was closed on all intruders, for presuming on his present circumstances
 h were not wanting to present themselves,)

and no human eye again beheld him, till that of his undutiful child, drawn to his chamber window at the still midnight hour, looked upon the distress he had occasioned. Not in vain had been the long and uninterrupted communing of Andrew Cleaves with his own heart and with his God. Sweet to him were the uses of adversity, for they had not to struggle with a heart of unbelief, neither with one seared by vicious courses, nor debased by sensual indulgence. The spiritual foundation was sound, though human pride, inducing moral blindness, had raised on it a dangerous superstructure. But when the hour came, and the axe (in mercy) was struck to the root of the evil, and the haughty spirit bowed down in self-abasement; then was the film withdrawn from his mental vision, and Andrew Cleaves *really* looked into himself, and detected his besetting sins in all their naked deformity. Yes,—at last he detected his pride, his worldliness, his worship of the creature, encroaching on that due to the Creator. He felt and confessed his own utter insufficiency, and laying down at the foot of the cross the burden of his frailties and sorrows, he sought counsel and consolation at the only source, which is never resorted to in vain. As he proceeded in the work of self-examination, and self-arraignment, his heart relented towards his offending child. Had he yielded *something* of his own inflexible determination to the boy's known disinclination for the line of life marked out for him, the parental concession might have established in reality, that grateful filial confidence, the semblance of which had been so artfully assumed; and the father's heart was wrung with its bitterest pang, when he called to mind the sanctified hypocrisy, which had so long imposed upon him, and reflected that his own mistaken system and erroneous measures, his own boasted example of superior sanctity, might have been the means of engraving it on his son's character. The fruit of that night's vigil was a determination on the part of Andrew, to depart the next morning for C—, and seek out his erring child—not with frowns, and upbraidings, but the more effective arguments of tender remonstrance, and mild conciliation; to inquire into and cancel whatever pecuniary embarrassments he had incurred; and, having done so, to say, "My son, give me thine heart!" and then—for who could doubt the effect of such an appeal?—to consult the lad's own wishes, with regard to a profession, as far as might be compatible with maturer reason and parental duty. So resolved, and so projected Andrew Cleaves during the sleepless watches of that Sabbath night; but when morning came he found himself unable to act on his determination so immediately as he had intended. The conflict of the spirit had bowed down the strong man. He arose feeble and indisposed, and altogether unequal to the task he had assigned himself. Therefore, as the delay of four-and-twenty hours could not be material, he determined to pass that interval in deliberately reconsidering his new projects, and in acquiring the composure of mind, which would be so requisite in the approaching interview with Josiah. Early on the morrow, however, with recruited strength, and matured purpose, he hastily de-

patched the morning's meal, and was preparing to depart for C—, when the sound of approaching footsteps, and the swinging to of the garden gate, made him pause for a moment with his hand on the latch; and almost before he could lift it, the door was dashed rudely open, and three men presented themselves, one of whom stationed himself just without the threshold, while the two others stepping forward threw down a warrant on the table, abruptly declaring, that, by its authority, they were empowered to make search for, and arrest, the body of Josiah Cleaves. Their abrupt notice fell like a thunder-clap on the ear of the unfortunate old man; and yet, for a moment, he comprehended not its full and fatal sense, but stood as if spell-bound, upright, immovable, every muscle of his strong features stiff as in the rigidity of death, and his eyes fixed with a stony and vacant stare on the countenance of the unfeeling speaker. And yet the man was but outwardly hardened by his hateful occupation. His heart was not insensible to the speechless horror of that harrowing gaze. His own eyes fell beneath it, and in softened tones of almost compassionate gentleness, he proceeded to explain, that in the execution of his duty, he must be permitted to make strict search over the cottage, and its adjacent premises, in some part of which it was naturally suspected the offender might have taken refuge, with the hope of remaining concealed till the first heat of pursuit was over. As he spoke, Andrew Cleaves gradually recovered from the first effects of that tremendous shock. His features relaxed from their unnatural rigidity, and by a mighty effort, subduing the convulsive tremor which succeeded for a moment, he regained almost his accustomed aspect of stern composure, and in a low, but steady voice, calmly demanded for what infraction of the laws his son had become amenable to justice. The appalling truth was soon communicated. In the course of the past night, the counting house of Messrs. — had been entered by means of skeleton keys—access to the cash drawer, the strong box, and other depositories of valuables, had been obtained by similar instruments, and considerable property, in notes, gold, and plate, abstracted by the burglars, who had escaped with their booty, and as yet no traces of their route had been discovered. Then came the dreadful climax, and the officer's voice was less firm as he spoke it, though every softened accent fell like an ice-ball on the father's heart.—his son—his only child—his own Josiah, had been the planner—the chief perpetrator of the deed. A chain of circumstances already elicited—evidence irrefragable—left no shadow of uncertainty as to his guilt, and the measure of it; and though he was known to have had accomplices, perhaps to have been the tool of more experienced villainy, his situation of trust in Messrs. —'s firm, and the advantage he had taken of it in the preparation of the robbery, deservedly marked him out as the principal offender, after whom the myrmidons of justice were hottest in pursuit. The miserable parent listened in silence to the officer's brief and not aggravated communication. He heard all in silence, with a steady brow, and a compressed lip, but with

looks rooted to the ground, and when all was told, bowing down his head, he waved his hand with dignified submission, and calmly articulating, "It is enough, do your duty," seated himself in his old elbow-chair, from whence he stirred not, and neither by word, look, or gesture, gave further token of concern in what was going forward, while the ineffectual search was proceeding. When it was over, and the officers (after a few well-meant but unheeded words of attempted comfort) left him alone with his misery, he was heard to arise and close the cottage door, making it fast within with bar and bolt; and from that hour, no mortal being beheld Andrew Cleaves, till, on the third day from that on which his great sorrow had fallen upon him, he was seen slowly walking up the High Street of C—, with an aspect as composed as usual, though its characteristic sternness was softened to a milder seriousness, as if the correcting hand of God had affixed that changed expression, and his tall athletic form, hitherto upright as the cedar, bent earthward with visible feebleness, as though, since he trode that pavement last, ten added years had bowed him nearer to the grave. His calamity was generally known, and as generally commiserated; for even those whose contracted hearts, and mean tempers, had taken unchristian delight in mortifying the pharisaical and parental pride of a man so arrogant in his prosperity, now that the hand of the Lord lay heavily on him, were affected by the sacredness of a sorrow, for which there was no balm in human sympathy, and were awed by the quiet dignity of his silent resignation. As he passed on, many a hat was touched with silent respect, whose wearer he was personally unacquainted with, and many hands were extended to his, by persons who had never in their lives before accosted him with that kindly greeting.

To those who addressed him with a few words of cordial but unavailing concern and sympathy, he replied without impatience, but with a brief and simple acknowledgment, or a lowly uttered—"God's will be done;" and withdrawing himself, as soon as possible, from the cruel kindness of his comforters, he betook himself with all the undiminished energy of his uncommon character to transact the business which had urged him forth into the haunts of men, in the first nakedness of his affliction. To satisfy the demands of tradespeople and other inhabitants of C—, who had claims on his unhappy son, was his first concern, as it had been his intention, before the last stroke of ruin; and that done, he repaired to the banking-house of Messrs. —, and having ascertained the actual loss those gentlemen had sustained by the late robbery; and setting aside even their own admission, that others had assisted in the perpetration, and partaken of the booty with his unhappy boy; he proceeded with unwavering inflexibility of purpose, to make over to them, without reservation or condition, the entire sum of his long-accumulating wealth, of which their house had been the faithful depository; and the first faint sensation of relief which lightened the heart of the afflicted father, was that when he received into his hands, not acquittance of his son's criminal abstr-

from which he well knew Messrs. — could not legally absolve him,—but an acknowledgment of such and such moneys paid into the establishment, as due to it on account of his son Josiah. That payment reimbursed the firm within a trifle of their actual loss, and the deficiency was made good to them in a fortnight, by the sale of a few acres of Andrew's paternal farm—the little patrimony he had tilled and cultivated with the sweat of his brow, in the natural and honest hope of transmitting it entire and unalienable to his descendants, though destined, in his fond anticipation, to form but an inconsiderable portion of the worldly wealth to which he aspired for his young Josiah. The greater part of the land in the occupation of Andrew Cleaves, was held on renewable leases,—a term whereof expiring about the time of his great calamity, he resigned the whole into his landlord's hands.

The concern, though considerable, had hitherto been but the healthful and salutary occupation of his hale and vigorous age, and its annual bringings in were still added to the previous hoard, for him who was to inherit all. But that great stimulus was gone for ever. For whom should he now toil?—for whom should he accumulate? For whom—to what, look forward? “To Heaven,” was the fervent response of his own heart, when the desolate old man thus mused within himself, but with earth what more had he to do? “Sweet are the lessons of adversity.” His elder sin—his abstract covetousness—was dead within him. The few paternal acres with which he had begun the world, would more than furnish a sufficiency for his contracted wants, and even afford a surplus to reserve for future exigencies; and in calculating those, he thought far less of his own desolate old age, than of the wretched exile, whose cry might come from afar to the ear of his forsaken parent, should disease and misery come upon him, and the associates of his guilt leave him to perish in his helplessness. It was a miserable hope, but still it *was hope*, and it lent the old man energy and strength to ply his rural labours, in their now contracted space, with almost undiminished activity.

Weeks slipped away,—weeks—months—a year—four years. Four years had come and gone since the day that left Andrew Cleaves a worse than childless father,—the forlorn tenant of his paternal cottage, which, with its appendencies of barn, out-buildings, and a few fields, was all that *then* remained to him of his previous prosperity.

Four years had passed since then, and the old man still lived. The same roof still sheltered him,—the same small garden still yielded its produce to his laborious hands. But that small dwelling, and that poor patch of ground, and its adjoining slip of pasturage, a crazy cart, one cow, and one old horse,—(the favourite gray colt, now white with age.)—these were all the possessions that Andrew Cleaves could now call his own in the wide world. A cry had come from afar,—the appeal of guilt and misery,—and it came not unheeded. Again and again the father's heart was wrung, and his means were drained to the uttermost, for the necessities, or, alas! the fraudulent

cravings of the miserable supplicant. And now and then professions of contrition, and promises of reform, served to keep up the parent's hope; and old and impoverished as he was, he would have taken up his staff and travelled uncounted leagues, to have thrown himself upon the outcast's neck, and received into his own bosom the tears of the repentant prodigal. But under various pretences, the wretched youth still evaded all propositions of this nature, though his communications became more frequent—more apparently unreserved,—more regular and plausible,—and at last came such as, while he read them, blinded the old man's eyes with tears of gratitude and joy. It was an artfully constructed tale. The eloquence of an itinerant preacher had touched the story heart. Then came the hour of conversion—of regeneration—of justification—of peace unspeakable! Pious friends had rejoiced over their converted brother—had associated him in their labours,—deeming him a fit instrument to convince others, himself a shining testimony of the power of grace,—and then points of worldly consideration were cautiously introduced. For him there was no safety in his native land. But other lands offered a refuge—a decent maintenance—above all, a spiritual harvest,—and thither, by many unquestionable tokens, he felt himself called to labour in the vineyard. A little band of elect Christians were about to embark themselves and families for a distant mission. To them he was, as it were, constrained in spirit to join himself,—and then came the pith and marrow of the whole—the point to which these hypocritical details had tended—to his kind parent, his forgiving father, he looked for the pecuniary assistance necessary to fit him out for a long voyage and distant establishment. And there were references given to “Reverend gentlemen,” and “serious Christians;” and letters confirming Josiah's statement were actually addressed to Andrew Cleaves by more than one pious enthusiast, blessed with more zeal than discretion, whose credulity had been imposed on by the pretended convert. This well-concerted story was but too successful. All lurking doubts were discarded from Andrew's mind, when he succeeded in ascertaining that the letters addressed to him were actually written by the persons whose names were affixed as signatures,—names long familiar to him in the pages of the Evangelical Magazines and Missionary Registers. “Now may I depart in peace,” was the old man's inward ejaculation, as, full of joyful gratitude, he despoiled himself of nearly his last earthly possessions, to forward what he believed the brightening prospects of his repentant child. The reversion of his cottage and garden and the small close, was promptly—and without one selfish pang—disposed of to a fair bidder, and an order for the sum it sold for as quickly transmitted to the unworthy expectant, together with a multifarious assortment of such articles as the deceived parent, in his simplicity of heart, fondly imagined might contribute to the comfort and convenience of the departing exile. A few good books were slipped into the package, and Josiah's own Bible and prayer book were not forgotten. Involuntarily the old man paused as he was carefully

enfolded the former in its green baize cover; involuntarily he paused a moment, and almost unconsciously opened the sacred volume, and on the few words written on the fly leaf nineteen years before by his own hand, his eyes dwelt intently till the sight became obscured, and a large drop falling on the simple inscription, startled the venerable writer from his fond abstraction.

Day after day, the now comforted but anxious father, expected the coming letter of filial acknowledgment. Day after day, procrastinating the tasks on which depended his whole subsistence, he was at C— by the hour of the mail's arrival, and evening after evening he returned to his solitary home, his frugal, alas! his now scanty meal, sick at heart with "Hope deferred," yet devising plausible pretences for retaining the blissful illusion. But at length its fading hues were utterly effaced—no word—no letter—no communication came; silence, chilling, withering, deathlike silence held on its palsy course, and once more divested of all earthly hope, Andrew Cleaves leant wholly for support on the staff which faith not in direst extremity. But the fiery trial had not reached its climax. The gold was yet to be more thoroughly refined, yea, proved to the uttermost.

Three months had elapsed since the last day of Andrew's shortlived gladness, when a rumour reached him which had been for some time current at C—; that his unhappy son had been seen in the neighbourhood, and recognised by more than one person, in spite of the real and artificial change which had taken place in his appearance; that he had been observed in company with suspected characters, some of whom were believed to be connected with a gang of horsestealers, whose depredations had lately proceeded to an audacious extent in C— and its vicinity; and that two houses had lately been broken open, under circumstances that evidenced the skilful practice of experienced thieves. The painful warning came not to an incredulous ear. That of the unhappy father was but too well prepared for the worst that might betide. But this vague perception of impending calamity—this indefinite anticipation of something near and terrible—was, of all his painful experiences, the most difficult to endure with Christian equanimity. For many days and nights after he heard that frightful rumour, Andrew Cleaves knew not an hour of peaceful thought, nor one of quiet slumber. However employed,—in his cottage—in his garden,—if a passing cloud but cast a momentary shadow, he started from his task, and looked fearfully abroad for the feet of those who might be swift to bring evil tidings. And in the silence of night, and during the unrest of his thorny pillow, the stirring of a leaf—the creaking of the old vine stems—the rustling of the martin on her nest under the eaves—sounded to his distempered fancy like steps, and whispers, and murmuring voices. And once, when the night-hawk dashed against his casement in her eccentric circles, he started from his bed with the sudden thought (it came like lightning) "was it possible that he—the guilty one—the wretched—the forsaken, might have stolen near, under the shadow of night,

to gaze like the first outcast Cain, on the tents of peace, from which he was for ever exiled?"—"Oh! not from hence—not from his father's roof!" was the old man's unconscious murmur, as, under the influence of that agitating thought, he flung open the cottage door, and stepped out into the quiet garden. There was no sign nor sound of mortal intrusion. No foot-print on the dewy herb-bed beneath the casement, betraying its pressure by the exhalation of unwonted fragrance. The old horse was grazing quietly in his small pasture. The garden gate close latched, and no objects visible on the common to which it opened, but the dark low pyramids of furze, distinct in the cloudless star-light. And soon that feverish fancy passed away from the old man's mind, as the balmy air played round his throbbing temples, and he inhaled the wafting of that thymy common, and listened to the natural tones of midnight's diapason, and gazed fixedly on the dark blue heaven, and its starry myriads,

"For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

Ten days had dragged on heavily, since Andrew Cleaves's mournful tranquillity had been thus utterly overthrown. During all that time he had not ventured beyond his own little territory. The weekly journey to C—, with his cart-load of rural merchandise, (the produce of his garden and his dairy,) had been relinquished, though its precarious sale now furnished his sole means of subsistence. But towards the end of the second week, finding himself unmolested by fresh rumours, or corroborations, he began to take hope that the whispers of his son's reappearance in the neighbourhood might have arisen on vague suspicion, or the slight ground of fancied or accidental resemblance. So reasoning with himself, the old man shook off, as far as in him lay, the influence of those paralysing apprehensions, and his morbid reluctance to re-enter the busy streets of C—, where he felt as if destined to encounter some fresh and overwhelming misfortune. But though Andrew Cleaves's iron nerves and powerful mind had been thus enfeebled by his late trial of torturing suspense, he was not one to encourage vague forebodings, or give way to pusillanimous weakness; so, girding up his loins for renewed exertions, he loaded his little cart with its accustomed freight, and, as cheerfully as might be, set off for C— market. By the time he reached it, bodily exercise and mental exertion, co-operating with change of scene and variety of objects, had, in a great measure, restored to him his usual firmness and self-possession, and he transacted his business clearly and prosperously—provided himself with such few articles of home consumption as he had been accustomed weekly to take back from C—, and once more set his face homeward, inwardly blessing God that he was permitted to return in peace.

As he turned the corner of Market Street, into that where stood the Court-house, in which the Magistrates were holding their weekly meeting, his progress was impeded by an unusual crowd, which thronged the doors of the building, with an appearance of uncommon excitation. Andrew was, however,

making way through the concourse, when two or three persons observed, and recognised him—and suddenly a whisper ran through the crowd, and a strange hush succeeded, and all eyes were directed towards him, as the people pressed back, as though, in sympathetic concert, to leave free passage for his humble vehicle. But the old man, instead of profiting by their spontaneous courtesy, unconsciously tightened his reins, and gazed about him with troubled and bewildered looks. In a moment he felt himself the object of general observation, and then his eyes wandered instinctively to the Court-house doors, from whence confused sounds proceeded, and at that moment one or two persons from within spoke with the eager listeners on the steps—and the words—"Prisoner" and "committed," smote upon Andrew's ear, and the whole flashed upon him. As if struck by an electric shock, he started up, and leaping upon the pavement with all the agility of youthful vigour, would have dashed into the Justice Hall, but for a firm and friendly grasp which forcibly withheld him. Wildly striking down the detaining hand, he was rushing forward, when himself and all those about the doors were suddenly forced back, by a posse of constables and others descending the Court-house steps, and clearing the way for those who were conducting the prisoner to jail. And now it was, that the poor old man, overcome by agonizing expectation, leant heavily and unconsciously on the friendly arm, which a moment before he had dashed aside with impatient recklessness. Cold drops gathered upon his forehead—he breathed short and thick, and his sight became misty and imperfect, as he strained it with painful intensity towards the open door-way. But it cleared partially, as the expected group came forth. Three persons only—the middlemost a hand-cuffed guarded felon, whose downcast features, haggard, and dark, and fierce—and shadowed by a mass of coarse red hair, were seen but for a moment, as he was hurried short round the corner of the Court-house to the adjacent prison. But the old man had seen them—he had seen enough—a genial glow diffused itself through his shivering frame—and with a burst of renovated energy he clasped his upraised hands forcibly together, and cried out with a piercing voice—"It is not he—Oh, God! it is not *he*." It was a piercing cry! The prisoner started, and half turned—but he was hurried off, and the crowd had already closed in between him and Andrew Cleaves, who, recovering a degree of self-possession, looked up at last to note and thank those who had befriended him in his agony. Every where—from all eyes—he encountered looks of compassionate interest, and distressful meaning—and no one spoke but in some low whisper to his neighbour—and again Andrew's heart sunk with a strange, fearful doubt. But had he not beheld with his own eyes?—That dark gaunt countenance!—Those fiery elf locks!—"That could not be my curly-headed boy—You saw it was not he!" the old man faintly uttered, as his eyes wandered with imploring anxiety from face to face, and resting at last on that of the friend whose arm still lent him its requisite support, read there such a page of fearful meaning, as scarce needed the

confirmation of words to reveal the whole extent of his calamity. But the words were spoken—the few and fatal words, which dispelled his transient security. They sounded on his ear like the stunning din of rushing waters, yet were they low and gentle—but his physical and mental powers were failing under the rapid transitions of conflicting passions, and overtasked Nature obtained a merciful respite, by sinking for a time into a state of perfect unconsciousness.

It needs not to detail the particulars of that last daring exploit, which had been the means of consigning Josiah into the hands of justice; nor of the progressive circumstances, which had drawn him back, step by step, with the hardened confidence of infatuated guilt, to receive the punishment of his crimes on the very spot where he had first broken through the laws of God and man. Neither will we attempt to trace the journal of those miserable weeks that intervened between his committal to the county jail and his trial, which came on at the next assizes. Still less may we venture to paint minutely, the first meeting of parent and child, in such a place, under such circumstances. On one side, the overwhelming agony of grief and tenderness. On the other, the callous exterior of sullen insensibility, and sneering recklessness, and unfilial reproaches, "sharper than a serpent's tooth." It is too painful to dwell on such a scene—too harrowing to depict it. Rather let us pass on to the brighter days of that awful interval, which was most blessed in its prolongation. Light from above penetrated the depth of the dungeon. The prayer of faith prevailed. The sinner's heart was touched, and at last the tears of the repentant son fell like balm upon the father's bosom. From that hour the gracious work was gradually perfected. The good seed, though mixed with tares, had been sown early in Josiah's heart; and God gave time in mercy, that the parental hand, which had first sown it there, should, with gentle and dear bought experience, revive the long hidden and unfruitful germ, and cherish it into life-everlasting. The father's labour of love had been ably seconded by the Christian zeal of the officiating chaplain, who was unremitting in his visits to the prisoner's cell, especially at those times when imperious necessity detained Andrew Cleaves at his own desolate home, or forced him more unwillingly into the public haunts. But when (as was not unfrequent) Mr. Grey found the father and the son together, it was very affecting to observe with what a chastised and humbled spirit the aged man acknowledged his *own* deficiencies—his *own* need of instruction, and his own earnest desire to profit by the spiritual teaching, and pious exhortations, addressed to his unhappy son. Mr. Grey's voice not seldom faltered with emotion, as he looked on his two hearers, the eyes of both fixed on him with such earnest reverence! Of the beautiful youth!—and the old grey-haired man!—and both so near the grave!

The awful hour approached of Josiah's arraignment before an earthly tribunal, but his trial did not come on till the last day of the assizes. Its result was inevitable, had the cause been defended by the ablest counsel in the

land; but no defence was attempted, all had been pre-arranged between the father and son; and when the latter in a low but steady voice pleaded "Guilty" to the charge against him, and in spite of merciful dissuasion from the Bench itself, firmly persisted in that plea, and it was finally recorded, the aged parent who had accompanied him into Court, and borne up through all the preliminary forms with unshaken fortitude, bowed his head in token of perfect acquiescence with that decisive act, and yielding at last to natural weakness, suffered himself to be led away, as the Judge arose to pronounce sentence.

On the evening of the day preceding that appointed for his execution, far different was the scene in Josiah's cell, from what it had presented in the earlier stages of his imprisonment. Its occupants were the same as then, the old afflicted man, and the poor guilty youth—and they were alone together, and *now* for the last time, and earthly hope was none for either of them. And yet, in that gloomy cell—that portal of the grave, *was* Hope, not born of *this* world, and Peace, such as this world "can neither give nor take away." In the father's heart, a humble and holy confidence, that through Christ's atonement and intercession, the pardon of his repentant child was already registered in heaven; and in the son's, a more chastised and trembling hope, built up on the same corner stone, and meekly testified by a perfect submission to his awarded doom, far removed from the miserable triumph of false courage, and the presumptuous confidence of fanatic delusion. That evening was the close of the last Sabbath Josiah was to pass on earth, and the old man had obtained the mournful privilege of being locked up for the night in the condemned cell. Father and son had that day partaken together of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and when the pious and compassionate chaplain, who had administered that holy rite, looked in upon them before the closing of the prison doors, they were sitting together upon the low hard pallet, side by side, hand clasped in hand,—and few words passed between them, for they had spoken all. But the Bible lay open upon the father's knees, and the eyes of both followed the same line, on the same page, as the old man occasionally read in his deep solemn voice, some strengthening and consolatory sentence. The youth's tall slight form was visibly attenuated, and his face was very pale—yet it had regained much of its sweet and youthful expression. The jetty curls of which his father had been so proud, again clustered in glossy richness on his white and polished forehead, and as his head leant against the old man's shoulder, a large tear, which had trembled on the long black fringes of his downcast eyelids, dropt on the sacred page, which assuredly it profaned not. As the good chaplain gazed upon that youthful countenance, his own eyes filled with tears, and he almost groaned within himself, "To be cut off so young!" But repressing that involuntary thought, as one of sinful questioning with Heaven, he addressed to each of his heart-stricken hearers, a few fitting words of comfort and exhortation, and having knelt down with them in short but fer-

vent prayer, and promised to revisit them at the earliest hour of admission, he departed for the night with his Master's emphatic words, "Peace be with you."

The pale cold light of November dawn yet feebly visited the cell, when Mr. Grey re-entered early on the fatal morning, and all was so still within, he thought *both* slept, the parent and the child. Both had lain down together on the narrow pallet, and the youth's eyes were heavy, and he "slept for sorrow;" but in age, the whole weight falls *within*, and presses not upon the aching eyelids: So the old man slept not. The son's cheek was pillowed on the father's breast, every feature composed in angelic peace, and his slumbers were deep and tranquil as those of infant innocence. One long pale hand was clasped within his father's—in that hard withered hand, which had toiled for him so long—and as the chaplain drew near, and stooped over the bed, the old man, who had been so intently watching his child's placid sleep, as not to heed the opening of the cell, turned his head round with an impatient gesture, as if to prevent the disturbance of that blessed rest. Perhaps *he* also had slumbered for a while, and awaking with that young head upon his bosom, where it had so often lain in the beauty of childhood, his mind had wandered back confusedly to that blissful season, and its fair vision of parental hope. But one glance round the walls of the small prison room, at the person of the reverend visitor, recalled him to the scene of sad reality, and knowing that the hour was come, he cast upward one earnest look of unutterable supplication, and softly pressing his lips to the forehead of the still unconscious sleeper, thus tenderly awakened him, as he had often done before to light and joy; but *now* to the light of a new day, which for him, whose hours were numbered, was to have no morrow but eternity. And from that hour, till the earthly expiation was complete, Andrew Cleaves left not for one single instant, the side of his unhappy son; and having surely received strength from above, proportioned to his great necessity, not only sustained *himself* firmly throughout the tremendous trial, but soothed and supported the fainting spirit of the poor youth, in his dishonoured passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, whispering hope and consolation, even within the portal of that gloomy gate, through which, according to the course of nature, himself should have gone first. And when all was over, his aged hands helped to compose in its narrow receptacle that youthful form, which should have followed his own remains to a peaceful grave, and laid his grey head reverently in the dust.

Andrew Cleaves had provided that his own cart, with the old favourite horse, should be in readiness at the place of execution, that Gallows-hill at a short distance from C—, where his first outset with the young Josiah had been so ominously impeded. Compunctious bitterness might have sharpened the arrow in his heart, had the absorbing *present* left room for retrospection. But to him, the past, the future, and all extraneous circumstances, were for a time annihilated. In comparatively light affliction, the heart

strange delight, in aggravating its own sufferings, with bitter fancies, and dear remembrances, and dark anticipations; but a mighty grief sufficeth unto itself, in its terrible individuality.

So absorbed, yet acting as if mechanically impelled, while aught remained to do, the old man proceeded with his appointed task, and having, with the assistance of friendly hands, lifted into the cart the shell containing that poor *all* which now remained to him on earth, he quietly took his seat beside it, while those who had so far lent their charitable aid, prepared to accompany the humble vehicle, with its mournful freight, and to lead the old horse—ah! how unconscious of his charge—with slow and respectful pace, to the desolate home of his aged master. Just as the simple arrangement was complete, the old man, whose eyes had not once wandered from the coffin, lifted them for a moment to the face of a woman, who had touched him accidentally, as she stood beside the cart. The sight of that face, was like lightning from the past. It flashed through heart and brain, and awakened every nerve that thrilled to torturing memory; and almost he could have cried aloud—"Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy?" but he restrained himself; and groaning inwardly let fall his head upon his breast in deep humility. Then slowly lifting it, looked up again into that remembered face, still fixed on him with an expression of unforgetting hardness; and laying his hand upon the coffin, he said, in a subdued tone, "Woman! pray for me—the time is come."

The old man looked up no more, neither spake nor moved, nor betrayed farther signs of consciousness, till the humble car, with its charitable escort, stopt at the gate of his own cottage garden. Then rousing himself to fresh exertion, his first care was to assist in bearing the body of his dead son under the shelter of that roof, beneath which, three-and-twenty years before, he had welcomed him, a newborn babe—and to place the coffin (for he would have it so) on his own bed, in his own chamber. Then lingering for a moment behind those who had helped him to deposit the untimely burden, he drew the white curtain before the little casement, glanced round the chamber as if to ascertain that all was arranged with respectful neatness, and stepping softly, like one who feared to disturb the slumbers of the sick, paused on the threshold to look back for a moment, and making fast the door, as if to secure his treasure, followed his friends into the outer room, and with quiet and collected firmness, rendered to all his grateful acknowledgments for their charitable services, and set before them such refreshment as his poor means had enabled him to provide.

Neither, while they silently partook round his humble board, did he remit aught of kindly hospitality, nor was it apparently by any painful effort that he so exerted himself. But there was that in his countenance and deportment, and in the tone of his low deep voice, which arrested the words of those who would have pressed him to "eat and drink, and be comforted," and carried conviction to the hearts of all, that to his affliction One only could mi-

nister: and that having rendered him all the active service immediately needful, they should best consult his wishes, by leaving him to the unmolested quiet of his solitary cottage. There was a whispering among themselves, as they stood up to depart—and then a few lowly spoken, but earnest proffers, were made to return at the close of evening, and watch through the hours of darkness, while the old grey head took rest in sleep, by him whose slumbers needed no guardianship. But the kindly offer was declined with a gentle shake of the head, and a faint smile which spoke more meaningly than words—and the old man spoke also, and thanked and blessed them, and bade them take no care for him, for he should "*now* take rest." So they retired—slowly and reluctantly retired—and left him to his coveted solitude.

But there were not wanting some who, deeply moved with compassionate anxiety for the desolate old man, came about the cottage after nightfall, and crept close to its walls with stealthy footsteps. And they told how, looking cautiously into the chamber of death, wherein a light was burning, they saw a sight which so strangely and powerfully affected them, that (rough peasants as they were) they could not afterwards speak of it with unflinching voices. The coffin, from which the lid had been removed, rested, as they had helped to place it, at the old man's desire, on one half of his own bedstead; and beside it, he had since arranged his mattress and pillow, and then (his head pressing against the coffin, and one arm flung across over its side) he lay at length in sweet and tranquil slumber. He had told them he should "*now* take rest;" and, doubtless, that rest so taken, strange and awful as it was to look upon, was sweet and blessed, in comparison with all he had lately tasted. For him the bitterness of death was past; and the nearness of his own change, made of slight account the little intervening space of earthly darkness. Once more his son lay beside him on that same bed they had so often shared together; and perhaps the moment of reunion with his forgiven child was already anticipated in the dreams of that placid sleep, which composed his venerable features in such unearthly peace.

Four days afterwards, the remains of Josiah Cleaves were quietly and decently interred beside those of his mother, in Redburn churchyard. Six labourers, formerly in the employ of Andrew, volunteered to bear the body to its last resting-place; and two or three respectable persons, in decent mourning, walked behind the aged solitary mourner. And beside him none other was a-kin to the dead, of those who stood that day about that untimely grave in Redburn churchyard; yet was his the only face, which, as the affecting service proceeded, maintained unmoved composure, and his the only dry eyes that followed the descent of the coffin, as it was lowered into "the pit where all things are forgotten."

Andrew Cleaves had unavoidably incurred a few trifling debts during the time of Josiah's imprisonment, and the consequent relaxation of his own laborious industry. To discharge these, and the burial expenses, he parted with his cow, and with his last *freehold*—that small

old pew in the parish church, which had descended to him from his father, the heir-loom of many generations, where he himself (a small urchin!) had stood aloft upon the seat between his father and his mother; and when the old couple were laid side by side in the church-yard—where he had sat alone, upright against the high dark oak back, a thriving bachelor, “the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,” and afterwards, a staid and serious bridegroom, with his matronly bride; and then again, alone in impregnable widowhood; and, last of all, a proud and happy father, with his little son lifted up beside him into the very place where he had stood between his own parents. Andrew Cleaves had said to himself, as he gazed upon the dead body of his son, that no after circumstance of human life could affect him with the slightest emotion of joy or sorrow; but when he finally made over to another the possession of his old pew, one pang of conningled feeling thrilled through his heart, and moistened the aged eyes that had looked tearlessly into his son's grave.

The next Sunday after the funeral, Andrew Cleaves was at church as usual, but not in his accustomed place. Many pew doors opened to him, as he walked slowly and feebly up the aisle and many a hand was put forth to the old man's arm, essaying to draw him in with kindly violence; but gently disengaging himself, and silently declining the proffered accommodation, he passed onward, and took his seat near the communion-table, on the end of one of the benches appropriated to the parish poor; and from that time forward, to the end of his days. Andrew Cleaves was to be seen twice every Sabbath-day in that same place, more dignified in his sorrow and his humility, and perhaps more inwardly at peace, than he had ever been when the world went well with him, and he counted himself a happy man.

Andrew Cleaves was an old man when his great calamity befel him. He had already numbered seven years beyond the age of man—his threescore years and ten; and though he bore up bravely during the time of trial, that time told afterwards ten-fold in the account of Nature, and he sank for a time almost into decrepit feebleness; yet still the lonely creature crept about as usual, and was seen at his daily labour, and at church and market, and answered all greetings and kindly queries, with courteous thankfulness, and assurances that he was well—quite well, and wanted for nothing, and was content to “tarry the Lord's leisure.” But it was easy to see he hoped soon to depart, and all who spoke of him said his time would not be long, “for the old man's strength was going.” Nevertheless, it was God's pleasure to delay the summons, which could not but have been welcome, though it was awaited with submissive patience. Andrew Cleaves survived his son's death upwards of nine years, and not only did his strong and sound constitution in great measure recover from the shock which for a time had prostrated its uncommon power, but his mind also settled into a state of such perfect peace, as at times almost brightened into cheerfulness; and never before had he tasted such pure enjoyment from the sight of the green earth—of the sum-

mer sky, and the sweet influence of the balmy air.

The old man would have been a welcome and respected guest by many a fire-side in Redburn village; but at his time of day, it was too late to acquire social habits. It is often easier to break the bondage of a heavy chain, than to disentangle the meshes of a few seemingly slight cords; neither may the tree, which has been warped when a sapling, be made straight when its green branches are all gone, and the bare trunk left scarred and rifted on the heath.

Andrew still dwelt companionless in his paternal cottage, and rarely entered under any other roof, except that of the House of God. But, towards the close of his life, he was more frequently drawn into intercourse with his fellow creatures, than at any former period of his existence. He had continued to support himself, for four years after his son's death, on the sole profits of his garden, and of a little poultry that fed about his cottage; with which small merchandise he still performed his weekly journey to C— market. But though the “green old age” of honest Greybeard still yielded good and willing service, it was plain to be seen, that the crazy cart must soon drop to pieces, and painfully suspected that there was pinching want in Andrew's cottage, in lieu of the increasing comforts which should afford “a good soft pillow for the old grey head.” And, thereupon, much kindly consultation took place among the *Magnates* of the parish, how to assist and benefit the old man, without wounding his last lurking feelings of human pride—the pride of living by the honest labour of his own hands, undebted to parochial or individual charity. An opportunity soon presented itself, for the furtherance of their benevolent purpose. The foot carrier, who had long travelled twice a-week, to and fro, between C— and Redburn, became disabled from continuing his office, the acceptance of which was immediately proposed to Andrew Cleaves, and that a new light cart should be provided for him by subscription, among those to whom the regular carriage of packages larger than could be conveyed by a foot carrier, would prove a real accommodation. The old man did not long deliberate. He felt that he could usefully and faithfully acquit himself of the proffered charge, and accepted it with unhesitating gratitude. But when there was farther talk of purchasing for him a younger and more efficient steed than honest Greybeard, Andrew shook his head, in positive rejection, and said, smiling, “No, no, we must rub on together—the old fellow will do good service yet; and who knows but he may take me to my last home?” And then, for a moment, his brow darkened with a passing shadow, for the thought of the *last burden* of mortality drawn by the old horse came vividly into his mind.

The new cart was provided, the venerable carrier installed into his office, and for five whole years, (his remaining span of life), he fulfilled its duties with characteristic faithfulness and exactitude, and almost with the physical energies of his youthful prime. Winter and summer—through frost and snow—and in the dog-day heat—through fair ways and foul

—by daylight and twilight—Andrew Cleaves's cart was to be seen nearly about the same place on Redburn Common, at, or near, five o'clock, on the afternoon of Tuesdays and Saturdays, on its return from C—. And it was still drawn lustily along by the same old horse, looking sleek and glossy, and round-quartered like one of Wouverman's Flemings; and when some one, willing to please the master, would now and then pat the sides of the faithful creature, and comment on his handsome appearance, the old man would smile with evident gratification, and say—"Ay, ay, I knew what stuff he was made of—*we* shall last out one another's time—never fear."

So said Andrew Cleaves, towards the close of a long, hard winter; when, though the snow-drifts that still lay in every shady place, were not whiter than the once darkly dappled coat of old Greybeard—he showed little other sign of age, except, indeed, the rather more deliberate pace in which his kind master indulged him. But though the tardy spring set in at last, mild, warm, and beautiful; and though its renovating spirit seemed to infuse itself, like a renewal of youthful vigour into the frame of the hale and hearty old man, it was observed that his periodical returns from C— became each time later and later; and that in spite of the young tender grass on which Greybeard fed at pleasure—and the abundance of bruised corn, and heartening mashies with which he was tenderly pampered, the sides of the aged creature grew lank and hollow, his fine glossy coat rough and dull, and that his well-set ears, and once erect and sprightly head, drooped low and heavily as he toiled slowly homeward over the Common.

It was some evening in the first week of balmy June, that an inhabitant of Redburn, who expected a consignment by Andrew's cart, set out to meet the vehicle on its return from C—. The man walked on and on, and no cart was seen approaching, and the gloaming was darkening apace, and still no Andrew.

But just as uncomfortable surmises respecting the delay of the venerable carrier began to crowd into his neighbour's mind, the old man came in sight, not in his accustomed driving-seat, but walking by the side of his aged steed, which still drew on the cart with its lightened load, but evidently with painful labour; and when Andrew stooped to deliver out the required parcel, his neighbour remarked to him, that though he himself looked stout and well as usual, his good horse seemed drawing near the last of his journeys.

"May be—may be," gravely replied the old man, laying his arm tenderly across the neck of his aged servant, and looking in the creature's face, as it lifted and half turned round its head with seeming consciousness—"May be, master! but who knows, after all, which may go first? Please God, we may yet last out one another's time."

But he himself looked well, and strong as usual, and talked cheerfully all the rest of the evening, and that same evening, as was customary, he walked his rounds, to give account of his various commissions. This was on the evening of Saturday, and the next morning

Andrew Cleaves was missed at church from his accustomed seat; and no soul that looked towards the vacant place, but knew immediately, that the old man was either sick unto death, or that he had already "fallen asleep in Jesus."

When divine service was over, many persons bent their steps towards the lonely cottage; and soon the general expectation (fear on such an occasion would have been an irreligious feeling) was fully verified. The cottage door was closed and locked, and not a lattice open, but prompt admission was effected, and there the venerable inmate was found sitting in his old high backed chair, before the little claw table, on which was a small glass of untasted ale, and an unlit pipe beside the open Bible. It seemed at a first glance, as if the old man were reading,—but it was not so. One hand, indeed, was still spread upon the chapter before him, but his head had dropt down upon his breast, his eyes were closed, and he slept the last sleep of the righteous.

A.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN. In 2 volumes. University Edition. London, 1826.

THE public voice has assigned to Dryden the first place in the second rank of our poets,—no mean station in a table of intellectual precedence so rich in illustrious names. It is allowed that, even of the few who were his superiors in genius, none has exercised a more extensive or permanent influence on the national habits of thought and expression. His life was commensurate with the period during which a great revolution in the public taste was effected; and in that revolution he played the part of Cromwell. By unscrupulously taking the lead in its wildest excesses, he obtained the absolute guidance of it. By trampling on laws, he acquired the authority of a legislator. By signaling himself as the most daring and irreverent of rebels, he raised himself to the dignity of a recognised prince. He commenced his career by the most frantic outrages. He terminated it in the repose of established sovereignty,—the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty.

Of Dryden, however, as of almost every man who has been distinguished either in the literary or in the political world, it may be said that the course which he pursued, and the effect which he produced, depended less on his personal qualities than on the circumstances in which he was placed. Those who have read history with discrimination, know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives, which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age. The difference between one man and another is by no means so great as the superstitious crowd supposes. But the same feelings which, in ancient Rome, produced the apotheosis of a popular emperor, and, in mo-

derm Rome, the canonization of a devout prelate, lead men to cherish an illusion which furnishes them with something to adore. By a law of association, from the operation of which even minds the most strictly regulated by reason are not wholly exempt, misery disposes us to hatred, and happiness to love, although there may be no person to whom our misery or our happiness can be ascribed. The peevishness of an invalid vents itself even on those who alleviate his pain. The good-humour of a man elated by success often displays itself towards enemies. In the same manner, the feelings of pleasures and admiration, to which the contemplation of great events gives birth, make an object where they do not find it. Thus, nations descend to the absurdities of Egyptian idolatry, and worship stocks and reptiles—Sacheverells and Wilkeses. They even fall prostrate before a deity to which they have themselves given the form which commands their veneration, and which, unless fashioned by them, would have remained a shapeless block. They persuade themselves that they are the creatures of what they have themselves created. For, in fact, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received. We extol Bacon, and sneer at Aquinas. But, if their situations had been changed. Bacon might have been the Angelical Doctor, the most subtle Aristotelian of the schools; the Dominican might have led forth the sciences from their house of bondage. If Luther had been born in the tenth century, he would have effected no reformation. If he had never been born at all, it is evident that the sixteenth century could not have elapsed without a great schism in the church. Voltaire, in the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, would probably have been, like most of the literary men of that time, a zealous Jansenist, eminent among the defenders of efficacious grace, a bitter assailant of the lax morality of the Jesuits, and the unreasonable decisions of the Sorbonne. If Pascal had entered on his literary career, when intelligence was more general, and abuses at the same time more flagrant, when the church was polluted by the Iscariot Dubois, the court disgraced by the orgies of Canillac, and the nation sacrificed to the juggles of Law; if he had lived to see a dynasty of harlots, an empty treasury and a crowded harem, an army formidable only to those whom it should have protected, a priesthood just religious enough to be intolerant, he might possibly, like every man of genius in France, have imbibed extravagant prejudices against monarchy and Christianity. The wit which blasted the sophisms of Escobar—the impassioned eloquence which defended the sisters of Port Royal—the intellectual hardihood which was not beaten down even by Papal authority, might have raised him to the Patriarchate of the Philosophical Church. It was long disputed whether the honour of inventing the method of Fluxions belonged to Newton or to Leibnitz. It is now generally allowed that these great men made the same discovery at the same time. Mathematical science, indeed, had then reached such a point, that if

neither of them had ever existed, the principle must inevitably have occurred to some person within a few years. So in our own time the doctrine of rent, now universally received by political economists, was propounded, almost at the same moment, by two writers unconnected with each other. Preceding speculators had long been blundering round about it; and it could not possibly have been missed much longer by the most heedless inquirer. We are inclined to think that, with respect to every great addition which has been made to the stock of human knowledge, the case has been similar; that without Copernicus we should have been Copernicans,—that without Columbus America would have been discovered,—that without Locke we should have possessed a just theory of the origin of human ideas. Society indeed has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and its valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of our globe, bear so small a proportion to the mass, that, in calculating its great revolutions, they may safely be neglected. The sun illuminates the hills, while it is still below the horizon; and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them.

The same remark will apply equally to the fine arts. The laws on which depend the progress and decline of poetry, painting, and sculpture, operate with little less certainty than those which regulate the periodical returns of heat and cold, of fertility and barrenness. Those who seem to lead the public taste are, in general, merely outrunning it in the direction which it is spontaneously pursuing. Without a just apprehension of the laws to which we have alluded, the merits and defects of Dryden can be but imperfectly understood. We will, therefore, state what we conceive them to be.

The ages in which the master-pieces of imagination have been produced, have by no means been those in which taste has been most correct. It seems that the creative faculty, and the critical faculty, cannot exist together in their highest perfection. The causes of this phenomenon, it is not difficult to assign.

It is true, that the man who is best able to take a machine to pieces, and who most clearly comprehends the manner in which all its wheels and springs conduce to its general effect, will be the man most competent to form another machine of similar power. In all the branches of physical and moral science which admit of perfect analysis, he who can resolve will be able to combine. But the analysis which criticism can effect of poetry, is necessarily imperfect. One element must for ever elude its researches; and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry. In the description of nature, for example, a judicious reader will easily detect an incongruous image. But he will find it impossible to explain in what consists the art of a writer who, in a few words, brings some spot before him so vividly that he shall know it as if he had lived

there from childhood; while another, employing the same materials, the same verdure, the same water, and the same flowers, committing no inaccuracy, introducing nothing which can be positively pronounced superfluous, omitting nothing which can be positively pronounced necessary, shall produce no more effect than an advertisement of a capital residence and a desirable pleasure-ground. To take another example, the great features of the character of Hotspur are obvious to the most superficial reader. We at once perceive that his courage is splendid, his thirst of glory intense, his animal spirits high, his temper careless, arbitrary, and petulant; that he indulges his own humour without caring whose feelings he may wound, or whose enmity he may provoke, by his levity. Thus far criticism will go. But something is still wanting. A man might have all those qualities, and every other quality which the most minute examiner can introduce into his catalogue of the virtues and faults of Hotspur, and yet he would not be Hotspur. Almost every thing that we have said of him applies equally to Falconbridge. Yet, in the mouth of Falconbridge, most of his speeches would seem out of place. In real life, this perpetually occurs. We are sensible of wide differences between men whom, if we were required to describe them, we should describe in almost the same terms. If we were attempting to draw elaborate characters of them, we should scarcely be able to point out any strong distinction; yet we approach them with feelings altogether dissimilar. We cannot conceive of them as using the expressions or the gestures of each other. Let us suppose that a zoologist should attempt to give an account of some animal, a porcupine for instance, to people who had never seen it. The porcupine, he might say, is of the genus mammalia, and the order glires. There are whiskers on its face; it is two feet long; it has four toes before, five behind, two fore-teeth, and eight grinders. Its body is covered with hair and quills. And when all this had been said, would any one of the auditors have formed a just idea of a porcupine? Would any two of them have formed the same idea? There might exist innumerable races of animals, possessing all the characteristics which have been mentioned, yet altogether unlike to each other. What the description of our naturalist is to a real porcupine, the remarks of criticism are to the images of poetry. What it so imperfectly decomposes, it cannot perfectly re-construct. It is evidently as impossible to produce an Othello or a Macbeth by reversing an analytical process so defective, as it would be for an anatomist to form a living man out of the fragments of his dissecting-room. In both cases, the vital principle eludes the finest instruments, and vanishes in the very instant in which its seat is touched. Hence those who, trusting to their critical skill, attempt to write poems, give us, not images of things, but catalogues of qualities. Their characters are allegories; not good men and bad men, but cardinal virtues and deadly sins. We seem to have fallen among the acquaintances of our old friend Christian: sometimes we meet Mistrust and Timorous; sometimes Mr. Hate-good and

Mr. Love-lust; and then again Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

That critical discernment is not sufficient to make men poets, is generally allowed. Why it should keep them from becoming poets, is not perhaps equally evident: but the fact is, that poetry requires not an examining, but a believing frame of mind. Those feel it most, and write it best, who forget that it is a work of art; to whom its imitations, like the realities from which they are taken, are subjects not for connoisseurship, but for tears and laughter, resentment and affection, who are too much under the influence of the illusion to admire the genius which has produced it; who are too much frightened for Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, to care whether the pun about Outis be good or bad; who forget that such a person as Shakspeare ever existed, while they weep and curse with Lear. It is by giving faith to the creations of the imagination that a man becomes a poet. It is by treating those creations as deceptions, and by resolving them, as nearly as possible, into their elements, that he becomes a critic. In the moment in which the skill of the artist is perceived, the spell of the art is broken.

These considerations account for the absurdities into which the greatest writers have fallen, when they have attempted to give general rules for composition, or to pronounce judgment on the works of others. They are unaccustomed to analyse what they feel; they, therefore, perpetually refer their emotions to causes which have not in the slightest degree tended to produce them. They feel pleasure in reading a book. They never consider that this pleasure may be the effect of ideas, which some unmeaning expression, striking on the first link of a chain of associations, may have called up in their own minds—that they have themselves furnished to the author the beauties which they admire.

Cervantes is the delight of all classes of readers. Every schoolboy thumbs to pieces the most wretched translations of his romance, and knows the lantern jaws of the Knight Errant, and the broad cheeks of the Squire, as well as the faces of his own playfellows. The most experienced and fastidious judges are amazed at the perfection of that art which extracts inextinguishable laughter from the greatest of human calamities, without once violating the reverence due to it; at that discriminating delicacy of touch, which makes a character exquisitely ridiculous, without impairing its worth, its grace, or its dignity. In Don Quixote are several dissertations on the principles of poetic and dramatic writing. No passages in the whole work exhibit stronger marks of labour and attention; and no passages in any work with which we are acquainted, are more worthless and puerile. In our time they would scarcely obtain admittance into the literary department of the Morning Post. Every reader of the Divine Comedy must be struck by the veneration which Dante expresses for writers far inferior to himself. He will not lift up his eyes from the ground in the presence of Brunetto, all whose works are not worth the worst of his own hundred cantos. He does not venture to walk in the same

line with the bombastic Statius. His admiration of Virgil is absolute idolatry. If indeed it had been excited by the elegant, splendid, and harmonious diction of the Roman poet, it would not have been altogether unreasonable; but it is rather as an authority on all points of philosophy, than as a work of imagination, that he values the *Æneid*. The most trivial passages he regards as oracles of the highest authority, and of the most recondite meaning. He describes his conductor as the sea of all wisdom—the sun which heals every disordered sight. As he judged of Virgil, the Italians of the fourteenth century judged of him; they were proud of him; they praised him; they struck medals bearing his head; they quarrelled for the honour of possessing his remains; they maintained professors to expound his writings. But what they admired was not that mighty imagination which called a new world into existence, and made all its sights and sounds familiar to the eye and ear of the mind. They said little of those awful and lovely creations on which later critics delight to dwell—*Farinata* lifting his haughty and tranquil brow from his couch of everlasting fire—the lion-like repose of *Sordello*—or the light which shone from the celestial smile of *Beatrice*. They extolled their great poet for his smattering of ancient literature and history; for his logic and his divinity; for his absurd physics, and his more absurd metaphysics; for every thing but that in which he pre-eminently excelled. Like the fool in the story, who ruined his dwelling by digging for gold, which, as he had dreamed, was concealed under its foundations, they laid waste one of the noblest works of human genius, by seeking in it for buried treasures of wisdom, which existed only in their own wild reveries. The finest passages were little valued till they had been debased into some monstrous allegory. Louder applause was given to the lecture on fate and free will, or to the ridiculous astronomical theories, than to those tremendous lines which disclose the secrets of the tower of hunger; or to that half-told tale of guilty love, so passionate and so full of tears.

We do not mean to say, that the contemporaries of Dante read with less emotion than their descendants of *Ugolino* groping among the wasted corpses of his children, or of *Francesca*, starting at the tremulous kiss, and dropping the fatal volume. Far from it. We believe that they admired these things less than ourselves, but that they felt them more. We should perhaps say, that they felt them too much to admire them. The progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization produces a change similar to that which takes place during the progress of an individual from infancy to mature age. What man does not remember with regret the first time that he read *Robinson Crusoe*? Then, indeed, he was unable to appreciate the powers of the writer; or rather, he neither knew nor cared whether the book had a writer at all. He probably thought it not half so fine as some rant of *Macpherson* about dark-browed *Foldath*, and white-bosomed *Strinadona*. He now values *Fingal* and *Temora* only as showing with how little evidence a story may be believed, and with how little

merit a book may be popular. Of the romance of *Defoe* he entertains the highest opinion. He perceives the hand of a master in ten thousand touches, which formerly he passed by without notice. But though he understands the merits of the narrative better than formerly, he is far less interested by it. *Xury*, and *Friday*, and pretty *Poll*, the boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the canoe which could not be brought down to the water edge, the tent with its hedge and ladders, the preserve of kids, and the den where the old goat died, can never again be to him the realities which they were. The days when his favourite volume set him upon making wheelbarrows and chairs, upon digging caves and fencing huts in the garden, can never return. Such is the law of our nature. Our judgment ripens, our imagination decays. We cannot at once enjoy the flowers of the spring of life, and the fruits of its autumn, the pleasures of close investigation, and those of agreeable error. We cannot sit at once in the front of the stage and behind the scenes. We cannot be under the illusion of the spectacle, while we are watching the movements of the ropes and pulleys which dispose it.

The chapter in which *Fielding* describes the behaviour of *Partridge* at the theatre, affords so complete an illustration of our proposition, that we cannot refrain from quoting some parts of it.

"*Partridge* gave that credit to *Mr. Garrick* which he had denied to *Jones*, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. *Jones* asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage?"—"O, la, sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance and in so much company; and yet, if I was frightened, I am not the only person."—"Why, who," cries *Jones*, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?"—"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life." He sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on *Hamlet*, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in *Hamlet*, succeeding likewise in him. . . .

"Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which *Jones* asked him which of the players he liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The King, without doubt.'—"Indeed, *Mr. Partridge*," says *Mrs. Miller*, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that *Hamlet* is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."—"He the best player!" cries *Partridge*, with a contemptuous sneer; "why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know

you are only joking with me ; but indeed, madam, though I never was at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country, and the King for my money ; he speaks all his words distinctly, and half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor."

In this excellent passage, Partridge is represented as a very bad theatrical critic. But none of those who laugh at him possess the title of his sensibility to theatrical excellence. He admires in the wrong place : but he trembles in the right place. It is indeed because he is so much excited by the acting of Garrick, that he ranks him below the strutting, mouth-ing performer, who personates the King. So, we have heard it said, that in some parts of Spain and Portugal, an actor who should represent a depraved character finely, instead of calling down the applauses of the audience, is hissed and pelted without mercy. It would be the same in England, if we, for one moment, thought that Shylock or Iago was standing before us. While the dramatic art was in its infancy at Athens, it produced similar effects on the ardent and imaginative spectators. It is said that they blamed Æschylus for frightening them into fits with his Furies. Herodotus tells us, that when Phrynichus produced his tragedy on the fall of Miletus, they fined him in a penalty of a thousand drachmas, for torturing their feelings by so pathetic an exhibition. They did not regard him as a great artist, but merely as a man who had given them pain. When they woke from the distressing illusion, they treated the author of it as they would have treated a messenger who should have brought them fatal and alarming tidings which turned out to be false. In the same manner, a child screams with terror at the sight of a person in an ugly mask. He has perhaps seen the mask put on. But his imagination is too strong for his reason, and he insists that it may be taken off.

We should act in the same manner if the grief and horror produced in us by works of the imagination amounted to real torture. But in us these emotions are comparatively languid. They rarely affect our appetite or our sleep. They leave us sufficiently at ease to trace them to their causes, and to estimate the powers which produce them. Our attention is speedily diverted from the images which call forth our tears to the art by which those images have been selected and combined. We applaud the genius of the writer. We applaud our own sagacity and sensibility, and we are comforted. Yet, though we think that in the progress of nations towards refinement, the reasoning powers are improved at the expense of the imagination, we acknowledge, that to this rule there are many apparent exceptions. We are not, however, quite satisfied that they are more than apparent. Men reasoned better, for example, in the time of Elizabeth than in the time of Egbert ; and they also wrote better poetry. But we must distinguish between poetry as a mental act, and poetry as a species of composition. If we take it in the latter sense, its excellence depends, not solely on the vigour of the imagination, but partly also on the instruments which the imagination employs. Within certain limits, therefore, poetry may be

improving, while the poetical faculty is decaying. The vividness of the picture presented to the reader, is not necessarily proportioned to the vividness of the prototype which exists in the mind of the writer. In the other arts we see this clearly. Should a man, gifted by nature with all the genius of Canova, attempt to carve a statue without instruction as to the management of his chisel, or attention to the anatomy of the human body, he would produce something compared with which the Highlander at the door of a snuff-shop would deserve admiration. If an uninitiated Raphael were to attempt a painting, it would be a mere daub ; indeed, the connoisseurs say, that the early works of Raphael are little better. Yet, who can attribute this to want of imagination ? Who can doubt that the youth of that great artist was passed amidst an ideal world of beautiful and majestic forms ! Or, who will attribute the difference which appears between his first rude essays, and his magnificent Transfiguration, to a change in the constitution of his mind ? In poetry, as in painting and sculpture, it is necessary that the imitator should be well acquainted with that which he undertakes to imitate, and expert in the mechanical part of his art. Genius will not furnish him with a vocabulary : it will not teach him what word most exactly corresponds to his idea, and will most fully convey it to others : it will not make him a great descriptive poet, till he has looked with attention on the face of nature : or a great dramatist, till he has felt and witnessed much of the influence of the passions. Information and experience are, therefore, necessary ; not for the purpose of strengthening the imagination, which is never so strong as in people incapable of reasoning—savages, children, madmen, and dreamers ; but for the purpose of enabling the artist to communicate his conceptions to others.

In a barbarous age the imagination exercises a despotic power. So strong is the perception of what is unreal, that it often overpowers all the passions of the mind, and all the sensations of the body. At first, indeed, the phantasm remains undivulged, a hidden treasure, a wordless poetry, an invisible painting, a silent music, a dream of which the pains and pleasures exist to the dreamer alone, a bitterness which the heart only knoweth, a joy with which a stranger intermeddeth not. The machinery, by which ideas are to be conveyed from one person to another, is as yet rude and defective. Between mind and mind there is a great gulf. The imitative arts do not exist, or are in their lowest state. But the actions of men amply prove, that the faculty which gives birth to those arts is morbidly active. It is not yet the inspiration of poets and sculptors ; but it is the amusement of the day, the terror of the night, the fertile source of wild superstitions. It turns the clouds into gigantic shapes, and the winds into doleful voices. The belief which springs from it is more absolute and undoubting than any which can be derived from evidence. It resembles the faith which we repose in our own sensations. Thus, the Arab, when covered with wounds, saw nothing but the dark eyes and the green kerchief of a beckoning Houri. The Northern warrior laughed in the

pangs of death when he thought of the mead of Valhalla.

The first works of the imagination are, as we have said, poor and rude, not from the want of genius, but from the want of materials. Phidias could have done nothing with an old tree and a fish-bone, or Homer with the language of New-Holland.

Yet the effect of these early performances, imperfect as they must necessarily be, is immense. All deficiencies are supplied by the susceptibility of those to whom they are addressed. We all know what pleasure a wooden doll, which may be bought for sixpence, will afford to a little girl. She will require no other company. She will nurse it, dress it, and talk to it all day. No grown-up man takes half so much delight in one of the incomparable babies of Chantry. In the same manner, savages are more affected by the rude compositions of their bards, than nations more advanced in civilization by the greatest master-pieces of poetry.

In process of time, the instruments by which the imagination works are brought to perfection. Men have not more imagination than their rude ancestors. We strongly suspect that they have much less. But they produce better works of imagination. Thus, up to a certain period, the diminution of the poetical powers is far more than compensated by the improvement of all the appliances and means of which those powers stand in need. Then comes the short period of splendid and consummate excellence. And then, from causes against which it is vain to struggle, poetry begins to decline. The progress of language, which was at first favourable, becomes fatal to it, and, instead of compensating for the decay of the imagination, accelerates that decay, and renders it more obvious. When the adventurer in the Arabian tale anointed one of his eyes with the contents of the magical box, all the riches of the earth, however widely dispersed, however sacredly concealed, became visible to him. But when he tried the experiment on both eyes, he was struck with blindness. What the enchanted elixir was to the sight of the body, language is to the sight of the imagination. At first it calls up a world of glorious illusions; but when it becomes too copious, it altogether destroys the visual power.

As the development of the mind proceeds, symbols, instead of being employed to convey images, are substituted for them. Civilized men think, as they trade, not in kind, but by means of a circulating medium. In these circumstances, the sciences improve rapidly, and criticism among the rest; but poetry, in the highest sense of the word, disappears. Then comes the dotage of the fine arts, a second childhood, as feeble as the former, and far more hopeless. This is the age of critical poetry, of poetry by courtesy, of poetry to which the memory, the judgment, and the wit, contribute far more than the imagination. We readily allow, that many works of this description are excellent: we will not contend with those who think them more valuable than the great poems of an earlier period. We only maintain that they belong to a different species of composition, and are produced by a different faculty.

It is some consolation to reflect, that this critical school of poetry improves as the science of criticism improves; and, that the science of criticism, like every other science, is constantly tending towards perfection. As experiments are multiplied, principles are better understood.

In some countries, in our own, for example, there has been an interval between the downfall of the creative school and the rise of the critical, a period during which imagination has been in its decrepitude, and taste in its infancy. Such a revolutionary interregnum as this will be deformed by every species of extravagance.

The first victory of good taste is over the bombast and conceits which deform such times as these. But criticism is still in a very imperfect state. What is accidental is for a long time confounded with what is essential. General theories are drawn from detached facts. How many hours the action of a play may be allowed to occupy,—how many similes an Epic Poet may introduce into his first book,—whether a piece, which is acknowledged to have a beginning and an end, may not be without a middle, and other questions as puerile as these, formerly occupied the attention of men of letters in France, and even in this country. Poets, in such circumstances as these, exhibit all the narrowness and feebleness of the criticism by which their manner has been fashioned. From outrageous absurdity they are preserved indeed by their timidity. But they perpetually sacrifice nature and reason to arbitrary canons of taste. In their eagerness to avoid the *mala prohibita* of a foolish code, they are perpetually rushing on the *mala in se*. Their great predecessors, it is true, were as bad critics as themselves, or perhaps worse: but those predecessors, as we have attempted to show, were inspired by a faculty independent of criticism; and, therefore, wrote well while they judged ill.

In time men begin to take more rational and comprehensive views of literature. The analysis of poetry, which, as we have remarked, must at best be imperfect, approaches nearer and nearer to exactness. The merits of the wonderful models of former times are justly appreciated. The frigid productions of a later age are rated at no more than their proper value. Pleasing and ingenious imitations of the manner of the great masters appear. Poetry has a partial revival, a Saint Martin's Summer, which, after a period of dreariness and decay, agreeably reminds us of the splendour of its June. A second harvest is gathered in though, growing on a spent soil, it has not the heart of the former. Thus, in the present age, Monti has successfully imitated the style of Dante; and something of the Elizabethan inspiration has been caught by several eminent countrymen of our own. But never will Italy produce another Inferno, or England another Hamlet. We look on the beauties of the modern imitations with feelings similar to those with which we see flowers disposed in vases, to ornament the drawing-rooms of a capital. We doubtless regard them with pleasure, with greater pleasure, perhaps, because, in the midst of a place ungenial to them, they remind us of the desert spots on which they flourish in spontaneous

ubérance. But we miss the sap, the freshness, and the bloom. Or, if we may borrow another illustration from Queen Scheherezade, we would compare the writers of this school to the jewellers who were employed to complete the unfinished window of the palace of Aladdin. Whatever skill or cost could do was done. Palace and bazaar were ransacked for precious stones. Yet the artists, with all their dexterity, with all their assiduity, and with all their vast means, were unable to produce any thing comparable to the wonders which a spirit of a higher order had wrought in a single night.

The history of every literature with which we are acquainted confirms, we think, the principles which we have laid down. In Greece we see the imaginative school of poetry gradually fading into the critical. *Æschylus* and *Pindar* were succeeded by *Sophocles*. *Sophocles* by *Euripides*, *Euripides* by the *Alexandrian* versifiers. Of these last, *Theocritus* alone has left compositions which deserve to be read. The splendid and grotesque fairyland of the Old Comedy, rich with such gorgeous hues, peopled with such fantastic shapes, and vocal alternately with the sweetest peals of music and the loudest bursts of elvish laughter, disappeared for ever. The master-pieces of the New Comedy are known to us by Latin translations of extraordinary merit. From these translations, and from the expressions of the ancient critics, it is clear that the original compositions were distinguished by grace and sweetness, that they sparkled with wit, and abounded with pleasing sentiment; but that the creative power was gone. *Julius Caesar* called *Terence* a half *Menander*,—a sure proof that *Menander* was not a quarter *Aristophanes*.

The literature of the Romans was merely a continuation of the literature of the Greeks. The pupils started from the point at which their masters had, in the course of many generations, arrived. They thus almost wholly missed the period of original invention. The only Latin poets whose writings exhibit much vigour of imagination are *Lucretius* and *Catullus*. The *Augustan* age produced nothing equal to their finer passages.

In France, that licensed jester, whose jingling cap and motley coat concealed more genius than ever mustered in the saloon of *Ninon* or of *Madame Geoffrin*, was succeeded by writers as decorous and as tiresome as gentlemen-ushers.

The poetry of Italy and of Spain has undergone the same change. But nowhere has the revolution been more complete and violent than in England. The same person who, when a boy, had clapped his thrilling hands at the first representation of the *Tempest*, might, without attaining to a marvellous longevity, have lived to read the earlier works of *Prior* and *Addison*. The change, we believe, must, sooner or later, have taken place. But its progress was accelerated, and its character modified, by the political occurrences of the times, and particularly by two events, the closing of the theatres under the commonwealth, and the restoration of the House of Stewart.

We have said that the critical and poetical *literatures* are not only distinct, but almost incompatible. The state of our literature during

the reigns of *Elizabeth* and *James the First* is a strong confirmation of this remark. The greatest works of imagination that the world has ever seen were produced at that period. The national taste, in the mean time, was to the last degree detestable. Alliterations, puns, antithetical forms of expression lavishly employed where no corresponding opposition existed between the thoughts expressed, strained allegories, pedantic allusions, every thing, in short, quaint and affected, in matter and manner, made up what was then considered as fine writing. The eloquence of the bar, the pulpit, and the council-board, was deformed by conceits which would have disgraced the rhyming shepherds of an Italian academy. The King quibbled on the throne. We might, indeed, console ourselves by reflecting that his Majesty was a fool. But the Chancellor quibbled in concert from the wool-sack: and the Chancellor was *Francis Bacon*. It is needless to mention *Sidney* and the whole tribe of *Euphuists*. For *Shakespeare* himself, the greatest poet that ever lived, falls into the same fault whenever he means to be particularly fine. While he abandons himself to the impulse of his imagination, his compositions are not only the sweetest and the most sublime, but also the most faultless that the world has ever seen. But as soon as his critical powers come into play, he sinks to the level of *Cowley*; or rather he does ill, what *Cowley* did well. All that is bad in his works is bad elaborately, and of malice aforethought. The only thing wanting to make them perfect was, that he should never have troubled himself with thinking whether they were good or not. Like the angels in *Milton*, he sinks "with compulsion and laborious flight." His natural tendency is upwards. That he may soar, it is only necessary that he should not struggle to fall. He resembled an American *Cacique*, who, possessing in unmeasured abundance the metals which in polished societies are esteemed the most precious, was utterly unconscious of their value, and gave up treasures more valuable than the imperial crowns of other countries, to secure some gaudy and far-fetched, but worthless bauble, a plated button, or a necklace of coloured glass.

We have attempted to show that, as knowledge is extended and as the reason develops itself, the imitative arts decay. We should, therefore, expect that the corruption of poetry would commence in the educated classes of society. And this, in fact, is almost constantly the case. The few great works of imagination which appear in a critical age, are, almost without exception, the works of uneducated men. Thus, at a time when persons of quality translated French romances, and when the Universities celebrated royal deaths in verses about *Tritons* and *Fauns*, a preaching tinker produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*. And thus a ploughman startled a generation which had thought *Hayley* and *Beattie* great poets, with the adventures of *Tam O'Shanter*. Even in the latter part of the reign of *Elizabeth* the fashionable poetry had degenerated. It retained few vestiges of the imagination of earlier times. It had not yet been subjected to the rules of good taste. Affectation had completely tainted madrigals and sonnets. The

grotesque conceits, and the tuneless numbers of Donne were, in the time of James, the favourite models of composition at Whitehall and at the Temple. But though the literature of the Court was in its decay, the literature of the people was in its perfection. The Muses had taken sanctuary in the theatres, the haunts of a class whose taste was not better than that of the Right Honourables and singular good Lords who admired metaphysical love-verses, but whose imagination retained all its freshness and vigour; whose censure and approbation might be erroneously bestowed, but whose tears and laughter were never in the wrong. The infection which had tainted lyric and didactic poetry had but slightly and partially touched the drama. While the noble and the learned were comparing eyes to burning-glasses, and tears to terrestrial globes; coyness to an enthymer, absence to a pair of compasses, and an unrequited passion to the fortieth remainder-man in an entail, Juliet leaning from the balcony, and Miranda smiling over the chess-board, sent home many spectators, as kind and simple hearted as the master and mistress of Fletcher's *Ralpho*, to cry themselves to sleep.

No species of fiction is so delightful to us as the old English drama. Even its inferior productions possess a charm not to be found in any other kind of poetry. It is the most lucid mirror that ever was held up to nature. The creations of the great dramatists of Athens produce the effect of magnificent sculptures, conceived by a mighty imagination, polished with the utmost delicacy, embodying ideas of ineffable majesty and beauty, but cold, pale, and rigid, with no bloom on the cheek, and no speculation in the eye. In all the draperies, the figures, and the faces, in the lovers and the tyrants, the Bacchanals and the Furies, there is the same marble chillness and deadness. Most of the characters of the French stage resemble the waxen gentlemen and ladies in the window of a perfumier, rouged, curled, and bedizened, but fixed in such stiff attitudes, and staring with eyes expressive of such utter unmeaningness, that they cannot produce an illusion for a single moment. In the English plays alone is to be found the warmth, the mellowness, and the reality of painting. We know the minds of the men and women, as we know the faces of the men and women of *Vandyke*.

The excellence of these works is in a great measure the result of two peculiarities, which the critics of the French school consider as defects,—from the mixture of tragedy and comedy, and from the length and extent of the action. The former is necessary to render the drama a just representation of a world, in which the laughers and the weepers are perpetually jostling each other,—in which every event has its serious and its ludicrous side. The latter enables us to form an intimate acquaintance with characters, with which we could not possibly become familiar during the few hours to which the unities restrict the poet. In this respect, the works of *Shakspeare*, in particular, are miracles of art. In a piece, which may be read aloud in three hours, we see a character gradually unfold all its recesses to us. We see it change with the change of circumstan-

ces. The petulant youth rises into the politic and warlike sovereign. The profuse and courteous philanthropist sours into a hater and scorner of his kind. The tyrant is altered, by the chastening of affliction, into a pensive moralist. The veteran general, distinguished by coolness, sagacity, and self-command, sinks under a conflict between love, strong as death, and jealousy, cruel as the grave. The brave and loyal subject passes, step by step, to the extremities of human depravity. We trace his progress from the first dawning of unlawful ambition, to the cynical melancholy of his impenitent remorse. Yet, in these pieces, there are no unnatural transitions. Nothing is omitted: nothing is crowded. Great as are the changes, narrow as is the compass within which they are exhibited, they shock us as little as the gradual alterations of those familiar faces which we see every evening and every morning. The magical skill of the poet resembles that of the *Dervise* in the *Spectator*, who condensed all the events of seven years into the single moment during which the king held his head under the water.

It is deserving of remark, that at the time of which we speak, the plays even of men not eminently distinguished by genius,—such, for example, as *Jonson*, were far superior to the best works of imagination in other departments. Therefore, though we conceive that, from causes which we have already investigated, our poetry must necessarily have declined, we think that, unless its fate had been accelerated by external attacks, it might have enjoyed an euthanasia, that genius might have been kept alive by the drama, till its place could, in some degree, be supplied by taste,—that there would have been scarcely any interval between the age of sublime invention, and that of agreeable imitation. The works of *Shakspeare*, which were not appreciated with any degree of justice before the middle of the eighteenth century, might then have been the recognised standards of excellence during the latter part of the seventeenth; and he and the great Elizabethan writers might have been almost immediately succeeded by a generation of poets similar to those who adorn our own times.

But the Puritans drove imagination from its last asylum. They prohibited theatrical representations, and stigmatised the whole race of dramatists as enemies of morality and religion. Much that is objectionable may be found in the writers whom they reprobated; but whether they took the best measures for stopping the evil, appears to us very doubtful, and must, we think, have appeared doubtful to themselves, when, after the lapse of a few years, they saw the unclean spirit whom they had cast out return to his old haunts, with seven others fouler than himself.

By the extinction of the drama, the fashionable school of poetry,—a school without truth of sentiment or harmony of versification,—without the powers of an earlier, or the correctness of a later age,—was left to enjoy undisputed ascendancy. A vicious ingenuity, a morbid quickness to perceive resemblances and analogies between things apparently heterogeneous, constituted almost its only claim to admiration. *Suckling* was dead. *Milton*

absorbed in political and theological controversy. If Waller differed from the Cowleyan sect of writers, he differed for the worse. He had as little poetry as they, and much less wit; nor is the languor of his verses less offensive than the ruggedness of theirs. In Denham alone the faint dawn of a better manner was discernible.

But, low as was the state of our poetry during the civil war and the Protectorate, a still deeper fall was at hand. Hitherto our literature had been idiomatic. In mind as in situation, we had been islanders. The revolutions in our taste, like the revolutions in our Government, had been settled without the interference of strangers. Had this state of things continued, the same just principles of reasoning, which, about this time, were applied with unprecedented success to every part of philosophy, would soon have conducted our ancestors to a sounder code of criticism. There were already strong signs of improvement. Our prose had at length worked itself clear from those quaint conceits which still deformed almost every metrical composition. The parliamentary debates, and the diplomatic correspondence of that eventful period, had contributed much to this reform. In such bustling times, it was absolutely necessary to speak and write to the purpose. The absurdities of Puritanism had, perhaps, done more. At the time when that odious style, which deforms the writings of Hall and of Lord Bacon, was almost universal, had appeared that stupendous work, the English Bible,—a book which, if every thing else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power. The respect which the translators felt for the original, prevented them from adding any of the hideous decorations then in fashion. The ground-work of the version, indeed, was of an earlier age. The familiarity with which the Puritans, on almost every occasion, used the Scriptural phrases, was no doubt very ridiculous; but it produced good effects. It was a cant; but it drove out a cant far more offensive.

The highest kind of poetry is, in a great measure, independent of those circumstances which regulate the style of composition in prose. But with that inferior species of poetry which succeeds to it, the case is widely different. In a few years, the good sense and good taste which had weeded out affectation from moral and political treatises, would, in the natural course of things, have effected a similar reform in the sonnet and the ode. The rigour of the victorious sectaries had relaxed. A dominant religion is never ascetic. The government connived at theatrical representations. The influence of Shakspeare was once more felt. But darker days were approaching. A foreign yoke was to be imposed on our literature. Charles, surrounded by the companions of his long exile, returned to govern a nation which ought never to have cast him out, or never to have received him back. Every year which he had passed among strangers, had rendered him more unfit to rule his countrymen. In France he had seen the refractory magistracy humbled, and royal prerogative, though exercised by a foreign priest, in the name of a

child, victorious over all opposition. This spectacle naturally gratified a prince to whose family the opposition of Parliaments had been so fatal. Politeness was his solitary good quality. The insults which he had suffered in Scotland, had taught him to prize it. The effeminacy and apathy of his disposition, fitted him to excel in it. The elegance and vivacity of the French manners, fascinated him. With the political maxims, and the social habits of his favourite people, he adopted their taste in composition; and, when seated on the throne, soon rendered it fashionable, partly by direct patronage, but still more by that contemptible policy which, for a time, made England the last of the nations, and raised Lewis the Fourteenth to a height of power and fame, such as no French sovereign had ever before attained.

It was to please Charles that rhyme was first introduced into our plays. Thus, a rising blow, which would at any time have been mortal, was dealt to the English Drama, then just recovering from its languishing condition. Two detestable manners, the indigenous and the imported, were now in a state of alternate conflict and amalgamation. The bombastic meanness of the new style was blended with the ingenious absurdity of the old; and the mixture produced something which the world had never before seen, and which, we hope, it will never see again,—something, by the side of which the worst nonsense of all other ages appears to advantage,—something, which those who have attempted to caricature it, have, against their will, been forced to flatter,—of which the tragedy of Bayes is a very favourable specimen. What Lord Dorset observed to Edward Howard, might have been addressed to almost all his contemporaries:—

“As skilful divers to the bottom fall,
Swifter than those who cannot swim at all;
So, in this way of writing without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.”

From this reproach some clever men of the world must be excepted, and among them Dorset himself. Though by no means great poets, or even good versifiers, they always wrote with meaning, and sometimes with wit. Nothing indeed more strongly shows to what a miserable state literature had fallen, than the immense superiority which the occasional rhymes, carelessly thrown on paper by men of this class, possess over the elaborate productions of almost all the professed authors. The reigning taste was so bad, that the success of a writer was in inverse proportion to his labour, and to his desire of excellence. An exception must be made for Butler, who had as much wit and learning as Cowley, and who knew, what Cowley never knew, how to use them. A great command of good homely English distinguishes him still more from the other writers of the time. As for Gondibert, those may criticise it who can read it. Imagination was extinct. Taste was depraved. Poetry, driven from palaces, colleges, and theatres, had found an asylum in the obscure dwelling, where a Great Man, born out of due season, in disgrace, penury, pain, and blindness, still kept uncontaminated a character and a genius worthy of a better age.

Every thing about Milton is wonderful; but nothing is so wonderful as that, in an age so unfavourable to poetry, he should have produced the greatest of modern epic poems. We are not sure that this is not in some degree to be attributed to his want of sight. The imagination is notoriously most active when the external world is shut out. In sleep its illusions are perfect. They produce all the effect of realities. In darkness its visions are always more distinct than in the light. Every person who amuses himself with what is called building castles in the air, must have experienced this. We know artists, who, before they attempt to draw a face from memory, close their eyes, that they may recall a more perfect image of the features and the expression. We are therefore inclined to believe, that the genius of Milton may have been preserved from the influence of times so unfavourable to it, by his infirmity. Be this as it may, his works at first enjoyed a very small share of popularity. To be neglected by his contemporaries was the penalty which he paid for surpassing them. His great poem was not generally studied or admired, till writers far inferior to him had, by obsequiously cringing to the public taste, acquired sufficient labour to reform it.

Of these, Dryden was the most eminent. Amidst the crowd of authors who, during the earlier years of Charles the Second, courted notoriety by every species of absurdity and affectation, he speedily became conspicuous. No man exercised so much influence on the age. The reason is obvious. On no man did the age exercise so much influence. He was perhaps the greatest of those whom we have designated as the critical poets; and his literary career exhibited, on a reduced scale, the whole history of the school to which he belonged,—the rudeness and extravagance of its infancy, the propriety,—the grace,—the dignified good sense,—the temperate splendour of its maturity. His imagination was torpid, till it was awakened by his judgment. He began with quaint parallels, and empty moulting. He gradually acquired the energy of the satirist, the gravity of the moralist, the rapture of the lyric poet. The revolution through which English literature has been passing, from the time of Cowley to that of Scott, may be seen in miniature within the compass of his volumes.

His life divides itself into two parts. There is some debatable ground on the common frontier; but the line may be drawn with tolerable accuracy. The year 1678 is that on which we should be inclined to fix as the date of a great change in his manner. During the preceding period appeared some of his courtly panegyrics,—his *Annus Mirabilis*, and most of his plays; indeed, all his rhyming tragedies. To the subsequent period belong his best dramas,—*All for Love*, *The Spanish Friar*, and *Sebastian*,—his satires, his translations, his didactic poems, his fables, and his odes.

Of the small pieces which were presented to chancellors and princes, it would scarcely be fair to speak. The greatest advantage which the Fine Arts derive from the extension of knowledge is, that the patronage of individuals becomes unnecessary. Some writers still affect to regret the age of patronage. None but

bad writers have reason to regret it. It is always an age of general ignorance. Where ten thousand readers are eager for the appearance of a book, a small contribution from each makes up a splendid remuneration for the author. Where literature is a luxury, confined to few, each of them must pay high. If the Empress Catharine, for example, wanted an epic poem, she must have wholly supported the poet;—just as, in a remote country village, a man who wants a mutton-chop is sometimes forced to take the whole sheep;—a thing which never happens where the demand is large. But men who pay largely for the gratification of their taste, will expect to have it united with some gratification to their vanity. Flattery is carried to a shameless extent; and the habit of flattery almost inevitably introduces a false taste into composition. Its language is made up of hyperbolic common-places,—offensive from their triteness,—still more offensive from their extravagance. In no school is the trick of overstepping the modesty of nature so speedily acquired. The writer, accustomed to find exaggeration acceptable and necessary on one subject, uses it on all. It is not strange, therefore, that the early panegyric verses of Dryden should be made up of meanness and bombast. They abound with the conceits which his immediate predecessors had brought into fashion. But his language and his versification were already far superior to theirs.

The *Annus Mirabilis* shows great command of expression, and a fine ear for heroic rhyme. Here its merits end. Not only has it no claim to be called poetry; but it seems to be the work of a man who could never, by any possibility, write poetry. Its affected similes are the best part of it. Gaudy weeds present a more encouraging spectacle than utter barrenness. There is scarcely a single stanza in this long work to which the imagination seems to have contributed any thing. It is produced, not by creation, but by construction. It is made up, not of pictures, but of inferences. We will give a single instance,—and certainly a favourable instance,—a quatrain which Johnson has praised. Dryden is describing the sea-fight with the Dutch.—

“Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball;
And now their odours armed against them fly.
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.”

The poet should place his readers, as nearly as possible, in the situation of the sufferers or the spectators. His narration ought to produce feelings similar to those which would be excited by the event itself. Is this the case here? Who, in a sea-fight, ever thought of the price of the china which beats out the brains of a sailor; or of the odour of the splinter which shatters his leg? It is not by an act of the imagination, at once calling up the scene before the interior eye, but by painful meditation,—by turning the subject round and round,—by tracing out facts unto remote consequences, that these incongruous topics are introduced into the description. Homer, it is true, perpetually uses epithets which are not peculiarly appropriate. Achilles is the swift-footed, when he is sitting still. Ulysses is the much-enduring, when

has nothing to endure. Every spear casts a long shadow; every ox has crooked horns; and every woman a high bosom, though these particulars may be quite beside the purpose. In our old ballads a similar practice prevails. The gold is always red, and the ladies always gay, though nothing whatever may depend on the hue of the gold, or the temper of the ladies. But these adjectives are mere customary additions. They merge in the substantives to which they are attached. If they at all colour the idea, it is with a tinge so slight as in no respect to alter the general effect. In the passage which we have quoted from Dryden the case is very different. *Preciously* and *aromatic* divert our whole attention to themselves, and dissolve the image of the battle in a moment. The whole poem reminds us of Lucan, and of the worst parts of Lucan,—the sea-fight in the Bay of Marseilles, for example. The description of the two fleets during the night is perhaps the only passage which ought to be exempted from this censure. If it was from the *Annus Mirabilis* that Milton formed his opinion, when he pronounced Dryden a good rhymist, but no poet, he certainly judged correctly. But Dryden was, as we have said, one of those writers, in whom the period of imagination does not precede, but follow, the period of observation and reflection.

His plays, his rhyming plays in particular, are admirable subjects for those who wish to study the morbid anatomy of the drama. He was utterly destitute of the power of exhibiting real human beings. Even in the far inferior talent, of composing characters out of those elements into which the imperfect process of our reason can resolve them, he was very deficient. His men are not even good personifications; they are not well-assorted assemblages of qualities. Now and then, indeed, he seizes a very coarse and marked distinction; and gives us, not a likeness, but a strong caricature, in which a single peculiarity is protruded, and every thing else neglected; like the Marquis of Granby at an inn-door, whom we know by nothing but his baldness; or Wilkes, who is Wilkes only in his squint. These are the best specimens of his skill. For most of his pictures seem, like Turkey carpets, to have been expressly designed not to resemble any thing in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.

The latter manner he practises most frequently in his tragedies, the former in his comedies. The comic characters are without mixture, loathsome and despicable. The men of Etherege and Vanbrugh are bad enough. Those of Smollett are perhaps worse. But they do not approach to the Celadons, the Wildbloods, the Woodalls, and the Rhodophils of Dryden. The vices of these last are set off by a certain fierce hard impudence, to which we know nothing comparable. Their love is the appetite of beasts; their friendship the confederacy of knaves. The ladies seem to have been expressly created to form helps meet for such gentlemen. In deceiving and insulting their old fathers, they do not perhaps exceed the license which, by immemorial prescription, has been allowed to heroines. But they also

cheat at cards, rob strong boxes, put up their favours to auction, betray their friends, abuse their rivals in the style of Billingsgate, and invite their lovers in the language of the Piazza. These, it must be remembered, are not the valets and waiting-women, the Mascarilles and Nerines, but the recognised heroes and heroines, who appear as the representatives of good society, and who, at the end of the fifth act, marry and live very happily ever after. The sensuality, baseness, and malice of their natures, is unredeemed by any quality of a different description,—by any touch of kindness,—or even by any honest burst of hearty hatred and revenge. We are in a world where there is no humanity, no veracity, no sense of shame,—a world for which any good-natured man would gladly take in exchange the society of Milton's devils. But as soon as we enter the regions of Tragedy, we find a great change. There is no lack of fine sentiment there. Metastasio is surpassed in his own department. Scuderi is outscudered. We are introduced to people whose proceedings we can trace to no motive,—of whose feelings we can form no more idea than of a sixth sense. We have left a race of creatures, whose love is as delicate and affectionate as the passion which an alderman feels for a turtle. We find ourselves among beings, whose love is a purely disinterested emotion,—a loyalty extending to passive obedience,—a religion like that of the Quietists, unsupported by any sanction of hope or fear. We see nothing but despotism without power, and sacrifices without compensation.

We will give a few instances:—In Aurengzebe, Arimant, governor of Agra, falls in love with his prisoner Indamora. She rejects his suit with scorn; but assures him that she shall make great use of her power over him. He threatens to be angry. She answers, very coolly:—

“Do not: your anger, like your love, is vain: Whene'er I please, you must be pleased again. Knowing what power I have your will to bend, I'll use it; for I need just such a friend.”

This is no idle menace. She soon brings a letter, addressed to his rival,—orders him to read it,—asks him whether he thinks it sufficiently tender,—and finally commands him to carry it himself. Such tyranny as this, it may be thought, would justify resistance. Arimant does indeed venture to remonstrate:—

“This fatal paper rather let me tear,
Than, like Bellerophon, my sentence bear.”

The answer of the lady is incomparable:—

“You may; but 'twill not be your best advice;
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you must obey me, soon or late.
Why should you vainly struggle with your fate?”

Poor Arimant seems to be of the same opinion. He mutters something about fate and free-will, and walks off with the billet-doux.

In the Indian Emperor, Montezuma presents Almeria with a garland as a token of his love, and offers to make her his queen. She replies:—

“I take this garland, not as given by you;
But as my merit's and my beauty's due;

As for the crown which you, my slave, possess,
To share it with you would but make me less."

In return for such proofs of tenderness as these, her admirer consents to murder his two sons, and a benefactor, to whom he feels the warmest gratitude. Lyndaraxa, in the Conquest of Granada, assumes the same lofty tone with Abdelmelech. He complains that she smiles upon his rival.

Lynd. And when did I my power so far resign,
That you should regulate each look of mine?

Abdel. Then, when you gave your love, you gave that power.

Lynd. 'Twas during pleasure—'tis revoked this hour.

Abdel. I'll hate you, and this visit is my last.

Lynd. Do, if you can: you know I hold you fast."

That these passages violate all historical propriety; that sentiments, to which nothing similar was ever even affected except by the cavaliers of Europe, are transferred to Mexico and Agra, is a light accusation. We have no objection to a conventional world, an Illyrian puritan, or a Bohemian sea-port. While the faces are good, we care little about the background. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that the curtains and hangings in a historical painting ought to be, not velvet or cotton, but merely drapery. The same principle should be applied to poetry and romance. The truth of character is the first object; the truth of place and time is to be considered only in the second place. Puff himself could tell the actor to turn out his toes, and remind him that Keeper Hutton was a great dancer. We wish that, in our own time, a writer of a very different order from Puff had not too often forgotten human nature in the niceties of upholstery, millinery, and cookery.

We blame Dryden, not because the persons of his dramas are not Moors or Americans, but because they are not men and women;—not because love, such as he represents it, could not exist in a harem or in a wigwam; but because it could not exist any where. As is the love of his heroes, such are all their other emotions. All their qualities, their courage, their generosity, their pride, are on the same colossal scale. Justice and prudence are virtues which can exist only in a moderate degree, and which change their nature and their name if pushed to excess. Of justice and prudence, therefore, Dryden leaves his favourites destitute. He did not care to give them what he could not give without measure. The tyrants and ruffians are merely the heroes altered by a few touches, similar to those which transformed the honest face of Sir Roger de Coverley into the Saracen's head. Through the grin and frown, the original features are still perceptible.

It is in the tragi-comedies that these absurdities strike us most. The two races of men, or rather the angels and the baboons, are there presented to us together. We meet in one scene with nothing but gross, selfish, unblushing, lying libertines of both sexes, who, as a punishment, we suppose, for their depravity, are condemned to talk nothing but prose. But as soon as we meet with people who speak in

verse, we know that we are in society which would have enraptured the Cathos and Made-lon of Moliere, in society for which Oroondates would have too little of the lover, and Clelia too much of the coquette.

As Dryden was unable to render his plays interesting by means of that which is the peculiar and appropriate excellence of the drama, it was necessary that he should find some substitute for it. In his comedies he supplied its place, sometimes by wit, but more frequently by intrigue, by disguises, mistakes of persons, dialogues at cross purposes, hair-breadth escapes, perplexing concealments, and surprising disclosures. He thus succeeded at least in making these pieces very amusing.

In his tragedies he trusted, and not altogether without reason, to his diction and his versification. It was on this account, in all probability, that he so eagerly adopted, and so reluctantly abandoned, the practice of rhyming in his plays. What is unnatural appears less unnatural in that species of verse, than in lines which approach more nearly to common conversation; and in the management of the heroic couplet, Dryden has never been equalled. It is unnecessary to urge any arguments against a fashion now universally condemned. But it is worthy of observation, that though Dryden was deficient in that talent which blank verse exhibits to the greatest advantage, and was certainly the best writer of heroic rhyme in our language, yet the plays which have, from the time of their first appearance, been considered as his best, are in blank verse. No experiment can be more decisive.

It must be allowed that the worst even of the rhyming tragedies, contains good description and magnificent rhetoric. But, even when we forget that they are plays, and, passing by their dramatic improprieties, consider them with reference to the language, we are perpetually disgusted by passages which it is difficult to conceive how any author could have written, or any audience have tolerated, rants in which the raving violence of the manner forms a strange contrast with the abject tameness of the thought. The author laid the whole fault on the audience, and declared, that when he wrote them, he considered them had enough to please. This defence is unworthy of a man of genius, and, after all, is no defence. Otway pleased without rant; and so might Dryden have done, if he had possessed the powers of Otway. The fact is, that he had a tendency to bombast, which, though subsequently corrected by time and thought, was never wholly removed, and which showed itself in performances not designed to please the rude mob of the theatre.

Some indulgent critics have represented this failing as an indication of genius, as the profusion of unlimited wealth, the wantonness of exuberant vigour. To us it seems to bear a nearer affinity to the tawdriness of poverty, or the spasms and convulsions of weakness. Dryden surely had not more imagination than Homer, Dante, or Milton, who never fall into this vice. The swelling diction of Æschylus and Isaiah, resembles that of Almanzor and Maximin no more than the tumidity of a cic cle resembles the tumidity of a boil. T

mer is symptomatic of health and strength, the latter of debility and disease. If ever Shakspeare rants, it is not when his imagination is hurrying him along, but when he is hurrying his imagination along,—when his mind is for a moment jaded,—when, as was said of Euripides, he resembles a lion, who excites his own fury by lashing himself with his tail. What happened to Shakspeare from the occasional suspension of his powers, happened to Dryden from constant impotence. He, like his confederate Lee, had judgment enough to appreciate the great poets of the preceding age, but not judgment enough to shun competition with them. He felt and admired their wild and daring sublimity. That it belonged to another age than that in which he lived, and required other talents than those which he possessed; that, in aspiring to emulate it, he was wasting, in a hopeless attempt, powers which might render him pre-eminent in a different career, was a lesson which he did not learn till late. As those knavish enthusiasts, the French prophets, courted inspiration, by mimicking the writhings, swoonings, and gaspings, which they considered as its symptoms, he attempted, by affected fits of poetical fury, to bring on a real paroxysm; and, like them, he got nothing but his distortions for his pains.

Horace very happily compares those who, in his time, imitated Pindar, to the youth who attempted to fly to Heaven on waxen wings, and who experienced so fatal and ignominious a fall. His own admirable good sense preserved him from this error, and taught him to cultivate a style in which excellence was within his reach. Dryden had not the same self-knowledge. He saw that the greatest poets were never so successful as when they rushed beyond the ordinary bounds, and that some inexplicable good fortune preserved them from tripping even when they staggered on the brink of nonsense. He did not perceive that they were guided and sustained by a power denied to himself. They wrote from the dictation of the imagination, and they found a response in the imaginations of others. He, on the contrary, sat down to work himself, by reflection and argument, into a deliberate wildness, a rational frenzy.

In looking over the admirable designs which accompany the *Faust*, we have always been much struck by one which represents the wizard and the tempter riding at full speed. The demon sits on his furious horse as heedlessly as if he were reposing on a chair. That he should keep his saddle in such a posture, would seem impossible to any who did not know that he was secure in the privileges of a superhuman nature. The attitude of *Faust*, on the contrary, is the perfection of horsemanship. Poets of the first order might safely write as desparately as *Meophistophiles* rode. But Dryden, though admitted to communion with higher spirits, though armed with a portion of their power, and intrusted with some of their secrets, was of another race. What they might securely venture to do, it was madness in him to attempt. It was necessary that taste and critical science should supply his deficien-

will give a few examples. Nothing can

be finer than the description of *Hector* at the Grecian wall!—

ὁ δ' αὖ ἰσθόρι παλῖμος ἔκταρ,
Νυκτὶ θῆ' ἀταλάντος ὑπὸ πᾶσι λαμπρὸν δὲ χαλκῷ
Σμικράλιν, τοὶ ἐσθὸ περὶ χροῖ' δὴα δὲ χροῖ'
Δούρ' ἔχον' οὐκ ἂν τις μὴ τροκακοὶ ἀντιέλυσας,
Νύσσει δέων, οὐτ' ἐσάλοτο πύλας περὶ δ' ἴσσε δώδωλ.—
Ἄυτικα δ' οἱ μὲν τείχεος ὑπὲρβάσαν, οἱ δὲ κατ' αὐ-
τάς

Ποικίλαι σίχυντο πύλας Δαναοὶ δ' ἐφ' ἔρβον
Νῆας ἀνὰ γλαυρὰς ὁμαδὸς δ' ἄλιστατος ἐνύχθον.

What daring expressions! Yet how significant! How picturesque! *Hector* seems to rise up in his strength and fury. The gloom of night in his frown,—the fire burning in his eyes,—the javelins and the blazing armour,—the mighty rush through the gates and down the battlements,—the trampling and the infinite roar of the multitude, every thing is with us;—every thing is real.

Dryden has described a very similar event in *Maximin*; and has done his best to be sublime, as follows:—

"There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*;
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
Till Fate grew pale, lest he should win the town,

And turn'd the iron leaves of its dark book
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook."

How exquisite is the imagery of the fairy-songs in the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Ariel* riding through the twilight on the bat, or sucking in the bells of flowers with the bee; or the little bower-women of *Titania*, driving the spiders from the couch of the Queen! Dryden truly said, that

"Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

It would have been well if he had not himself dared to step within the enchanted line, and drawn on himself a fate similar to that which, according to the old superstition, punished such presumptuous interference. The following lines are parts of the song of his fairies:—

"Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East,
Half-tipped at a rainbow feast.

In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud;
And lest our leap from the sky prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new falling star,
And drop from above
In a jelly of love."

These are very favourable instances. Those who wish for a bad one may read the dying speeches of *Maximin*, and may compare them with the last scenes of *Othello* and *Lear*.

If Dryden had died before the expiration of the first of the periods into which we have divided his literary life, he would have left a reputation, at best, little higher than that of *Lec* or *Davenant*. He would have been known only to men of letters; and by them he would have been mentioned as a writer who threw away, on subjects which he was incompetent to treat, powers which, judiciously employed,

might have raised him to eminence, whose diction and whose numbers had sometimes very high merit, but all whose works were blemished by a false taste, and by errors of gross negligence. A few of his prologues and epilogues might perhaps still have been remembered and quoted. In these little pieces, he early showed all the powers which afterwards rendered him the greatest of modern satirists. But during the latter part of his life, he gradually abandoned the drama. His plays appeared at longer intervals. He renounced rhyme in tragedy. His language became less turgid—his characters less exaggerated. He did not indeed produce correct representations of human nature; but he ceased to daub such monstrous chimeras as those which abound in his earlier pieces. Here and there passages occur worthy of the best ages of the British stage. The style which the drama requires, changes with every change of character and situation. He who can vary his manner to suit the variation, is the great dramatist; but he who excels in one manner only will, when that manner happens to be appropriate, appear to be a great dramatist; as the hands of a watch, which does not go, point right once in the twelve hours. Sometimes there is a scene of solemn debate. This a mere rhetorician may write as well as the greatest tragedian that ever lived. We confess that to us the speech of Sempronius in Cato seems very nearly as good as Shakspeare could have made it. But when the senate breaks up, and we find that the lovers and their mistresses, the hero, the villain, and the deputy-villain, all continue to harangue in the same style, we perceive the difference between a man who can write a play and a man who can write a speech. In the same manner, wit, a talent for description, or a talent for narration, may, for a time, pass for dramatic genius. Dryden was an incomparable reasoner in verse. He was conscious of his power; he was proud of it; and the authors of the *Rehearsal* justly charged him with abusing it. His warriors and princes are fond of discussing points of amorous casuistry, such as would have delighted a Parliament of Love. They frequently go still deeper, and speculate on philosophical necessity and the origin of evil.

There were, however, some occasions which absolutely required this peculiar talent. Then Dryden was indeed at home. All his best scenes are of this description. They are all between men; for the heroes of Dryden, like many other gentlemen, can never talk sense when ladies are in company. They are all intended to exhibit the empire of reason over violent passion. We have two interlocutors, the one eager and impassioned, the other high, cool, and judicious. The composed and rational character gradually acquires the ascendancy. His fierce companion is first inflamed to rage by his reproaches, then overawed by his equanimity, convinced by his arguments, and soothed by his persuasions. This is the case in the scene between Hector and Troilus, in that between Antony and Ventidius, and in that between Sebastian and Dorax. Nothing of the same kind in Shakspeare is equal to them, except the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, which is worth them all three.

Some years before his death, Dryden altogether ceased to write for the stage. He had turned his powers in a new direction, with success the most splendid and decisive. His taste had gradually awakened his creative faculties. The first rank in poetry was beyond his reach, but he challenged and secured the most honourable place in the second. His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar. When he attempted the highest flights, he became ridiculous; but while he remained in a lower region, he outstripped all competitors.

All his natural, and all his acquired powers, fitted him to found a good critical school of poetry. Indeed he carried his reforms too far for his age. After his death, our literature retrograded; and a century was necessary to bring it back to the point at which he left it. The general soundness and healthfulness of his mental constitution, his information of vast superfluities, though of small volume, his wit scarcely inferior to that of the most distinguished followers of Donne, his eloquence, grave, deliberate, and commanding, could not save him from disgraceful failure as a rival of Shakspeare, but raised him far above the level of Boileau. His command of language was immense. With him died the secret of the old poetical diction of England,—the art of producing rich effects by familiar words. In the following century, it was as completely lost as the Gothic method of painting glass, and was but poorly supplied by the laborious and tesselated imitations of Mason and Gray. On the other hand, he was the first writer under whose skilful management the scientific vocabulary fell into natural and pleasing verse. In this department, he succeeded as completely as his contemporary Gibbons succeeded in the similar enterprise of carving the most delicate flowers from heart of oak. The toughest and most knotty parts of language became ductile at his touch. His versification in the same manner, while it gave the first model of that neatness and precision which the following generation esteemed so highly, exhibited, at the same time, the last examples of nobleness, freedom, variety of pause and cadence. His tragedies in rhyme, however worthless in themselves, had at least served the purpose of nonsense-verses: they had taught him all the arts of melody which the heroic couplet admits. For bombast, his prevailing vice, his new subjects gave little opportunity; his better taste gradually discarded it.

He possessed, as we have said, in a pre-eminent degree, the power of reasoning in verse; and this power was now peculiarly useful to him. His logic is by no means uniformly sound. On points of criticism, he always reasons ingeniously; and, when he is disposed to be honest, correctly. But the theological and political questions which he undertook to treat in verse, were precisely those which he understood least. His arguments, therefore, are often worthless. But the manner in which they are stated, is beyond all praise. The style is transparent. The topics follow each other in the happiest order. The objections are drawn up in such a manner, that the whole fire of the reply may be brought to bear on them. The circumlocutions which are substituted

technical phrases, are clear, neat, and exact. The illustrations at once adorn and elucidate the reasoning. The sparkling epigrams of Cowley, and the simple garrulity of the burlesque poets of Italy, are alternately employed, in the happiest manner, to give effect to what is obvious, or clearness to what is obscure.

His literary creed was catholic, even to latitudinarianism; not from any want of acuteness, but from a disposition to be easily satisfied. He was quick to discern the smallest glimpse of merit; he was indulgent even to gross improprieties, when accompanied by any redeeming talent. When he said a severe thing, it was to serve a temporary purpose,—to support an argument, or to tease a rival. Never was so able a critic so free from fastidiousness. He loved the old poets, especially Shakespeare. He admired the ingenuity which Donne and Cowley had so wildly abused. He did justice, amidst the general silence, to the memory of Milton. He praised to the skies the school-boy lines of Addison. Always looking on the fair side of every object, he admired extravagance, on account of the invention which he supposed it to indicate; he excused affectation in favour of wit; he tolerated even tameness, for the sake of the correctness which was its concomitant.

It was probably to this turn of mind, rather than to the more disgraceful causes which Johnson has assigned, that we are to attribute the exaggeration which disfigures the panegyrics of Dryden. No writer, it must be owned, has carried the flattery of dedication to a greater length. But this was not, we suspect, merely interested servility: it was the overflowing of a mind singularly disposed to admiration,—of a mind which diminished vices, and magnified virtues and obligations. The most adulatory of his addresses is that in which he dedicates the State of Innocence to Mary of Modena. Johnson thinks it strange that any man should use such language, without self-detestation. But he has not remarked, that to the very same work is prefixed an eulogium on Milton, which certainly could not have been acceptable at the court of Charles the Second. Many years later, when Whig principles were in a great measure triumphant, Sprat refused to admit a monument of John Philips into Westminster Abbey—because, in the Epitaph, the name of Milton incidentally occurred. The walls of his church, he declared, should not be polluted by the name of a republican! Dryden was attached, both by principle and interest, to the Court. But nothing could deaden his sensibility to excellence. We are unwilling to accuse him severely, because the same disposition, which prompted him to pay so generous a tribute to the memory of a poet whom his patrons detested, hurried him into extravagance when he described a princess, distinguished by the splendour of her beauty, and the graciousness of her manners.

This is an amiable temper; but it is not the temper of great men. Where there is elevation of character, there will be fastidiousness. It is only in novels, and on tomb-stones, that we meet with people who are indulgent to the faults of others, and unmerciful to their own; and Dryden, at all events, was not one of these

paragons. His charity was extended most liberally to others, but it certainly began at home. In taste he was by no means deficient. His critical works are, beyond all comparison, superior to any which had, till then, appeared in England. They were generally intended as apologies for his own poems, rather than as expositions of general principles; he, therefore, often attempts to deceive the reader by sophistry, which could scarcely have deceived himself. His dicta are the dicta not of a judge, but of an advocate;—often of an advocate in an unsound cause. Yet, in the very act of misrepresenting the laws of composition, he shows how well he understands them. But he was perpetually acting against his better knowledge. His sins were sins against light. He trusted, that what was bad would be pardoned for the sake of what was good. What was good, he took no pains to make better. He was not, like most persons who rise to eminence, dissatisfied even with his best productions. He had set up no unattainable standard of perfection, the contemplation of which might at once improve and mortify him. His path was not attended by an unapproachable mirage of excellence, for ever receding, and for ever pursued. He was not disgusted by the negligence of others, and he extended the same toleration to himself. His mind was of a slovenly character,—fond of splendour, but indifferent to neatness. Hence most of his writings exhibit the sluttish magnificence of a Russian noble, all vermin and diamonds, dirty linen and inestimable sables. Those faults which spring from affectation, time and thought in a great measure removed from his poems. But his carelessness he retained to the last. If towards the close of his life he less frequently went wrong from negligence, it was only because long habits of composition rendered it more easy to go right. In his best pieces, we find false rhymes,—triplets, in which the third line appears to be a mere intruder, and, while it breaks the music, adds nothing to the meaning,—gigantic Alexandrines of fourteen and sixteen syllables, and truncated verses for which he never troubled himself to find a termination or a partner.

Such are the beauties and the faults which may be found in profusion throughout the later works of Dryden. A more just and complete estimate of his natural and acquired powers,—of the merits of his style and of its blemishes, may be formed from the *Hind and Panther*, than from any of his other writings. As a didactic poem, it is far superior to the *Religio Laici*. The satirical parts, particularly the character of Burnet, are scarcely inferior to the best passages in *Absalom* and *Achitophel*. There are, moreover, occasional touches of a tenderness which affects us more, because it is decent, rational, and manly, and reminds us of the best scenes in his tragedies. His versification sinks and swells in happy unison with the subject; and his wealth of language seems to be unlimited. Yet, the carelessness with which he has constructed his plot, and the innumerable inconsistencies into which he is every moment falling, detract much from the pleasure which such various excellence affords.

In *Absalom* and *Achitophel* he hit upon a new and rich vein, which he worked with sig-

nal success. The ancient satirists were the subjects of a despotic government. They were compelled to abstain from political topics, and to confine their attention to the frailties of private life. They might, indeed, sometimes venture to take liberties with public men.

"*Quorum Flaminia tegitur cibus atque Latina.*"

Thus Juvenal immortalised the obsequious senators, who met to decide the fate of the memorable turbot. His fourth satire frequently reminds us of the great political poem of Dryden; but it was not written till Domitian had fallen, and it wants something of the peculiar flavour, which belongs to contemporary invective alone. His anger has stood so long, that, though the body is not impaired, the effervescence, the first cream, is gone. Boileau lay under similar restraints; and, if he had been free from all restraint, would have been no match for our countryman.

The advantages which Dryden derived from the nature of his subject he improved to the very utmost. His manner is almost perfect. The style of Horace and Boileau is fit only for light subjects. The Frenchman did indeed attempt to turn the theological reasonings of the Provincial Letters into verse, but with very indifferent success. The glitter of Pope is cold. The ardour of Persius is without brilliancy. Magnificent versification and ingenious combinations rarely harmonize with the expression of deep feeling. In Juvenal and Dryden alone we have the sparkle and the heat together. Those great satirists succeeded in communicating the fervour of their feelings to materials the most incombustible, and kindled the whole mass into a blaze, at once dazzling and destructive. We cannot, indeed, think, without regret, of the part which so eminent a writer as Dryden took in the disputes of that period. There was, no doubt, madness and wickedness on both sides. But there was liberty on the one, and despotism on the other. On this point, however, we will not dwell. At Talavera the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict, to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across from enemy to enemy without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist our political adversaries to drink with us of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities.

Macflecnoe is inferior to Absalom and Achitophel, only in the subject. In the execution it is even superior. But the greatest work of Dryden was the last, the Ode on Saint Cecilia's day. It is the master-piece of the second class of poetry, and ranks but just below the great models of the first. It reminds us of the *Pedasus* of Achilles—

ὦς, καὶ θύρατος ἰών, ἔπειδ' ἱπποῖς ἀδαναιτοῖσι.

By comparing it with the important ravings of the heroic tragedies, we may measure the progress which the mind of Dryden had made. He had learned to avoid a too audacious com-

petition with higher natures, to keep at a distance from the verge of bombast or nonsense, to venture on no expression which did not convey a distinct idea to his own mind. There is none of that "darkness visible" of style which he had formerly affected, and in which the greatest poets only can succeed. Every thing is definite, significant, and picturesque. His early writings resembled the gigantic works of those Chinese gardeners who attempt to rival nature herself, to form cataracts of terrific height and sound, to raise precipitous ridges of mountains, and to imitate in artificial plantations the vastness and the gloom of some primeval forest. This manner he abandoned; nor did he ever adopt the Dutch taste which Pope affected, the trim parterres, and the rectangular walks. He rather resembled our Kents and Brownes, who, imitating the great features of landscape without emulating them, consulting the genies of the place, assisting nature and carefully disguising their art, produced, not a Chamouni or a Niagara, but a Stowe or a Hagley.

We are, on the whole, inclined to regret that Dryden did not accomplish his purpose of writing an Epic poem. It certainly would not have been a work of the highest rank. It would not have rivalled the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Paradise Lost*; but it would have been superior to the productions of Apollonius, Lucan or Statius, and not inferior to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It would probably have been a vigorous narrative, animated with something of the spirit of the old romances, enriched with much splendid description, and interspersed with fine declamations and disquisitions. The danger of Dryden would have been from aiming too high; from dwelling too much, for example, on his angels of kingdoms, and attempting a competition with that great writer, who in his own time had so incomparably succeeded in representing to us the sights and sounds of another world. To Milton, and to Milton alone, belonged the secrets of the great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of fire, the palaces of the fallen denominations, glimmering through the everlasting shade, the silent wilderness of verdure and fragrance where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers, the portico of diamond, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of the Cherubim, blazing with adamant and gold. The council, the tournament, the procession, the crowded cathedral, the camp, the guard-room, the chase, were the proper scenes for Dryden.

But we have not space to pass in review all the works which Dryden wrote. We, therefore, will not speculate longer on those which he might possibly have written. He may, on the whole, be pronounced to have been a man possessed of splendid talents, which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art, but who, in that department, succeeded pre-eminently; and who, with a more independent spirit, a more anxious desire of excellence and more respect for himself, would, in his walk, have attained to absolute perfection.



